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THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN

BY MAC KINLAY KANTOR

HER voice was something to dream about, on any night when she was running through the hills. The first moment she was old enough to boast an individual voice, Springfield Davis swore she would be a great dog, and within another month he had given her the name she carried so proudly.

One of her great-grandfathers, many generations removed, had followed Spring Davis away from home when he went off to join General Claiborne Jackson and his homespun army among the prickly-orange hedges, so there was logic in the inheritance which put that trumpet in her throat.

She was slender, like hounds of the Spaulding line, and not as sprawling or cumbersome as the good-natured, long-tongued Walkers. Anyone in Missouri who knew anything about foxhounds had heard of the Davis dogs, but somehow there never came to be a Davis line. It was all in the family, and there existed a haughtiness in the old man which would n't permit him to have Davis dogs running anywhere except in the ranges along Heaven Creek. That was why Bugle Ann was still a maiden

at five years, long after old Calhoun Royster or the Lanceys would have seen to it that she carried on her business in life.

And Spring Davis was prudish past the point of ridicule, though no one would have dared to laugh at him. He hated the common word for a female dog, and would not let it touch his tongue. He called his she-dogs ladies or girls, and there was a firm beauty about him when he spoke to them. You would n't think that a man like that could ever be tried for murder, or become a convict.

Those things did happen to Spring Davis, at eighty-two. They did n't affect him as they would have affected most men of eighty-two. Whenever he heard the gongs and whistles which sent him about his gray routine at Jefferson City, he must have banished those sounds from his consciousness. He must have imagined instead that he was sitting by a fire at the edge of Bachelor's timber, listening to the dogs as they hunted out of Chilly Branch Hollow, with Bugle Ann's cry echoing against the blackness of the sky.

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II

'Bake,' said old Cal Royster, 'put some wood on.'

Baker went to the woodpile beyond the red circle and found a piece of rotten stump. 'We'll have a good moon by next week,' he said, and jammed the wood upon the coals.

'I don't give shucks for moonlight,' exclaimed Cal Royster. 'Give me a black-dark night, when the fox ain't shadow-shy. Any fool ought to know that. I don't know where my boys get such notions as moonlight nights.'

Across the fire, Spring Davis tapped his pipe against the heel of his boot. He stopped, suddenly, his head tilted to one side. The firelight turned his shaggy moustache and eyebrows to fluid metal.

'Listen,' he said. 'Getting sweet.'

His son, Benjy Davis, rose to his feet. He moved like an Indian; so did his father. There was something of the Indian in Benjy's twenty-year-old face, tanned and narrow and bony.

His black eyes glittered. 'He's a mighty sweet fox if they've had him away over toward the river! We ain't heard a sound for twenty minutes.'

There were five men around that fire at the edge of Bachelor's timber. Four of them — Spring Davis and his only son, Benjy, and Calhoun Royster and his oldest son, Baker — were the most ardent foxhound men in the county. The fifth man was no hound man at all; he was a new insurance agent from Wolf Center. He had eaten supper at the Davises', and he was beside that fire only by invitation and sufferance.

He inquired, 'What do you mean, Mr. Davis — "getting sweet"?''

'It sweats,' Spring told him. 'The fox does. They can smell him better after he's been running awhile. That's "getting sweet."'

Now even the agent's untrained ears could detect a faint distraction amid

the common night sounds — the hush of sleeping forests that never sleep, which is really no hush at all. The sound came from over past the Armstrong place, far past Chilly Branch and across the ridge beyond, and it was as eerie and elusive as the calling of wild geese.

'You'll hear her in a minute,' whispered Springfield Davis.

The confused murmur became a tiny baying: the tongues of many dogs, eager and striving in spite of their two-hour run.

'That's Toul Sector,' Bake Royster declared. Bake had been in the war, and all the Royster dogs were named Toul Sector or Border Service or General Bullard or some such name.

'It's not Toul Sector,' said Benjy. 'Not that nearest one.'

Calhoun Royster's tone showed the jealous annoyance which he displayed frequently with the self-assured Davises. 'It's no Bugle Ann, neither,' he snorted. 'Nor no Bill Bryan, nor Cox, nor Frances Cleveland, nor any Davis dog.'

'Reckon it is a bit turkey-mouthed for one of ours.'

Old Spring Davis loved to hear Cal swear in his beard. So he continued, 'I'll tell you, Cal. It's an Armstrong dog. They've picked up an Armstrong as they come past.'

Royster stood with head wiggling on his humped shoulders, his bearded lips hanging open as he tried to take that baying apart and examine it.

'What Armstrong dog?' he demanded. He seemed to be weakening.

'I'd say it was Jackie Cooper, that little pale-faced two-year-old.'

Old Man Royster listened a moment longer. He gave a defeated snort. Then his ire mounted. 'Where in hell's Bugle Ann, anyway?'

'Maybe she'll quit, and come in,' muttered his son.

Benjy whirled, and for a moment the

insurance agent thought that he was going to strike Bake Royster. 'No Davis dog ever come in without being called, before a fox holed,' Benjy said. 'Except one. You remember him. We shot him the next day.'

Spring nodded. 'Easy, boy. . . . Guess there's bound to be a black sheep in every tribe, though this dog was white. Don't you folks worry about Bugle Ann. You'll hear her soon enough.'

'Pshaw, scat,' said Bake, uneasily, 'I was just joking.'

On such a night as this, with clouds covering the stars and no southeast wind smothering the scent, you could tell that the hounds were running with their heads high. They skirted the eastern boundary of Chilly Branch Hollow, and straightened out along the higher ridge which swung toward Bachelor's woods.

All the men were on their feet.

'You talk moonlight,' Royster chided his son. 'Never get a fox to keep the high ground except on this kind of night. Lose half the sound when them dogs get in a gully.'

There was a turkey-mouth among those ringing voices; old Spring had been right about the Armstrong dog. The Royster dogs were mainly chop-mouthed, and they sent their clipped, bristling bay like a volley across the wooded plateau.

'I don't hear her, Pa,' whispered Benjy Davis, with some concern.

The old man held up his hand. Suddenly a new cry was born amid all the hissing of excited crickets.

For some reason the Wolf Center insurance agent felt the hair prickle on his neck. . . . This was no hound voice such as he had ever heard before, and he would never hear its like again. It was a bugle — the Davises had a rare poetry in their make-up, thought young Mr. Mayor of the National Emblem Liability. He stood there

with his nails cutting his palms, and listened.

'That's her, all right,' came Cal Royster's admission, 'but why's she kiting off by herself? If she hain't lost it, I'm loony.'

Spring Davis repeated the word, 'Lost,' and smiled into the fire. . . . There had never been a sound like that in the Heaven Creek country until Bugle Ann was born; even now the trumpet cry knew its own pride, and swung off toward the southeast, far ahead of the *owk-owk-owk-owk* with which the Royster dogs threatened.

The old man whooped, without any warning: 'Now, there they go after her!'

Left, around the last spur of Bachelor's woods, the welter of hounds went sweeping after Bugle Ann. Her cry soared ahead — high, round, with that queer and brassy resonance which made you think that ghosts were out there somewhere, sounding taps without any armies to follow them.

Springfield Davis came back to the fire and squatted on his heels. 'You see,' he told the insurance agent, 'Bugle Ann was running that same fox night before last. I reckon she remembered how he likes to feint west along a little draw that's over there, and then double back and cut his own trail. It's a common fox trick if the fox has got the nerve to try it, and easy for him to work when the scent's heavy.'

'I'm afraid,' said Mr. Mayor, 'that I don't understand.'

'Well,' said Cal Royster, somewhat reluctantly, 'the average dog is bound to foller the way he's headed, if the smell is hauling him.'

They were silent for a moment, listening to the baying as it swam fainter and fainter into the darkness.

'I'm afraid I don't understand any of this,' Mr. Mayor cried with honesty. 'I came from the East, just this year. They gave me this Missouri territory

and — Fox hunting! If you hunt every night or two, I don't see how you have any foxes left.'

Bake Royster added more wood to the fire, and Benjy Davis brought up the sandwich sack. 'We never kill the fox,' said Spring, sharply. 'We don't ride no horses, nor wear funny coats and caps. We raise dogs, and train them.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay, thought Mr. Mayor in his baffled mind. *All the jolly chase is here, with . . .* 'But it's really just a race between fox and dogs, then?'

'Fox holes up when he gets tired, and the dogs come home.'

'And the same fox will run again, another night?'

'There's quite a slew of them around. Plenty of mice and ground squirrels for them to eat; they never bother no hen roosts. Yes, they run again. Night after night, and year after year.'

Benjy opened a battered vacuum bottle and poured a cup of coffee for his father. The gray-headed man touched the hot tin cup with cautious fingers. 'Year after year,' he repeated, dreamily.

The insurance agent choked over a bacon sandwich. 'Are you folks — and you also, Mr. Royster — the only people who do this sort of thing?'

Spring Davis looked up from the fire. 'Young man, did you ever hear of Old Man Spaulding? Reckon not. Or Gentry German, or Alec Parrish, or Colonel Trigg?'

'I suppose,' Mr. Mayor replied, 'that those are dogs.'

'Those are men who made foxhound history in America. And Wash Maupin, and Robert Rhodes, and James Kanatzan. You see, sir, it's a matter of breeding good dogs — and understanding them — and — kind of loving them. It —' He broke off suddenly.

Cal Royster blinked at the gems of flame which shone through the whiskey

flask in his hand. 'Speaking of names, Spring,' he began, 'you ought to take our friend here over to the Armstrongs'. You see, mister, Ed Armstrong is mighty religious and his boys are mighty the other way.'

'Always going to town,' put in Bake, 'to dances and moving pictures and rotation pool, and things.'

His father insisted, 'But they do hunt. They name their dogs after moving-picture actors. Old Ed Armstrong, he names his after religious folks. Until you've heard the Armstrong pack after a good sweet fox, you hain't heard a thing. All turkey-mouthed, or squawl-horn-chop-mouthed at the best. Until you've heard Billy Sunday and Jackie Cooper and Dwight L. Moody and Zasu Pitts and Hoot Gibson and Mary Magdalene all driving a fox at once, you never had no treat give to you.'

'They're good bench dogs,' said Spring Davis. He did n't like to hear too much laughter directed at the Armstrongs. 'They mostly got stylish tails and compact feet and good stifles. If you like bench, the Armstrong dogs just hustle in the points.'

He held up his hand, and Cal Royster put away the whiskey bottle.

'Coming in,' Davis prophesied. 'I can get it, from way south, at the top of Heaven Creek.'

Benjy swore; his face was very dark. 'Blame fox won't give them more'n three hours any more.'

'That's a fact,' nodded his father. 'We'll have to try farther up Heaven Creek to-morrow.'

Mr. Mayor burst out, 'Good Lord, do you do this all night, every night? When do you do your farm work?' He began to understand why Spring Davis had been unable to renew his fire insurance policy.

'Not every night,' said Springfield. 'Sometimes it rains. Or just the opposite — sometimes the weather's been

too dry. Or we get long damp spells — too damp — or we get low south-east winds. We don't come out every night.'

'Mr. Davis,' cried Mr. Mayor of the National Emblem Liability, 'how old are you?'

Spring smiled into the fire. 'Seventy years ago this season, I run off to join the Confederate army. I was only twelve, but I had done a sight of fox hunting before that.'

The hounds came closer, and once more Bugle Ann's blare was riding high above their hooted chorus.

'He's striking for his hole,' Bake said. 'In a minute he'll hand them the raspberry.'

Spring Davis leaned back and closed his eyes. He drew a deep breath. 'Waited seventy years to have a dog like that,' he whispered to nobody in particular.

The fox uttered his shout of defiance — that strange yelp which was half a cat cry, half a dog bark, and wholly insulting. Then baffled shrieks told that he had holed.

'Fetch the horn, Benjy,' ordered old Davis. 'I don't want her sporting around.'

Cal Royster bristled. 'This ain't August nor yet February. You talk like our dogs was a pack of hoodlums.'

'I just like to have her to home, Cal.'

From beside a rolled-up sweater, Benjy Davis brought a battered army bugle and gave it to his father. The old man wet his lips, fitted the mouthpiece carefully beneath his shaggy moustache, and blew two notes: the *ta-da* of galloping Valkyries, forever a summons and a challenge.

'Will she come for that?' Mr. Mayor asked in amazement.

'Always.'

Benjy peered toward the crossing at Heaven Creek. 'Looks like some other folks are coming, too.'

The dull yellow lights of an old Ford

were rocking toward them, and they could hear the chatter of its motor. 'That'll be Tom and Delbert, I reckon,' said Cal Royster. 'Don't know what's got into them. Been to see the Lancey girls again. They'd ruther spark around with two flibbertigibbets than be out with the dogs.'

Slowly the Ford rattled up the hill, and stopped at the wood road. The two younger Royster boys got out with cheers of greeting, which were stilled hastily when they saw a stranger at the fire.

'How's the calf market?' taunted their elder brother.

'Never you mind,' grunted Delbert Royster. He and Tom were sunburned strapping youngsters who would have looked happier in overalls than in the Sunday suits they had worn for their squiring.

Their faces were unwontedly serious, and neither of them headed for the sandwiches.

'What in time ails you two?' demanded Cal.

'You heard about the old Camden place?' countered Delbert.

Everyone except the insurance agent looked automatically toward the northwest. A mile down the valley of Heaven Creek stood an abandoned house and farm buildings, which in daylight showed plainly from their hill.

'I did hear that somebody was moving on it,' said the father.

'Some of the Camdens, coming back,' added Baker.

Old Spring Davis stood fingering his bugle. 'The Camdens was great dog people in their day. That's twenty-three year ago.'

'Well,' said Tom, 'we heard about it over at Lanceys'. It's a son-in-law of the old Camdens, and his name is Terry, and he aims to raise sheep.'

For a long moment, no one spoke.

'Fence,' said Spring Davis. There was an odd whine in his tone.

Delbert brought out a sack of Bull Durham, and began to make a cigarette. 'Martin Lancey was at the lumber yard to-day, and this Terry was there. He was ordering posts and wire. Wove wire, Lancey said.'

'Hog-tight, bull-strong, and horse-high,' added Tom.

A coal popped in the fire, and a shower of sparks blew up.

Spring Davis said, thoughtfully: 'Man's name is Jacob Terry. I remember him.'

'Sure enough,' agreed Calhoun Royster, 'and he married Effie Camden. I heard she died, up in Jackson County. Had one daughter, seems to me.'

Spring Davis put down the bugle. His knee joints creaked as he stood up. 'I would n't call this Jake Terry a pleasant man. Once he whipped a horse with a piece of board. . . . Going to put up a wove-wire fence, hey?'

'They're moving in this week,' went on Delbert. 'Mrs. Lancey said there was a light in the house early to-night.'

Something twitched, outside the last reaches of firelight, and Spring Davis went down on one knee. 'Come on, little lady!' he cried. Bugle Ann trotted into the light, her long ears flapping, her elbows plastered with mud. She was a small hound, but with a strong, well-arched coupling, and she carried her tail like a banner.

Davis took her in his arms. 'This here's the angel song you heard, Mr. Mayor.'

'She did n't come very prompt,' scoffed old Royster.

'Prompt enough,' said the veteran. 'She set out there past the light until she was sure about that car. You did n't know the Royster boys would come driving up in their smoke-wagon, did you, honey?'

She wiped his chin with her limp tongue.

'What do you feed her?' asked Mr. Mayor.

'Best corn meal, bran, and pork cracklings,' answered Benjy. 'Ma boils it to a thick mush. All our dogs get that.'

His father rubbed Bugle Ann's head with his stubbled chin. 'I puke out,' growled the saturnine neighbor. 'Spring, you're plumb foolish over that dog.'

The older man shrugged. 'I've run dogs for seventy-odd year, but I never heard a voice like this. Nor did you, Cal, nor anybody else. She's galloped forty-five mile to-night. She's the sweetest-mouthed hound in Missouri, and sometimes I reckon I don't deserve her.'

Baker asked, 'What do you say about the fence, Spring?'

The other hounds were coming in — tan and white, wet ears, drooling jowls — a muddle of tails and snorts and sneezes in the firelight. Benjy took charge of the Davises. There were six of them out this night, and he handled them with skill and deference and firmness . . . his father still held Bugle Ann wrapped in his gaunt arms.

'I reckon,' decided Spring, 'that we'd better make a visit on this Jake Terry to-morrow. Call the Armstrongs and Lanceys and everybody together; even get the Pettigrews down from Big Panther Creek. Nobody has ever put up such a fence in these parts, and this is a mighty poor time to start.'

Again Mr. Frank Mayor prayed for information.

'First place,' explained Davis, 'a fox hates such a fence. He's liable to shy off and leave the country because of it. But some of the foxes do like it, and that's even worse. Because a dog runs about fifteen mile an hour — and he hits a wove-wire fence in the dark. The fox is little — he's gone through without choking to death. The dog is liable to get killed.'

He rubbed the homemade collar on Bugle Ann's neck. The collar plate was made from a silver dollar stamped

flat, and silver dollars were none too plentiful with Springfield Davis any more.

'You can't get good hunting in a country where they put such fences across the fox range,' Baker Royster summed up.

Bugle Ann was snoring happily in old Spring's arms.

Mr. Mayor had to drive all the way to Wolf Center, and he did n't arrive at home until 4 A.M., and his wife was worried to death. He told her that he had just attended the strangest fox hunt in the world; it was a kind of fox hunting in which no killing took place. He was a discerning man, but in this case he spoke too soon.

The men of the Heaven Creek neighborhood waited upon Jacob Terry the next day.

III

That was June. By July, everybody knew that young Benjy Davis was tarnishing some mysterious code which existed among them all, and which no one of them could have explained or accounted for. Benjy was keeping company with Jacob Terry's daughter, and he made no secret of it.

She was named after her mother's people: Camden. She was eighteen, and she had the shaded hazel eyes of her mother's family, the dainty nostrils and firm lower lip which had marked the Camdens as quality folks when they first came to that country on horseback.

From her father Camden inherited the Terry stature, the Terry red hair. All Heaven Creek hoped that she had n't inherited his surliness, loose tongue, and ugly disposition. Benjy believed that she had n't.

The crisis began to develop one night when the grass still reeked from a July flood, and the southeast wind would have drowned any fox smell which rose

from last autumn's leaves. Springfield Davis sat on the front porch with his shoes off, and Bugle Ann dreamed on the step beside him.

Spring noticed that Benjy disappeared immediately after the evening chores were done, and later on he smelled shoe polish. About eight o'clock Benjy came around the corner of the house, and he was wearing his good trousers and the blue necktie which Grandma Duncan had sent him for Christmas, and which he had never worn.

'It's a wet night,' Spring said. He began to fill his pipe.

'I reckon the wind will change,' said Benjy. 'But anyway it's unlike to dry off the grass before midnight.'

Spring put his hand on Bugle Ann. 'If it does dry up enough, Cal will be out.'

'I'll listen when I get back,' Benjy told him. 'If I hear you up in the woods, I'll come over. I thought,' he said, 'that I might go with Camden Terry to see the moving pictures in town.'

McKee's Crossing was five miles to the north. . . . Spring thought, 'I've counted, each time they was together. This is eight times.' He said aloud, 'That's a long way for a buggy. You ploughed pretty steady all day, too.'

'I wanted to lay by that slow corn,' Benjy said. 'Camden can drive her Ford. We talked about it out in the field when she come past to-day.'

'Well,' his father muttered. He thought, 'So I was wrong. Nine times.' He cleared his throat. 'You might bring me a sack of Sweet Burley from town.'

Benjy waved good-bye. 'I'll bring it,' he said, and went away like a war chief in the dusk.

A long while later, Spring leaned down and blew softly against Bugle Ann's ear, and she roused up to wash

his face for him. The April pups, by Billy Bryan out of Miss Wilson, came to tumble across his lap. 'I reckon there would be no way to stop that,' decided old Davis, 'even if I wanted to. She looks more like the Camdens, and they was fine folks. Used to have a beautiful line of Irish-Maryland stock. I hope Benjy has sense enough to pay for the gasoline if he rides in a Terry car. He will, though.'

He sat for hours, thinking of Jacob Terry and how he had greeted the deputation which waited on him a few weeks before. They were men with sober faces, but they were not men who would shoot unless they were called by a certain name, and that was one curse which Jacob Terry had not dared to invoke. He had talked some of shooting dogs, but people did n't believe he really meant it. No man who had married a Camden could be perverted enough to shoot a foxhound wantonly, they thought.

The fence was solidly in place: bull-strong, hog-tight, and horse-high, just as the Royster boys had foretold. It ran across the creek, up the west slope of Heaven Hump, swung its yellow posts to the north and went downhill for another half mile. On the other two sides it paralleled Heaven Creek and Welsh Run. Jake Terry had n't bought many sheep yet, but folks said that he was dickering here and there.

It seemed that recently he had inherited some money from an elderly aunt, and likely he would run through with that just as he had done with his wife's share of the Camden property.

When that woven belt of wire encompassed the slope of Heaven Hump, the Davises and Roysters had gone up into the woods and had dug out all the nearer fox dens. Several foxes were captured alive, and later were liberated miles away, east of the Armstrong farm. Their dens were broken in, or

stopped with boulders and saturated with chemicals. Now it was hoped that no fox would venture toward that menacing wire sash. The north range of Heaven Creek became a victory for Jacob Terry.

As a matter of fact, the foxes were quick to learn what Terry had done to the hills. Certain of them seemed to take a fiendish delight in slipping through the meshes, whereat the dogs would howl and scramble perilously, knotting themselves in the wire squares.

This night, Spring Davis dozed on the steps until after eleven, and his wife slept on the sofa in the living room. Mrs. Davis was thirty years younger than her husband, eighteen inches shorter, a few degrees less talkative, and she knew that after his dogs Spring Davis loved her well. . . . The breeze did change, and when the old man awoke he found a steady west wind breathing its dryness against his face.

He went out into the yard and felt of the ground. He sniffed several times. Bugle Ann came behind him, stretching and yawning.

'I think a fox would hang on the high ground, after all. The scent'd be fairly free. Reckon you would n't have to grind your nose against the ground, little girl,' said the master.

She swung her tail, and lifted her muzzle. 'Now, hush!' he said, and waited with delight for her to disobey him.

She blew her trumpet.

'What is it?' called Mrs. Davis, sleepily.

The other hounds were answering, from out by the barn, and far in the southwest you could hear the Royster hounds casting about. 'We had bugles in the rebel army,' said Spring, 'but I tell you, Adelaide, I waited a long time to hear the noise that this little girl has got snuggled inside her, all ready to let out when God is willing.'

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AMERICA'S FIRST AMBASSADOR

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

I

THE influence of the Lee and Adams families extended far beyond the borders of America. Eight months before the Declaration of Independence their policies had reached London and Paris and were profoundly affecting European diplomacy. In November 1775, Congress chose its Committee of Secret Correspondence for the purpose of sounding foreign governments and obtaining foreign aid, a body that, presently transformed into the Committee on Foreign Affairs, was the beginning of the American State Department. It selected, as its secret agent in London, Arthur Lee, who thus became the first diplomatic representative of the American nation.

Not that Arthur was emblazoned to the world as an American ambassador. He was embarking on a ticklish business, in which silence was the main necessity. That French genius subsequently associated with Arthur Lee catalogued as indispensable talents for delicate negotiation 'a head, a heart, arms and no tongue,' and Benjamin Franklin's instructions to Lee in his mission in England emphasized the same points: 'It would be agreeable to Congress to know the disposition of foreign powers toward us and we hope this object will engage your attention. We need not hint that *great circumspection and impenetrable secrecy* are necessary. The Congress rely on your zeal and abilities to serve them and

will readily compensate you for whatever trouble and expense a compliance with their desire may occasion. We remit you for the present £200. Whenever you think the importance of your dispatches may require it we desire you to send an express boat with them from England, for which service your agreement with the owner there shall be fulfilled by us here.'

Arthur's real task, as he understood, was to obtain the sympathy and cooperation of the Bourbon governments of France and Spain in the transatlantic Rebellion. This might seem quite a responsibility to place on a man of thirty-four. What possible interest could the two great autocracies of Europe, both of them possessing colonies that might readily emulate the example of successful revolution, have in giving this enterprise their blessing and helping it with the materials of warfare? Merely to state the problem would seem to show its absurdity. Sons of Liberty, Revolution, Republicanism — how could these ideas appeal to powers that for centuries had upheld and practised absolutism in government? The spirit of Machiavelli was an active force in European politics, however, and, according to his teachings, any means were justified that served the purpose of the state. Americans are still too much inclined to look upon their Revolution as an isolated event, peculiar to America; the

minds directing French and Spanish policy saw in the uprising an opportunity of realizing ambitions in no way identified with freedom and democracy.

The new French king, Louis XVI, was nephew of the Spanish monarch, Charles III; for fifteen years, since 1761, these two branches of the House of Bourbon had been united in the celebrated 'Family Compact,' as important an influence in the European politics of the day as was the Triple Alliance before 1914. This Family Compact existed for one purpose; the mainspring was jealousy and hatred of England, and the object in view was the humiliation of the ancient foe and her destruction as dictator of Europe. While Spain had reasons enough for an anti-British attitude, the fires of hatred burned with even greater intensity in France. The humiliation suffered by France in 1763, at the hands of Great Britain, can be paralleled only by the indignities heaped upon her by Germany in 1871. In 1763, as in 1871, France accepted the inevitable with a soul burning for *revanche* and for reestablishment as the great continental nation. The outlook, however, was not encouraging. So far as European alliances and resources were concerned, there seemed little chance of regaining the prestige enjoyed under Louis XIV. England's wealth and sea domination precluded any hopes in that direction.

But the outbreak of troubles between Britain and her American colonies opened a new vista. In no place did the Stamp Act of 1765 arouse such delight as in France; in no place did the repeal of 1766 spread such gloom. England's fatuousness in starting troubles anew in 1767, the storm that rapidly ensued, the Continental Congress — all these events put new heart in French statesmen.

And why did France identify her own resurgence with the separation of

England from her colonial empire? The Foreign Ministers, first Choiseul and afterward Vergennes, believed that England's wealth, and consequently her power, depended upon this new Britain that was growing up overseas. Strip Albion of her vigorous children, these statesmen argued, and the haughty foe would sink into a minor kingdom, stranded in the North Sea, while France would ascend to new glory on her ruins.

In 1766, the British foreign trade amounted to £4,000,000 a year, three fourths of which was with America. This figure looks small to-day, but in the period before the great industrial age it was really huge. No other nation had any source of economic strength comparable with it. From this trade had developed the great British merchant marine, and from this, in turn, that mighty British navy, now the unquestioned mistress of the seas. By 1775 this transatlantic trade had grown to £7,000,000, and, with the amazingly rapid increase in the American population, no one could foresee its limits. So long as the American colonies remained a part of Britain, Choiseul and Vergennes believed, there was no hope of displacing her; France and most of Europe must remain under the British heel. It is therefore apparent why the independence of America seemed to these despairing statesmen like the sunrise, and why monarchical distaste for rebels and republicanism was not sufficient reason for thrusting aside the opportunity Heaven had placed in royal hands.

This is one reason why the Declaration of Independence was a consummate act of statesmanship, for that gave France and her associates the argument they needed for assisting the cause. Even before the Declaration, Congress had taken a step that virtually implied the same thing. Here again the statesmanlike strategy of

that Continental Congress appears in high light. Up to April 1776, Great Britain had enjoyed a monopoly of the American trade. Under that mercantile system which still held economists spellbound, all American products went to England, in British ships; and Americans could purchase manufactures and other supplies in no country except Great Britain and the British possessions. But Congress changed all that: by a stroke of the pen it closed all American ports to British trade, thus ending the monopoly which, Chatham maintained, was the source of England's commercial ascendancy, and at the same time opened them to other nations.

Here was another consideration in the eyes of French statesmen for American independence; obviously this new system of free trade could not endure if the colonies were suppressed. It is therefore evident that when the Secret Committee, on November 30, 1775, selected Arthur Lee as a confidential negotiator and sounder-out of Bourbon propensities, it did not leave his hands empty of persuasive arguments. Not only was the atmosphere of Europe friendly to colonial success, but he presently had material advantages to dangle before the covetous eyes of Europe.

II

By this time Arthur Lee and his brother William had both attained established positions in London. The sacrifice they were called upon to make for the colonial cause was a serious one. Arthur, called to the bar in April 1775, had quickly become identified with important cases, and had before him an eminent and lucrative career. In March 1775, Benjamin Franklin, agent for Massachusetts, sailed home; this important office, for which Arthur had been acting as deputy for several years, now became his own. In the

prevailing situation, this post was one of great dignity, for the Massachusetts agent served virtually as ambassador between Congress and the British court.

William Lee had also prospered. He not only had become one of the most successful tobacco traders in London, but had entered on a unique political career. From 1773 to 1774 he served as one of the two sheriffs of London; and, in May 1775, he was elected alderman for Aldgate ward, in succession to John Shakespeare. That an American, a citizen of one of Britain's most rebellious colonies, should have been chosen to this high post, a month after the battle of Lexington, not only indicates the popular respect entertained for the new incumbent, but displays the incongruous state of popular opinion at the time towards America.

Arthur enjoyed not only the sedate companionship in the country houses of Shelburne and Chatham, but also the animated society that gathered in the Mansion House, under the genial hospitality of the immortal demagogue, John Wilkes. A French writer described the evening parties there as *soupers libertins*; unquestionably they had a free, Bohemian character quite new to that solemn establishment. Wilkes assembled not only the writers, actors, men about town, and politicians of London, but the most enlivening visitors from overseas. One of these was that most astonishing character of an astonishing age, the Chevalier d'Éon — or Chevalière, for speculation on this person's sex was as widespread as that concerning his occupation in England. At certain periods of d'Éon's life he — for there is no mystery to-day about his sex — appeared in woman's garb, 'smoking, drinking and swearing like a German trooper,' as one observer remarked, and the fact which rendered this disguise especially strange was that it had been

assumed at the command of the French king, who would not let the man appear in France otherwise garbed. It was d'Éon's activities that brought to London, and immediately to the Wilkes coterie, another Frenchman who became the bosom friend of Arthur Lee.

This new recruit labored under one serious disqualification: of the English language he knew only one solitary word — that 'Goddam' which, he said, was constantly echoing in his ears, and which, he protested, must be the foundation of English speech. This observation, introduced into the traveler's most famous play, created a new species of human race, — those 'God-dams,' — a word which, in France, now became the accepted name for Englishmen. Manifestly a man with so restricted a vocabulary — especially as he had so much to say, incessant conversation being the rule of his being — would join hands with an acquaintance who spoke such excellent French as Arthur Lee. The discovery was quickly made that the two new friends had more in common than a means of communicating ideas; their ideas on most outstanding subjects, above all the one that was filling Arthur's time, were invariably in agreement.

This new arrival bore a name — not his by birth — which is one of the glories of French literature. His two most celebrated plays, *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro*, still hold their place in classic French repertoire, and, embellished by the music of Rossini and Mozart, are performed constantly to-day in all the opera houses of the world. Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais was now in his forty-third year; in that comparatively brief career he had crowded all the excitements, public disputations, transitions in fortune, duels, imprisonments, exiles, and sentimental adventures that made up the career of

so many French characters in the latter part of the eighteenth century — the age that produced Cagliostro, Mesmer, the Cardinal de Rohan, and Voltaire. In variety of life and trade the man bears a strong resemblance to that gentleman of endless resource and many occupations, his own Figaro. Watchmaker, musician, song writer, dramatist, author of 'Memorials' that set all France in an uproar, courtier, man of fashion, financier, industrial promoter, publisher, shipowner, filibusterer, secret agent of French kings and their mistresses, pamphleteer — all these trades Beaumarchais had followed. In addition, he had spent more than one term in jail, had had to meet whispered accusations of poisoning three wives, — here there was a little slip, for he had had only two, and the charge, even in this amended form, was never regarded seriously by French public opinion, — and had actually been convicted of forgery and of attempting to bribe a French judge, through his wife, into a favorable verdict.

Beaumarchais, said Henri Martin, 'loved everything — renown, money, philosophy, pleasure, and, above all, noise.' It was his genius for self-exploitation that gave the man his start, for Beaumarchais did not begin life in circumstances presaging so romantic a career. Born the son of a watchmaker, Augustin Caron — for such was his baptismal name — had little schooling. Apprenticed as a boy of thirteen to his father's trade, he lifted the ancestral firm to eminence by the invention of a new escapement — a contraption that made possible the production of watches of minute size. Soon these dainty timepieces were the rage of Paris, and were presently adorning the bracelets of Madame de Pompadour and dangling on the necklaces of the Du Barry.

In time Caron became *horloger du*

roi, and a person of interest to the court. He won the friendship of a lady of rank and fortune, several years his senior, whom he married on her husband's timely death; her influence secured a position as comptroller of the royal pantry; and presently the youthful Caron, having abandoned his trade, appeared in magnificent vesture bearing the plate containing the king's meat. The post was not a menial one, but was usually reserved for a member of the aristocracy; in order to qualify, Monsieur Caron purchased — with his wife's money — a title of nobility, deriving his style from one of her family's more obscure estates, adding to his name that *de* Beaumarchais which he was destined to make immortal. When a haughty court noble twitted Caron upon his sudden elevation, the youngster replied: 'I know I am an aristocrat, for I have the parchment conferring nobility and a receipt for the money it cost me.' There was no stopping a man like that.

But Beaumarchais was more than a hanger-on of courts; he was a man of intellect, profoundly interested in human institutions, a commentator, both in his plays and in his more formal writings, on the sordid aspects of the time. The raciest man of a racy epoch, his pen was courageously to uncover the social and political abuses of contemporary France and do its part in destroying that court in whose favor, as a young man, he so proudly basked. At the moment of his appearance at the Wilkes *soupers libertins*, however, his fortune was in decline. The greatest dramatist of his time was an outcast before the law: the French parliament had issued against him its decree of *blâme*; had pronounced him *infâme*, and deprived him of French citizenship and all civil rights.

In the hope of regaining the favor of Louis XV, and the reversal of his ostracism, Beaumarchais entered royal

employment. His duties were not dignified or even, in normal conditions, self-respecting, but they had great consequences for the new United States of America; they brought the author of *Figaro* to London, to the Wilkes circle, and to the group plotting the American Revolution. A notorious blackmailer named Morande had written the biography of Madame du Barry, under the rather unpleasing title, *Mémoires secrètes d'une fille publique*. Beaumarchais was sent to England by the king to purchase this scamp's silence, acquire his manuscript and all printed copies of the book. He succeeded so adroitly in this mission that a classic has vanished from literature; not a copy is in existence to-day. Probably Beaumarchais would have received his reward — restoration to civic rights — except for one thing: Louis XV died immediately on his return from the victorious quest.

But Figaro promptly entered into similar engagements with Louis XVI. Now followed his most famous embassy, the one that brought him into association with Arthur Lee and the American cause. This concerned that same Chevalier d'Éon who had long been an ornament of the Wilkes entourage. This man for years had been a thorn in the side of the French court. For he also had literary gifts: in addition to an extensive correspondence, his published memoirs filled seven good-sized volumes. But his epistolary works were what especially interested French statesmen. Precisely what this 'dynamite' — as one would call it to-day — consisted of is not known, but it was clearly of a highly explosive character. D'Éon was a more important person than the others with whom Beaumarchais had dealt, for he was a nobleman who had held high posts in the diplomatic service, especially in Russia. His letter file was full of state secrets; if these were made public,

so it was said, war would ensue between England and France, and half the courts of Europe would fly at one another's throats.

It was in May 1775 that Beaumarchais appeared in London on this delicate business. For eight months he kept running back and forth from Paris, the final treaty with d'Éon not being arrived at until Christmas. However, these visits presently assumed another interest, which lifted Beaumarchais to a new plane and brought him, among other things, the quashing of the *blâme* of 'infamy' and restoration of all rights as a French citizen. From the job of queller of blackmailers and the status of political outcast Beaumarchais was elevated to secret intermediary between France and those revolting colonies of whose existence French ministers were supposed to be diplomatically unconscious. It was the greatest rôle in Beaumarchais's histrionic career — and he made the most of it.

III

Beaumarchais came to London in August 1775 with two distinct missions. One was to complete the difficult negotiations with d'Éon; the other was to renew an old friendship with Lord Rochford, British Foreign Secretary. Many years before in Spain, Rochford, then British ambassador to His Catholic Majesty, and Beaumarchais, then spending several months in Madrid on a personal mission, became boon companions; both men were excellent musicians and used to while away many hours singing duets. Vergennes now hoped to turn this harmonious association to state account; he encouraged Beaumarchais to resume his duets with the Foreign Secretary, in the expectation that so charming a companionship would have practical results. Rochford, the French minister believed, was not especially keen mentally, and

might easily fall victim to Beaumarchais's musicianship and let drop an occasional state secret. At that time Vergennes had formed no plan for aiding America; it was a matter in which Beaumarchais apparently had little interest; but accurate information on the state of affairs in Great Britain would be useful to France.

Beaumarchais succeeded in reëstablishing relations with Rochford; the reports he sent home, however, indicate that his efforts as an observer were not especially to the point. On September 21 he addressed a letter to Louis conspicuous for its inaccuracy and misinformation. England was pictured as on the verge of revolution; in a few months most members of the cabinet would lose their heads, while the king was to be deposed and driven from the country. England was facing ruin — if her enemies only had the sense to take advantage of her miseries. The Americans had 80,000 men in full arms, and the British forces in Boston were slowly starving. The colonies were already lost and civil war was soon to deluge Britain.

There is nothing in this letter about giving aid to the Americans — who, in fact, seem already to have won their liberties without European assistance — and nothing about the political motives which made such action excellent statesmanship for France. The man who wrote it was far at sea about the British-American imbroglio, to say nothing about the domestic situation in England. The French historian of the participation of France in the American Revolution, Henri Doniol, declares that this memorial is so foolish as not to deserve reprinting; clearly at this time Beaumarchais had not formed any conception of the part in that great proceeding that was to be taken by France.

Three months afterward, however, on December 7, 1775, Beaumarchais

again writes the king, in very different spirit; the project of French assistance to the Americans had evidently taken form, the purpose of this memorial being to remove certain kingly scruples that still paralyzed the royal will. In it Beaumarchais gives the youthful Louis XVI a preliminary lesson in the technique of Machiavelli: it is even commendable to break a treaty if such violation of faith will promote the welfare of France! It is a strange, one might almost say an impudent, communication. Beaumarchais at this time was officially an outcast, with no rights of citizenship; yet his letter is almost peremptory in tone, instructing the king in his royal duties, comparing his present spirit most unfavorably with that of Louis XIV, even that of Louis XV.

Encouraged, perhaps, by royal acquiescence, Beaumarchais continued his course. The important document in this correspondence is the famous memorial of February 29, 1776, addressed *au roi seul*. This is one of the great state papers of history — great, at least, in its consequences, for it is the presentation that drew the family of Bourbon into the American cause. The very first sentence discloses a philosophic insight hardly to be expected from the gay and volatile Figaro. 'Sire—The famous quarrel between America and England, soon to divide the world and change the European system, makes it necessary for France to examine carefully in what way this event of separation can affect her and either be an advantage or a destructive influence.' And the examination follows — eloquently phrased, always pitched in dramatic form, for this was the big scene in the life of Beaumarchais, and nobly did he rise to it. The memorial is a plea for French secret aid to the colonies, and the argument was based on precisely those grounds most likely to prove

irresistible to the French Government.

It is evident that, between the composition of the ridiculous letter of September 21 and the mature reasoning of February 29, 1776, Beaumarchais's mind had undergone a change; he had received a sound education in the pending British-American difficulty. Who had been his instructor? The question is unnecessary: only one man could have fulfilled that rôle. Only one man in London was qualified and authorized to discuss American policy with an emissary of the French king; that was the gentleman whom Beaumarchais called 'Le Sieur Lee, secret representative of the colonies in London.' The six months preceding February 29, 1776, Beaumarchais had spent in London, with occasional trips to Paris; that he passed much time with Arthur Lee his correspondence clearly indicates.

Arthur's chambers in the Middle Temple served as meeting place; a third party to the conversations was Lauraguais, as keen a promoter of American interests as Arthur himself. Arthur was an animated talker, full of ideas, impulsive in persuasion, and in Beaumarchais's correspondence we can almost feel him constantly at the Frenchman's elbow, now cajoling, now pleading, now demanding. The indomitable man did not even hesitate to employ threats, and the gentle art of bluffing was not to him unknown. This is no exaggeration; for Arthur appears in all these lights in the memorial that worked so powerfully on the king. For the letter is really a little drama, in which the main performers are Arthur Lee and Beaumarchais.

The most interesting part of the dialogue is placed in the mouth of Arthur Lee. Arthur is portrayed as weary of French procrastination and the scruples of the king; after several months of discussion, of writings back and forth, he turns almost ferociously on Beaumarchais with demands for

what to-day would be called a show-down. The time has come when the impatient American resorts to threats. Let France beware! For, if the aid solicited is not forthcoming, her position in the future world economy will be a sad one! Says Figaro:—

‘Le Sieur Lee, completely discouraged by his useless efforts through me to obtain powder and other munitions from the French minister, now declares to me: “For the last time I ask you whether France has absolutely decided not to help us, and thus become the victim of England and the laughing-stock of all Europe on account of this incredible torpor? Oblige me with a positive and final answer. I am waiting for yours to give mine. We offer to France, in return for her secret assistance, a secret treaty of commerce by which she will secure for a certain number of years after peace is declared all the advantages with which America has enriched England for the past century, with, additionally, a guarantee of her possessions according to our force. — Don’t you want this?”’

There is a vast amount of guile and statesmanship in these few sentences. The transfer of America’s commerce and trade to France, the guarantee of her sugar islands in the West Indies — clearly America had plenty to offer in exchange for French consideration. That trade, as related above, was regarded by French statesmen — and by British — as the foundation of England’s power. And there is a particular ominousness in Lee’s remark, ‘I await your final answer so that I may give mine.’

‘Come, sir, go to France,’ — thus the dramatist quotes Lee’s final words, — ‘show them how matters stand. I shall retire into the country until you return, so as not to be obliged to give an answer until I receive yours. Say to your ministers that I am ready to follow you there, if necessary, to con-

firm these declarations. Tell them *that I learn that Congress has sent two deputies to Madrid for the same object, and moreover that I can assure you that they have received a satisfactory answer.*¹ Must the French Council enjoy the glorious prerogative of alone being blind to the fame of its king and to the interests of his kingdom?’

Neither the Massachusetts nor the Virginia statesmen at this time desired an alliance with France. The letters of Richard Henry Lee reiterate a conviction that America’s independence must be her own achievement; Arthur’s constant promptings to Samuel Adams — ‘American liberty must be of American fabric’ — insist on the same determination. John Adams’s unfriendly attitude to French intervention at this early stage is no secret. But France had certain things that the insurgent colonies absolutely needed. Before the Continental Congress Adams was pointing out the part that France could play. No political connection, no military expedition; but saltpetre, cannon, stands of arms! Massachusetts had dearly learned the importance of such accessories. Twice, at Bunker Hill, Massachusetts farmers had sent the British redcoats reeling; they would have done so the third and the fourth time except for one thing — the two attacks had exhausted their ammunition. The ordinary materials of war were so scarce in Washington’s army, then before Boston, that Franklin, in all seriousness, advised that the soldiers be armed with bows and arrows. What the revolutionists desired of France at this moment was not recognition and an alliance, but war supplies. What were the demands being made upon the French by Le Sieur Lee at this final interview? Beaumarchais mentions them specifically: ‘Powder and other munitions’ — to be supplied in secret, roundabout fashion.

¹ Italics in the original. — AUTHOR

IV

This last point was the rub. Louis XVI was a gentlemanly sovereign, keenly conscious of the fine honor that should direct the relationships of kings; the idea of surreptitiously arming for rebellion the subjects of a monarch with whom he was openly on terms of friendship was revolting. The thing simply was not done. Royal etiquette forbade it.

Besides, there was the hesitation of Spain. Charles III, king of that nation, was Louis's uncle; the two countries had been linked in closest alliance for fifteen years; there was no man for whom the French king had such reverence, and whose advice meant so much, as the occupant of the Spanish throne. This was the real reason for the hesitation of Vergennes which made Figaro and Le Sieur Lee so impatient. So long as Charles refused to associate Spain with the plots of Paris and Beaumarchais, the French king remained obdurate. Even the urgings of his queen, Marie Antoinette, who was partial to the *braves Américains*, did not resolve his scruples. All the fine-spun arguments of Beaumarchais did not bend this young sovereign, usually regarded as so weak and pliable; the respectful casuistries of Vergennes had not caused his royal master to deviate from his duty; time was pressing, Britain was known to be massing large forces for transportation to America, yet majesty was obdurate. Probably only one person in Europe could have led Louis XVI to behave in the underhanded manner desired; if Charles of Spain would only take his stand!

The secret springs of history are frequently trivial and capricious; who would have imagined that Arthur Lee, all unconsciously, should have been the means of easing the conscience of royal France? In his vehement tirade to Beaumarchais he had referred to two

emissaries sent by Congress to the Spanish court — not without success. Whether Arthur, in saying this, was himself a little *rusé*, or was merely reporting unverified rumor, is not apparent. Vergennes, however, regarded the intelligence as of such importance that he immediately communicated it to Grimaldi, prime minister of Spain. Was Le Sieur Lee's statement true? Had American envoys already obtained assistance from His Catholic Majesty?

Grimaldi immediately replied, No, it was not true. 'No one has asked us to furnish help to the revolting colonies, consequently we have not given any.' This *démenti*, however, was not the important part of the letter. Spain had given no help, Grimaldi went on, but she was entirely willing to do so. In one cynical sentence, Grimaldi sets forth the attitude Spain pursued then and afterwards toward this international question. The 'formula,' as the diplomats say, was sharp and concise. 'Certainly it is to our advantage that the rebellion of these people be supported. We ought to wish that they and the English reciprocally exhaust each other!' For Spain hated both England and the colonies: England on historic grounds, also for the dispute then pending between the two countries over Portugal; the colonies because their determination to seize the Mississippi River, then a Spanish monopoly, was already manifest. The more England and her colonies gouged and enfeebled each other, the better for Spain.

Was there anything dishonorable in giving secret aid? Not at all; this was only what England had done on every available occasion. When Spain was at war with Morocco, wrote Grimaldi, England had furnished arms of all kinds to the natives. She had done the same in the war with Algiers. 'Right and interest should thus persuade us to assist the English colonists; *voilà la maxime*.'

The only question was how it was to be done. It must be so managed that, if discovered, it could be immediately disavowed. The Spanish premier was willing to leave these details to the French; they managed such things so much better in France! 'But the king is ready,' wrote Grimaldi, 'and offers to share, within reason, in the expense. . . . His Majesty commands me to tell you that he submits the matter entirely to the decision of the king, his nephew.'

And so Arthur's remark had had the effect, quite unforeseen, of sounding out the Spanish and obtaining considerable subsidies for the American cause. It may be assumed that Vergennes lost no time in placing this communication before his royal master. It was precisely the argument he had been looking for. Incidentally Grimaldi's letter shows that the first definite commitment of secret aid to the colonies came from the Spanish court and not from the French. Grimaldi's revelation that Great Britain had set the example of secretly assisting subjects revolting against their liege lords helped to quiet the king in his ethical struggle.

V

Meanwhile Arthur Lee kept up his importunities; he, Beaumarchais, and Lauraguais were constant companions. Their interviews, Beaumarchais says in his letters to Vergennes, lasted from morning to night. And the plea was always the same: 'We need arms.' 'We need powder.' 'Above all, we need engineers.' 'It is only you who can help us; only you who have an interest in helping us.'

'But that last article is a great difficulty,' Figaro would reply. 'We cannot send men without giving them a commission. Besides, men talk and that compromises us. Dumb help is dumb.'

'Oh, well,' Arthur would respond,

'give us money and we will get engineers from Spain, Sweden, Italy. And you will not be compromised.'

Arthur's constant demands were clearly not unwelcome. 'The patriotism of these men,' wrote Beaumarchais to Vergennes, 'revives my own. It even seems that the precarious and dangerous situation in which I see myself, because of the suspicions and the severe inquisition which is made of everything I undertake, renders my zeal more ardent!'

In fact Vergennes needed no persuasion. For months he had been a convert to the plan of surreptitious aid, and every day was bringing stronger pressure on the king. The Beaumarchais letter of February 29, 1776, decided His Majesty; and Grimaldi's message, reaching Paris about a month later, removed all scruples. About this time also Bonvouloir, who had been sent to Philadelphia as an observer, returned to France; he gave most optimistic reports — rather more optimistic than the situation justified — of American success, and of the determined spirit of *le conseil privé*, as he called the Secret Committee of Congress.

Events now began to move rapidly. On May 2, Vergennes wrote his famous letter to Louis, telling of his plans to forward 1,000,000 livres to Beaumarchais for aid to the Americans. His authorization, said the Foreign Minister, would not be in his own handwriting; the document would be copied by his fifteen-year-old son, which would furnish as complete a disguise as one could ask. This historic paper now reposes in the archives of France; at the bottom appears one word, '*Bon*,' written in the hand of Louis XVI, king of France, his monosyllabic approval of one of the most fateful enterprises on which the Bourbon dynasty ever embarked. Two days afterward Vergennes wrote the royal

treasurer, instructing him to put aside the sum of 1,000,000 livres and hold it subject to his orders. On June 6 this money was transferred to Beaumarchais, that gentleman's receipt for the amount subsequently becoming one of the most celebrated documents in Franco-American diplomacy. On June 27, Spain, in most roundabout fashion, duplicated the French subsidy. Thus about \$400,000 was appointed for the purchase of munitions at a time when the new American Government most sorely needed them.

VI

Meanwhile, on an early day in May, — the precise date cannot be determined, — a momentous scene took place in Arthur Lee's rooms at No. 2 Garden Court, Middle Temple. The participants were Arthur himself, Beaumarchais, and the inseparable third member of the trio, the Comte de Lauraguais. The purpose of the meeting was to inform Arthur Lee, official agent of the Continental Congress, — the only agent Congress had in Europe at the time, — that the French Government was prepared to aid the new United Colonies to the extent of £200,000 sterling. At least that is the figure appearing in all official documents bearing on the subject — a five-fold exaggeration of the first subsidy. Whether the mistake was the result of Beaumarchais's exaltation, or his visioning of the not distant future, or whether it was caused by the fact that the details of the interview were not reduced to writing but transmitted by word of mouth, cannot be decided at this late day. For Arthur Lee made no written report to Congress. He was too experienced a gentleman to do anything so foolish as that. This message of Beaumarchais was the greatest diplomatic secret of the time. Its disclosure would have meant war

between England and France. Certainly France, if Arthur had put this news on paper, and the letter should have found its way into the hands of British agents, would have ceased all negotiations with the colonies.

Congress, in entrusting this diplomatic post to Arthur, had insisted on 'impenetrable secrecy.' Moreover, Congress had sent Arthur an emissary for the transmission of messages; this was Thomas Story, a kind of international Paul Revere, who left America in December 1775 with instructions to get in touch with the agent of Congress. Mr. Story's experience, immediately on landing in England, was in itself a sufficient warning as to the danger of transmitting the written word. The efficiency of the British secret service, even in this early stage, was a matter of wonder and admiration. The purpose of Thomas Story's transatlantic migration was perfectly understood; he was stopped by agents of the government, searched, and relieved of a letter to Arthur Lee from Mr. Dumas of The Hague. This happened in April 1776; certainly Arthur would have been an idiot had he entrusted to Story, a month afterward, a written report to Congress telling all about the meeting of the triumvirate at No. 2 Garden Court, and the promised subsidy from France!

Arthur Lee therefore sent a verbal message to the Secret Committee, presently to be metamorphosed into the Committee of Foreign Affairs, with Richard Henry Lee as an additional member. On October 1, 1776, Thomas Story arrived in Philadelphia and delivered his message as follows: 'On my leaving London, Arthur Lee, Esq., requested me to inform the committee of correspondence that he had several conferences with the French ambassador, who had communicated the same to the French court: that in consequence thereof the Duke [*sic*] of Ver-

gennes had sent a gentleman to Arthur Lee, who informed him that the French court could not think of entering into a war with England, but that they would assist America by sending from Holland this fall £200,000 sterling worth of arms and ammunition to Saint Eustatius, Martinique, or Cape François; that application was to be made to the governors or commandants of those places by inquiring for Monsieur Hortalez and that, on persons properly authorized applying, the above articles would be delivered to them.' This paragraph represented Mr. Story's recollection of a message entrusted to him five months before by Arthur Lee; it contains one or two inaccuracies, such as the sudden elevation of Vergennes from Comte to Duke, and the amount of money involved; but in its essentials it was an accurate repetition of what Beaumarchais had told Arthur in early May, and outlined the programme that was subsequently put into effect.

At the time Mr. Story reached Philadelphia, only two members of the Secret Committee, Benjamin Franklin and Robert Morris, were in town. These wise gentlemen at once adopted Lee's policy of secrecy. They made a memorandum and placed it in their most inaccessible files, — the document is now included in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution, — but they decided not to make the information known to Congress. The paper solemnly drawn up, explaining the reasons for this reticence, — subsequently formally approved by the signatures of Richard Henry Lee and William Hooper, new members, — shows that the distrust and dissensions of that storm year, 1776, had not subsided. New York, now in possession of the British and their Tory sympathizers, was a danger point; should the

news 'get to the ear of our enemies at New York they would undoubtedly take measures to intercept the supplies and thereby deprive us not only of those succors but others expected by the same route. . . . We find, by fatal experience, the Congress consists of too many members to keep secrets' — and here Franklin and Morris instance one case of a serious leak. The committee had already made arrangements to receive the supplies at 'Martinico' and thought it wise to keep the whole matter from Congress until safe delivery had been made.

In the early part of 1777, three ships, the *Amphitrite*, the *Seine*, and the *Mercure*, sailed from Havre, bearing war supplies for the American army, purchased with this subsidy of two million livres, furnished by France and Spain. Probably no supplies of ammunition ever produced such historic results. For these were the arms, effectively used by the farmers of New England and northern New York, that won the battle of Saratoga in September 1777. This is only another way of saying that they won American independence. Only when one considers this fact can the magnitude of Arthur Lee's achievement be measured.

Among the myths that have grown up about the Revolutionary War is that this French aid was first obtained by Silas Deane and Benjamin Franklin. But both French and Spanish Governments had given their pledges and made their cash payments six weeks before Deane and six months before Franklin had set foot in France. The American diplomatic pioneer whose constant and frequently intemperate promptings exercised such a powerful influence on Beaumarchais, and through him on Vergennes and the French king, was the secret agent of the Continental Congress in London, Arthur Lee.

ART AND DEMOCRACY

BY EDWARD BRUCE

I

For sixty years our national wealth grew at the rate of 5 per cent per annum; by 1929 we owned 40 per cent of the wealth of the world. Our vast physical frontiers did this for us. We always had some new place to go to; we could skim off the cream in one place and move on to new territory with its wealth of natural resources to be tapped.

Our world was full of romance and action. It was a robust period. Well-being was judged by dollars. We did not cultivate life — we blasted it out. Each new generation had new worlds to conquer. Our so-called pleasures were bought, and the yardstick of our standard of living was the dollars we had to spend.

Now our physical frontiers no longer exist; we have reached the end of that horizon. Are we going to find new horizons and a finer, fuller life? To talk of defeat and curtailment and less abundance is unworthy of this country. The era of easy money may be over, and the rate of growth in our wealth is bound to slow down. We are out of the wilderness period and into the garden period; the time has come to cultivate what we have.

We have more than any other nation — in wealth, in climate, in natural beauty and resources. We have more than enough to build a civilization that is finer than anything that has gone before, and to give our people a

higher standard of living, in terms of the things that make living worth while, than any nation has ever had.

To do all this we need idealism, as well as horse sense. We need a better understanding of service and less selfishness. We need a new conception of the common good, and the happiness that comes from serving it. The time has gone by when the few can be happy living on the top of misery. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are being demanded as a right. The way is open, but to gain it we need a new valuation of life and the will to earn it.

I am not fitted, nor have I the desire, to discuss our economic problems. Of one thing I am convinced: any policy based on the theory that we must have a cat-and-dog fight over the bones we already have, and how they should be divided, is fatuous. It would simply provide a feast before the deluge unworthy of everything this country has accomplished.

The inequalities of wealth in America are too great, and a lot of housecleaning must be done; but there is no simple remedy for all our ills. Let us study all these problems and work them out, but let us do so with malice toward none and charity for all, and also with the high faith and knowledge that we have a richer and fuller future ahead than we have ever known before.

II

To do this we have to study what our objectives are, our means of gaining them, how they can best be secured. So I come to my main thesis. In considering our standard of living, too much weight is being given to the money we have to spend and too little weight to what we are getting out of life. You can't *buy* the kind of life a human being should aspire to. A nation cannot provide this kind of life for its people by confining its energies to increasing national wealth in terms of dollars.

All over this great country of ours — and I speak whereof I know — there is a longing and soul-striving for something more and finer and better in life than mere material possessions. There is a desire for beauty, a reaction against the ugliness that surrounds us, a wish to fill one's time with new interests, a hope to find an outlet for the creative spirit. Every human being has latent in him the wish to be a writer or a painter or a musician or a craftsman. No one remembers the money makers of the world, but the world remembers the leaders of thought, the creators of beauty and of things of the spirit. Here we have a vast field of new wealth in which to develop a true standard of living, of well-being and happiness and contentment.

Under existing conditions the pioneers who can open this frontier to us are being starved to death. The world has no place for them. They can open new mines of untold wealth in terms of the things that make life worth living, and they are told they are not wanted. The hand that can paint a lovely picture, that can soothe and awaken the spirit with music, that can embellish our homes with fine craftsmanship, is given a shovel and told to dig a ditch to keep body and soul together. The mind that can create a poem, or be a

leader of thinking, or delve in new worlds of knowledge, is asked to be a timekeeper to the ditch diggers in order to feed a family. The creative impulse, the skill to produce, cannot grow among these thorns. It must be cultivated and helped.

Study the history of the great artistic movements of the world. These movements have produced about all there is in the world that has stood the test of time. Nations may come and go, but those nations which have not produced spiritually in art and literature have left the world no richer.

No great artistic or spiritual movement has ever developed without a patron. The patron is a most necessary element. I believe that there is innate in the soul of man at all times the wish, the longing, the ability to develop the richness of the spirit and the beauty of life. It is always there to burst forth if it has an opportunity. In the past the patrons of art and culture have been first the Church, and secondly the great and near great. The Church extended patronage when the Church and the State were one — that is, when the Church could tap the resources of the State to pay for it. The great did it when they could say, 'I am the State.' Both did it from an essentially personal motive — the Church to glorify its doctrines, and the great to glorify themselves. In spite of the element of self-glorification, these patrons caused to be produced for their countries works of art that have had an incalculable effect on the lives of the people of their time.

We have had a beginning of an art patronage in this country. It was a patronage by the rich. (I am always interested to see the irresistible impulse that develops in the minds of so many rich people to use the wealth they have accumulated for social good and artistic development.) It was in a very real sense a voluntary share-the-wealth

movement. We can no longer look to this source of development, however. Of necessity this patronage must come out of surplus wealth and income, and the State, through income and inheritance taxes, is transferring this surplus to itself. I have no criticism of these taxes in principle, though I think inequalities exist in their administration, but the fact remains that the State has to a large extent withdrawn this patronage and substituted nothing, or next to nothing, in its place.

III

The government has now made a start — not a very big one, but a start; and for the first time, to my knowledge, an administration has shown a genuine interest in and sympathy with the artistic life of the country. The start was made a year and a half ago. Four one-hundredths of one per cent of the money appropriated by the government for public works was used to employ a group of artists of this country at a small weekly wage to decorate public buildings with painting and sculpture. The experiment lasted only four and a half months, but it did quite amazing things. Six hundred men and women in this country who were leaders in art gave practically all of their time to direct it, and some thirty-five hundred artists were employed for shorter or longer periods carrying on the work.

Space does not permit me to enlarge on what this movement did for these artists. It not only helped them in their dire need for the necessities of life, but morally and spiritually helped them enormously in making them feel that they had a place in the body politic and had something to give which their government wanted. The most significant thing this project accomplished was to prove that there was a longing for beauty throughout the

country. That small expenditure paid vast dividends in contentment and happiness.

On October 16, 1934, the Secretary of the Treasury by executive order set up the Painting and Sculpture Section in the Procurement Division of the Treasury Department to have charge of the decoration of the federal buildings erected by the Division. The plan of operation provides a splendid long-range programme for securing for our public buildings the best art which this country is capable of producing, and stimulating its painters and sculptors. As the Section develops, I think it will become apparent what an important influence it will have on the artistic development of the nation. Of necessity, however, its scope is limited, and to meet the tragic conditions that face the artists of the country at this time its work should be supplemented.

Congress has recently passed a relief measure appropriating \$4,880,000,000 to provide work relief, and 'to increase employment by providing for useful projects.' Of this sum, \$300,000,000, or about 6 per cent, is set aside for 'assistance for educational, professional, and clerical persons.' This little sentence has in it the germs of a vast accomplishment for the enrichment of the life of our people.

A small percentage of this sum, set aside as 'a project or projects to develop the artistic and cultural life of the people,' could accomplish amazing things. It is a logical development of the interest already shown by the government and may easily be the means of carrying on a movement which will give this country its real immortality. We should not consider this expenditure as merely a relief to the needy, but, in the wording of the bill, as an opportunity to increase employment by providing a useful project, a chance to give to our people art and beauty and

new fields for wealth as measured by a real standard of living. Could any project be more useful? To-day we are the only great power I know of on the face of the earth that has not a branch of its government devoted to art and literature. The opportunity has come to us, through this appropriation, to take the lead in this movement. I, for one, hope it will be carried out, not on the old basis of the aggrandizement of the great or near great, but on the basis of a patronage befitting a republic where the objective will be to give to all the people new beauty, new interests, new pleasures, and a happier, richer life.

What we need is not official and pompous art, but the fostering and cultivation throughout the country of the creative spirit which is ready to spring up everywhere. What we need is not relief dependent on a pauper's oath, but a friendly and helping hand to the men and women of this country who can create this new frontier of beauty and spiritual uplift for us. Those men and women of our country who have so much to give and ask for so little in return should be relieved

from the tragic necessity of providing the bare necessities of life; they should be stimulated to create their best by the knowledge that what they have to give is wanted by their government, and that they are looked upon as an asset rather than a liability to the State.

To carry out this movement we should mobilize all the best we have in this country to guide and encourage it. Our objective should be to enrich the lives of all our people by making things of the spirit, the creation of beauty, part of their daily experience; by giving them new hopes and sources of interest to fill their leisure; by eradicating the ugliness of their surroundings; by building with a sense of beauty as well as mere utility; and by fostering all the simple pleasures of life which are not important in terms of dollars spent, but are immensely important in terms of a higher standard of living. Let us move forward with the firm belief that we have new frontiers and the means to develop them, and that through their development we can make this country of ours a better and happier place in which to live.

ASYLUM. II

BY WILLIAM SEABROOK

I

EARLY in February, after I had been in the asylum¹ about six weeks, the doctors decided that the initial stages of my cure had progressed sufficiently to shift me along to Hall Two, where the patients had greater liberty and responsibility. I went reluctantly. I was sure I should n't like it, and for some weeks I sulked.

Hall Two was less of a prison, but it was also less of a kindergarten. While we were all locked in as scrupulously as before, the windows were not barred. They merely had heavy screens. We were supposed to have passed the point where we might break windows or smash furniture. We were no longer continually watched. The tempo was entirely different. We no longer had female nurses, and were no longer pampered as interesting invalids. The atmosphere was a queer combination of fraternity house and military barracks.

I loathed everything in this new hall for the first few weeks. Instead of the lazy, easy, quiet (except when somebody began weeping, howling like a wolf, or seeing his dead grandfather) lobby down in Hall Four, where we could loll about in big stuffed armchairs or sprawl on couches with pretty nurses to wait on us, we were

forced to sit up and wait on ourselves. The smoking room here was a stiff game-room, with a pool table in the middle, a radio, card tables, chess and checker tables, no couches, no armchairs or easy-chairs at all, nothing but straight-backed hard chairs which we believed were designed to be as stiff and uncomfortable as possible. Nevertheless, this was the room in which we congregated. At the other end of the lobby was a cheerless, formal 'library' which had armchairs and couches, — the long corridors had big couches, too, — but since we were not allowed to lie on the couches, and were not permitted to smoke in the library, both were usually empty.

In our bedrooms we had a little more latitude and considerably more responsibility than in Hall Four. We had writing tables, stationery, reading lamps; and nearly all our private clothing and belongings were restored to us. We could not have pocket-knives, matches, or razors, but when we entered this hall our wrist watches, fountain pens, extra belts, our books, clothing, and knickknacks, were given back to us. We had to keep all our clothes and belongings in order, make out our own laundry lists, keep our bureau drawers and wardrobes neat. Instead of enjoying the greater liberty, I resented it. I had got used to having Miss Pine do everything for me just as my mother used to when I was six,

¹ Nothing here is fiction or embroidery. It is straight fact. All the characters and episodes are real, but all proper names, except my own, have been completely changed. — AUTHOR

including picking up after me and telling me when to put on a different shirt or another tie.

What I liked least at first was my fellow patients. They were too normal. They were nearly well, or getting well. They lived, talked, and deported themselves more or less as I imagine they always had on the outside, so that the social atmosphere was radically different from that of the hall below. Here there was, if not exactly snobbery, the beginning of selection and the forming of groups, cliques. Down below, there had been the basic, leveling camaraderie of common upset or misfortune. We had been like a heterogeneous group in a bombarded dugout or war hospital. When men lie in adjacent beds with machine-gun bullets through their gizzards, they find other things in common than having been to Harvard or to Philadelphia to hear Stokowski. Nobody in Hall Four had given a hoot that Wethered was in the *Social Register* and Ryder in the firemen's union. But here in Two we were all aware of such things, not nastily aware of them, but aware—as people are on the outside.

There were only seventeen patients in Hall Two when I was transferred there, yet they were split into groups. There was a group of five or six intellectuals who played contract together and wanted to listen to symphonies and chamber music on the radio. There was a group of business men, two of them Jewish, who played pool and pinochle and preferred listening to Eddie Cantor or Ed Wynn. There were three or four youths whom everybody was kind to but did not include, and two or three oldsters who moped or read. They were all decent enough to me, and I could have grouped as I pleased—not because I was a fellow unfortunate, a fellow inmate, but because I had written a couple of books

and had a name which appeared occasionally in the newspapers. Well, I did n't like this. I did n't feel that I was a person who had written a couple of books. I felt that I was a patient locked up where I ought to be, except that I ought still to be down in Hall Four, so I sulked for a couple of weeks, and wished I were back downstairs.

II

Thus I became a routine, polite, if slightly surly patient in Hall Two. I avoided the recreation room except when I went in to smoke. I moped, read long, old books like *David Copperfield* and *Clarissa Harlowe* in the empty, cheerless library, was depressed, and knew that if I were outside, or in an ordinary sanitarium where attendants could be bribed to bring in whiskey, I should be drinking like a fish again.

Dr. Paschall, who was puzzled and annoyed by the metamorphosis in my behavior, came up one day to see what he could get out of me in a private conversation. He invited confidence, and I tried to give it to him.

I said: 'I'm bored. You think I'm bored from being locked up, now that the novelty has worn off. You tell me the trouble with drunks is that they always get bored by the restraint and think they're cured and want to go home when all they've done is get over their headaches. But I don't think I'm cured, and I was n't ever bored in Hall Four. I liked it. Now I'm bored in this hall. The patients bore me. They talk about Wall Street and Walter Lippmann, or Culbertson or golf. They play contract and billiards and ping-pong. I did n't come here to play contract and talk about the stock market. I used to do things like that when I was a Rotarian in Atlanta. But I don't like them any more. It's like being sick in a club or a frat house.'

Paschall lighted a cigarette and answered:—

‘I think I begin to see what it’s all about; but, for a man past forty-five, you seem to have the emotional reactions, if not the mind, of a child. You miss your little playmates. You miss the fun and irresponsibility of Hall Four. You miss the comedy and occasional excitement. It was high time we moved you from that hall. You need to take us and yourself more seriously. The patients who bore you up here are all right. The trouble’s with you. You played contract downstairs where they redouble seven no trumps and lead the queen of hippogriffs, but up here, where they play real contract, you refuse to play. And there’s big news coming every day from Washington. It would n’t hurt you to read Walter Lippmann and talk with your fellow patients about the New Deal. Don’t sneer! I mean it. It’s *your* country. You may get out of here some day and go back to work. . . .

‘By the way,’ he continued, ‘your friends Hauser and Spike will be moving up in a couple of days, and you won’t be so lonesome.’

III

‘Everything,’ says Epictetus, ‘has two handles: one by which it can be carried, and one by which it cannot.’ I took hold now by the other handle, and carried on. Spike was transferred as promised, and a week or so later Johnny Reiss and Hauser came along. We began to have a fairly good time.

Then early in March, one afternoon at twilight when I had been deprived of drink for about three months, rather suddenly I developed a new set of symptoms, perhaps entered a new phase of gradual cure. It was snowing outside the big windows; it was peaceful and warm inside. I was listening

to muted Seigfried and Valhalla motifs—symphonic *Rheingold* excerpts coming from Carnegie Hall, tuned low on the radio (this may have been the fortuitous trigger)—when I began to find myself interiorly illumined with a sort of mystical exaltation, strangely like that which comes sometimes from prolonged drinking when the whiskey is good and one drinks a lot of it without becoming violent or sick.

All of a sudden I found it wonderful, strange, and beautiful to be sober, and the feeling produced a curious sensitiveness which was astonishingly like the flashes a drunken man gets on the rare occasions when drunkenness seems golden and divine. It was as if a veil, or scum, or film had been stripped from all things visual and auditory, or as if the world had been suddenly diffused with a soft, unearthly, revealing light. I was sitting close to the radio, and was almost afraid to lift my head or move, for fear it all would fade. The colors in the carpet at my feet were abnormally vivid and made a harmony of their own.

At this moment the superintendent of the hall came and stood in the doorway, looking in as he did from time to time. I had often seen him thus, a fat-faced, fussy, spying, prying, pompously masculine old maid. I saw him now, benevolent, kindly, and solicitous. He was my father and mother. He would n’t let me hurt myself or let anything hurt me. He was there to protect us, watch over us, and be kind to us.

Four or five fellow patients were scattered round the big room. I looked at their faces. They too were diffused with kindly, human light—even the face of one I had disliked, now wondering why, for he was now my brother. Some minutes had passed, but the illusion still persisted. It had not flashed, fleeting. It was still there. I took stock of it. I realized that it was

wonderful and at the same time slightly maudlin. I got up and shook myself, and walked over to the window. But the big bare trees against the white snow in the falling darkness seemed of an unearthly, almost holy beauty. The thing still persisted. I felt mildness and goodness and childlike wonder within myself.

I said, 'I might as well be drunk.' Instead of being pleased, I shook myself again and fought it, as one fights the waves of alcoholic intoxication. I went out to the lavatory to wash my face for supper.

At supper, I scarcely noticed my companions. I was absorbed, not knowing whether to be pleased or not, with a further phase of what I began to think might be an authentic 'mystical illumination,' if it were n't just a maudlin neurasthenia caused by the complete stoppage of the alcohol in which my system had been soaked. The new phase was that dry, fresh bread, a piece of boiled potato, even the water, — but particularly a scrap of plain, unbuttered bread, — had a taste that was ridiculously delicious, heavenly. There was a breaded chop in tomato sauce, which I am usually fond of, and I cut a mouthful anticipating that, since dry bread suddenly tasted like ambrosia, this now would taste better than any banquet a starving man had ever dreamed of. But I had guessed wrong. It seemed too highly seasoned — a mixed gamut of savors, too sharply flavored.

I said: 'Spike, was there too much salt and pepper on your chop, or does the tomato sauce seem sharp?'

'No,' he said, 'it's all right. I just put a little more salt on it.'

So I knew that its seeming too highly seasoned was a part of the weird state I was in. I got the same reaction with the salad dressing, but some leaves of lettuce with no dressing were as good to me as they would have been to a

rabbit. And I still felt good and happy, though slightly scornful and puzzled about it.

I repeat that it was wonderful. I hoped I was drunk on sobriety. They had said it would take at least three months to get my alcohol-soaked tissues, nerves, organs, and senses unpickled. I hoped it was that. I hoped I was seeing clear because I had been 'purified.' But I suspected that such an implied state of grace was too good to be true. To be drunk on sobriety would be turning earth into heaven, myself into a sort of saint, which, in a bad world with a brute like myself in it, was a *reductio ad absurdum*. More likely some inherent neurasthenia, long drowned in gin, was now asserting itself. More likely I was 'elated,' which is a pleasant, agreeable term in common parlance, but means something not nearly so nice in technical psychiatric jargon.

But since it was so pleasant, as well as puzzling, I decided to let it ride — that is, to stop trying to rationalize it, stop trying to throw it off, let it lull me along to see where it led.

IV

As I lay in bed with the lights out, a feeling came over me about the place I was in, about the institution. Since it was an emotional state rather than a process of reasoning, I may not now be able to describe it in reasoned words. But it was as if I felt some of the following things, rather than catalogued or thought them: —

'I am in a safe sanctuary, surrounded by protections, by kindly companions, by devoted servants who give me all things that are good for me and protect me from things that would hurt me. Wise and kindly superiors who wish me well watch over all this with benign power. All this is bestowed on me by day and by night, is "given"

me, requiring no effort, no payment, money, or responsibility. My pockets are empty. I have no money here. I need none. Here all things are free as salvation. I am saved. No more fear and struggle. I am safe in the arms of —'

It was precisely at this point of feeling, at this point in letting things ride, that my thinking mind insisted on shaking itself, sharpening the focus, impatient and suspicious: —

'Safe in the arms of what?'

Safe in the arms of the psychiatrists? God forbid! Safe in the arms of my mother? Yes, I thought, it had felt a little like that, like having been badly hurt and being safe, soothed, protected, in my mother's arms. But an old hymn tune had suggested another angle. I suddenly realized that in the factual history of my whole clinical case there had been a strong parallel — a striking analogy, at any rate — to the mystical process of salvation as doctrinally outlined by the Christian Church. At a given moment I had 'repented,' in considerable fear and terror. I had known I was 'damned' and wanted to be 'saved.' I had known that my own strength, my own will, could no longer save me. At the last I had begged, screamed, pleaded to be 'saved.' I had been willing to 'abase' myself, to relinquish myself, my life, my will, my body, into hands stronger than my own. I was through, and I knew it, so far as any effort to save myself was concerned. I was stripped down, naked, to one thing, which was the one and only thing the Church Fathers doctrinally recommend — *the desire for salvation*.

I should have been an excellent candidate for the mourner's bench had my trouble been a soul rotten with sin instead of a system rotten with whiskey, and maybe being in that stripped state had made me a more hopeful candidate than most for the

different brand of salvation purveyed by the doctors and psychiatrists.

I am including all this now, as a part of the reportorial record of what happens to a drunkard who seeks serious modern scientific, medical-psychiatric aid to be cured, because I am convinced that it is all a part of what any man who has been a hard drinker for years must go through to come out of it. It is no joke. It involves going through strange stages, some pleasant, some painful. It cannot be done in a few weeks or a couple of months. I am not judging by my own case alone. There are plenty of authoritative statistics.

This present stage, which came after I had been deprived of drink for some three months, and which continued for several days, was strange but pleasant. For instance, when I awoke the next morning, I was glad to be awake, and I was glad to put on my shirt. Some readers will know what that means, and some not. For as long as I could remember, I had been awaking in the morning not caring whether I put on my shirt or not.

I told Paschall all about this new phase, and he didn't like it any too well. He felt that there was some hidden cowardice in it. He was afraid I was turning chameleon, becoming institutionalized, too grateful and dependent on imprisonment; afraid I was still in love with the womb or the grave, and liked being locked up as a substitute for being dead. In short, he thought it meant that I was afraid to face life.

He wound up by telling me that I should probably go through a period of depression next, and not to worry too much about it when it came. That, he said, would be the 'hang-over.' But all the rest of that week the pleasant glow persisted from day to day. I still woke up every morning glad to put on my shirt, and found a mild,

spontaneous delight in all things. I had previously begun to like things pretty well, but this was different. For instance, working in the shop, making a new chair — up to this time I had made myself like it, but now I took spontaneous pleasure in it, in the tools, in the grain and texture of the seasoned oak under the fine edge of the plane or chisel.

It was the following Monday that a little accident occurred in the carpenter shop. It had no serious consequences except that it, or rather the consequences it threatened to have, put an end to my maudlin, elated moonings. I pressed down too hard with the draw-knife on a curved piece of chair back I was shaping. It flew out of the vise and gashed me above the eye — a harmless little gash, but in a conspicuous place, and naturally it was a bit bloody. When it was detected I came very near being railroaded out of the carpenter shop, into the basket-weaving department with the doddering old gentlemen and suicidal patients.

My most faithful visitor says that when she brought me grapes that Wednesday she was more worried than at any time since the first few weeks. She said I looked depressed, nervous, unhappy. She says I told her that I was being persecuted, that the whole atmosphere of the place was petty, that I was sick of it, and that, as for being cured, I had made no progress whatever.

V

A favorite thesis among us patients, when we were out of humor, was that all psychiatrists are 'nuts.' For example, Paschall now assured me that I was doing much better, improving, because I felt awful! Since I loathed the place, was angry again at everybody, had the blues, and was convinced the three months' treatment had done me no good at all, he was sure I was

getting better! He had a hard time convincing me of this.

He insisted, however, that the paradox was true, that it would have been unwholesome if I had remained in love with life in the institution. The hospital already had a queer little group of 'trusties,' less than half a dozen, who could get their discharge papers and walk out free any day they liked, but who probably would never go. They were happy here, no longer 'mentally disturbed,' but they had lost the courage, or the wish, to face the world outside. One was an elderly commercial artist who worked regularly at his drawing board and sold his stuff through a New York agent. Another was a former laundryman who had been here nine years now, by his own volition, after the doctors had pronounced him cured; he worked in the asylum, submitting to all the restrictions, including being locked up every night, because he preferred it to living on his own responsibility outside.

Less pleasant still was the case of Mr. Drummond, a silk merchant who had crashed in 1929, and gone to pieces. He had been put together again, but his wife, who had once had five servants, a box at the opera, and three cars, now peddled embroidery to her former friends, because her once-rich husband had n't the courage to go out and begin life again as a poor man. Monastery, prison, hospital, nursery — it sheltered us from the hard, stormy world.

It had been a heaven and haven for me because I had been drenched and drowning, but what if I should never dare to go out in the rain again? I guessed, morosely, that Paschall was right, and when next we talked I told him so. He ended by pretty well proving that there was a streak of coward, quitter, in me somewhere; tired and frightened, I had run back to mamma. A padded cell, hospital, nursery, the

grave — all different names, he said, for mother's protecting arms. 'By the way,' he asked casually, 'did you ever consider suicide as a solution?'

'No,' I told him truly, 'but when I passed cemeteries I often thought how peaceful and beautiful they were, and was sometimes in love with the idea of being dead.'

'All fear,' he said, 'all based on fear. You probably drank because you were afraid of something. You probably became a drunkard because there was something you were afraid to face sober.'

It made me angry, but we had a long talk about it. Then out popped another pretty notion of his: to wit, that I was still unconsciously afraid of something — something other than whiskey — and that my 'mystical illumination' had been a wish trick toward 'escape by imprisonment'; that is, a wish to give up and stay here always.

This made me even more angry. But I decided, after Paschall had left, that instead of getting mad about it I would think it over. One of the advantages in being locked up for a long stretch is that, despite workshops and gymnasium, it gives you plenty of time to think.

VI

I want to set down briefly some of the things I thought, not because I consider myself a unique or especially interesting individual, but because, on the contrary, I may be a quite common, or flourishing, weedy-garden variety of the white-collared, educated drunkard — and a legitimate general interest may lie in that.

My first thoughts were physiological. I thought about how I had enjoyed believing that I was the victim of some glandular, stomach, or nervous craving for alcohol. Three months of incarceration, during which I had been given no

medicine or drugs whatever, had already exploded that theory. It had been a false excuse. Once finished with my prolonged hang-over and jitters, I had never felt any physiological craving at all. I slept well and ate well. My nerves had been shot to pieces by the liquor, and I had perhaps been forced to increase the doses, but now that I drank no liquor at all my nerves were all right. So much for that.

Why, then, with a nice home, easy living, money in the bank, an agreeable occupation, and good friends, had I become a drunkard at all?

Paschall insisted it had been because I was afraid of something. Very well. Afraid of what?

Presently — not suddenly, but slowly, not liking it — I knew.

I was afraid I was n't good enough — always had been afraid, but maybe in youth I believed age would remedy it. Now I was middle-aged and afraid I'd never be good enough.

I imagine this is a fairly common ailment, a fairly common worry, a fairly common fear. My trade happens to be that of a writer, but I suspect all trades are pretty much the same. A man hopes to do well at his trade, and does n't do as well as he has hoped; after blaming other things, he begins to doubt his own ability, begins to be afraid he has n't 'got it.' I don't see why this should n't be the same in all trades, and I doubt whether seeming success, relative real success or failure, has much bearing on it. I know middle-aged grocery clerks on small salaries in little stores who are competent, cheerful, self-reliant. They have no fear that they are not good enough, because they *are* good enough — very good at what they are satisfied to do. But I wonder whether many a little banker is afraid he is n't good enough when he thinks of Morgan. I wonder what Rudy Vallee thinks when he thinks of Toscanini. I wonder what Toscanini thinks when he

thinks of Beethoven. Maybe Toscanini thinks, 'I'm a little brass monkey with a baton; I would give my soul to suffer and write a great symphony.' Of course, probably he does n't. But I don't see how success helps if one has the neurasthenic temperament.

What I was afraid of was that I was n't good enough, and, cowardly neurasthenic or not, I was about ready to admit that this was why I had tried to drown myself in alcohol. Good enough for precisely what? Well, it was n't complicated, and I am not ashamed to admit it, for it was not too pretentious. It did not involve wanting to be Shakespeare or Joyce. What I wanted more than anything was simply to be a good writer, and what I was afraid of was that I should never be anything, at most, but a good reporter.

VII

Admitting this fear, why had I tried to drown it in the particular period from 1932 to 1933? Because I had reached middle age? Or because 'nothing fails like success' — by which I merely mean that my writing, whether good, bad, or mediocre, had been published by good publishers, had made a quantity of money, and that prosperity is poison to some people? These things had been elements in it, but they had not been the main thing. The main thing had been the cowardice which had come to a head in 1932 and 1933 because I had been caught in a trap. I had made and baited and walked into the trap myself. It had consisted of perfect — for me — surroundings and conditions under which to live and work, plus ample material of the precise sort I wanted, assembled and waiting to be worked on. I had good contacts, no rush, no money worries, good health, and good intentions. There had been time, opportunity, material, to do my best. There had been no loop-

hole for subsequent alibis, no place to run away to, because I was already where I wanted to be — and instead of doing my best I took to drink and did practically nothing. I had been afraid to do my best for fear my best would not be good enough.

A man stalls, loaf, procrastinates, sits in cafés, fails to throw all his best energy into a piece of work. He cannot bring himself to put 'everything' into it, to 'do his damndest,' as the saying goes. Accused or self-accused of being lazy, he confesses — to laziness. But he does n't confess that he is afraid of destroying forever the illusion that he may some day ring the bell.

I knew now that I had always been afraid of a showdown. I saw that I had been running away all my life. I had been variously listed and publicized as an 'explorer,' 'traveler,' 'adventurer,' but I had always been merely a frightened man running away — from something. It had begun a quarter of a century before, soon after I had quit college. At twenty-one I had been city editor of the *Augusta (Georgia) Chronicle*, had stood it for six months, and thrown it up to be a tramp in Southern Europe. Returning in a few years, I had been established on the *Atlanta Journal*, and later with a partnership interest in an advertising agency and a directorship in the then new Atlanta Rotary Club. In 1915, I had chucked it all and run away again. I had run away to war like the Spoon River soldier, not caring who won it, caring little indeed, since we were then neutral, which side I joined. I had come back, a little gassed but not badly, and started farming in Georgia; I ran away from that as soon as I had cleared the land and planted the first crop. When the crop came up, if it ever did, I was working for City Editor Phillips of the *New York Times*, as a reporter at \$27.50 a week. In 1924, making more money than I needed in soft jobs with the

syndicates, I got sick of it, met an Arab, and ran away into the Arabian desert, where I joined a tribe and got along so well that its sheikh offered me an oasis village on the edge of Trans-jordania, together with a hundred men and a couple of wives, including his niece. I ran away again, and this time kept running, all over the map, for miles and years (with books as by-products of my circlings), until I got caught in a trap of my own devising where I had to sit down and face myself, and do my utmost. I had been so unwilling and afraid to do it that I had tried to drown myself in liquor. I had been forced at last to stop running and sit down with myself; and it had landed me — by the back door, since I did not even have the excuse of being insane — in this place.

Well, I thought, I had plenty of time to face myself now, and if I wanted to come out and survive I had to take stock of whatever I was and get the courage to face it without trying to drown the image in drink again. I had to stop running away from myself, I had to stop hiding from myself, I had to stop drowning myself in gin. Whatever I had was all I had, and if I was n't a hopeless coward I had to do my best with it. It all made me sick. I loathed people who thought or talked about themselves or others in such copybook, cabbage-patch jargon. I did n't think I had ever thought in such terms before. Well, maybe I needed a good dose of homely, banal, moral twaddle to balance me. God knows I had swung far enough in other directions.

When I told all this, and more, to Paschall, he agreed that we had probably arrived at the reason behind my prolonged heavy drinking and smash-up. Knowing it, he warned me, did n't mean I was cured of it, or free of it. He said the popular notion that twists, complexes, neurasthenic quirks, could

be got rid of by merely trotting them out into the daylight was all poppycock, psychoanalytic superstition. He hoped I *might* be happier now that I knew and admitted what was basically the matter with me, but he said the main thing they hoped to do was simply to break me permanently from the habit of using alcohol as a psychic painkiller, as an anæsthetic, as a coward's refuge; and he hoped to goodness I'd reconcile myself to remaining locked up long enough to do that, for he believed it could be done; and he remarked that, even if it did n't make me any happier, it would at any rate be something.

'I'll be honest in telling you that the main thing now is time,' he added, 'just a matter of patience and sticking it out. Don't fool yourself that you're cured yet, and don't expect any sudden miracles. They don't occur in cases like yours.'

VIII

By late April the scene in our park had changed. Buds were bursting, robins came, swings and benches were repainted, and the outdoor squad began to work on the tennis courts. By early May our tempo and routine changed, too. The object seemed to be to keep us out of doors as much as possible among the blossoms, babbling brooks, and butterflies. They turned us all outdoors — all the halls, including the wild ones — and, while we were kept more or less in hall groups under surveillance of our own attendants, a certain amount of fraternizing was permitted, even encouraged. Thus in time I made new friends, and queer ones.

I mean nothing callous, heartless, or inconsiderate in saying that when our various halls began to mingle and play together outdoors we 'entertained each other.' Aside from mingling more in actual games and sports — tennis, cro-

quet, pitching horseshoes, ninepins — we learned more about each other's idiosyncrasies, saw each other at the same time more intimately yet with wider scope, occasionally found ourselves shocked, pitying, sympathizing, but much more frequently amused. All of us being part of it, companion unfortunates in similar case though for a wide dissimilarity of reasons, we laughed at each other when things were funny, enjoyed each other's antics and delusions without embarrassment or shame.

For example, when a patient named Schriver mistook the gardener's collie for a bloodhound and concluded that a whole pack of them was hidden in the basement to chase us if we got past the fences, which he believed were charged with high-voltage electricity, I'm afraid we did n't say, 'Poor fellow, what a pity!' We added masked machine guns in the tower, and played with the bloodhound idea for a week. But Spike and I and the nearly cured patients of the convalescent villas — those of us not subject to hallucinations — were not the only ones who saw occasional humor in other men's delusions. We were sometimes mildly amused by the delicatessen merchant who believed he was Napoleon Bonaparte, but the man who found it uproariously funny was the one who was sure he himself was Napoleon.²

Patients who believed they were somebody else — generally characters from history — had been rare in Halls Four and Two, but now we became acquainted with a number of them. There were three Napoleons, one Julius Cæsar, a Unitarian minister who had switched sexes and believed he was Blavatsky, an artillery major who thought he was a little girl, and a movie director who was Pontius Pilate. There

was an elderly gentleman we saw less of who believed he was a rooster, and a little chap who said 'Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.' He thought he was the bell inside a telephone.

How continuous the delusions were, or how intermittent, or to what extent some of the patients who had them knew they were delusions, it was difficult to judge. The gentleman who thought he was a rooster, for instance, played an excellent game of tennis, kept score accurately, but crowed when he made a particularly good shot.

I want to defend myself, at this point, against a charge which I am sure my mother, for one, would make against me if she were still alive: to wit, that it is heartless and unkind to be amused, to laugh at anything a demented person does or says, and that it is in even worse taste to make copy of it afterward. I have thought about this. My defense is that a good nine tenths of the patients I describe, including some of the 'wildest' ones with the most fantastic hallucinations, have already gone out of that institution, or will go out, cured and sane. Most forms of mental derangement lost their element of hushed shame and horror-pity when modern psychiatry proved them curable, and showed them to be no more to be ashamed of than having been physically smashed up in a motor accident. This being true, I may add that a good deal of what goes on in such an institution *is* funny, *de facto*, whether it ought to be or not, and that any picture which leaves it out would be sentimental buncombe.

I never got over the strangeness of being invited to play tennis and croquet or stroll picking dogwood blossoms with paranoiacs, schizophrenics, and dementia præcox cases who less than a generation ago would have been fed through the bars.

In the comparatively short seven months I stayed in the asylum I saw

² This may sound like cheap humor, but as a matter of fact this particular hallucination is one of the commonest. — AUTHOR

some of them come out of it, as demon-ridden men 'came out of it' in the miracles by Galilee. My hat is off to the psychiatrists. It was a place of miracles as well as a sanctuary. It impressed me so deeply that I remember being surprised that there seemed to be one kind of miracle they could not perform. I don't think they could ever change the essential nature of the patients. A likable person remains likable even in insanity, and a crazy Armenian is still an Armenian when he walks out cured. I remember that this rather surprised me. I had confidently imagined that the Armenian would be transformed into a Bavarian. It distressed me that certain mean and irritable crazy men in the back halls were still mean and irritable when they moved, cured, to the villas. It made me know I should always be a neurasthenic man, a frequently unhappy man afraid of life, even if they cured me of being a drunken man.

IX

In June, seeing me more cheerful, better coördinated, the doctors moved me from Hall Two into one of the convalescent 'villas,' and from that time on I was practically as free, within the confines of the park, as I should have been in a summer hotel or colony. I liked it so well — including being sober, going to bed never befuddled, and never awaking in the morning with a hang-over — that I felt as a matter of pleasure preference that when I got out I'd probably live generally sober, no matter how worried or depressed I became concerning work which would n't come right. There were plenty of good writers. Too many, maybe. I could go on trying to do my best, and if I never got to be one of the good ones it would be a purely private misfortune. I'd doubtless find something new to worry about, something new to run away

from — but I had dragged this out and taken it to pieces and looked at it, and, though it made me sad, I did n't think I'd be afraid of it any more.

But should I be afraid of whiskey when I got out? Ought I to be afraid of it? Ought I to let it alone entirely? I did n't know, and I soon discovered that the doctors did n't know either. I discovered not only that the doctors in this institution did n't know, but that nobody seemed to know. One tiny gloomy group of doctors stick to the old Latin dictum, 'Once a drunkard always a drunkard.' Another group amend it thus: 'Once a drunkard always a drunkard — or a teetotaler.' Still another group, equally didactic and distinguished, believe that both these dictums are pure nonsense — that it is possible, though difficult, to cure a drunkard, and that if he is cured he can drink again without danger. Hyman, for example, is sure that chronic alcoholism, whether among intellectuals or among illiterate bums on the Bowery, is 'always a symptom of some other underlying psychic disorder.'

Because of all this it seemed to me, and I said so to my doctors, that to go out and never be able to touch a cocktail, glass of wine, or highball again would be a poor sort of cure, if it could indeed be termed a cure at all. I said that I still hoped to be really 'cured,' cured so well that I should be able to take a highball with my friends. They were extremely dubious. They invited me cordially to remain in the villa another six months under renewed voluntary commitment, and said that at the end of that time they might have an opinion. I cordially accepted. I liked it there, and I was enjoying not drinking.

It was my friends on the outside who became dubious in their turn about my remaining in an institution for so long a period. Conferences were held, and

the loyal, hardboiled friend who had first had the bright idea of locking me up in an asylum came forward with another suggestion that met everybody's approval, including mine. They were to give me a clean discharge, turn me loose as cured, but I was to agree of my own volition, as an experiment, to go six full additional months without touching a drop of alcohol in any form. Did that mean wine and beer? Yes, it meant everything.

So one day, in early summer, I waved good-bye to my asylum. I went to the country. I continued to play tennis and golf, continued to work at my writing, and continued to worry that I could n't write better. Friends drank at the golf club, friends drank at the house where I lived and in the town where we frequently went to the movies. In August I went fishing down in Maine, returned, and started writing and worrying again. The Armenian was still an Armenian. There was nothing anybody could do about that.

I have n't a very good memory for dates, and the six months elapsed without my noting it. Except for wishing that I might drink beer on a few exceptionally hot occasions in midsummer, I had n't thought much about it one way or another. I had some new things to worry about, and I had got out of the habit of drinking. A fortnight or so after the six months had elapsed somebody brought out a bottle of Spanish sherry. It occurred to me that this would be a good thing to try first, after so long an abstinence. I had a glass and liked it very much; it brought a pleasant glow. We were soon at dinner. It did n't occur to me to want more of it.

Months have now passed since I first took that experimental drink, and I still drink rarely. I don't think I worry much about it. I have other worries. But I am less unhappy than I used to be when I tried to drown them. I seem to be cured of drunkenness, which is as may be.

THE PENDULUM OF TASTE

BY IVOR BROWN

I

EMERSON never gave better counsel than when he bade us regard the years in the light of the centuries. Only so can we free ourselves of pessimism based on the short view. This doctrine of the long backward glance is particularly important in estimating the movements of what we call taste — that taste which, harnessed to reason, is an important element in morals; that other taste, also, which has been defined as the literary conscience of the soul. It happens to people of all generations that, when they reach middle age, they see the idols of their youth overthrown and new idols upraised. Their gods, as they deemed them, are replaced by what seems no better than Mumbo Jumbo, and they fall very easily into lamentation over decay of judgment and barbaric innovation. To all who care about beauty of word or sound or sight there must come these moods of tribulation. They are inclined to rail, like the prophets of old against the sons of Belial and the devotees of heathen gods.

Never has that been more easy than to-day. Many of those who, like myself, regard the first decade of this century as their formative period find themselves bewildered and even revolted by what seems lucid and even luminous to those in the flush of youth. We are not fogeys, abusing the new for its newness, praising the old for its age; we deemed ourselves, and still deem

ourselves, to have an open mind; we are well aware that feeling must find new stimuli, speculation new themes, and expression new modes. But does that involve such contempt of tradition as has recently been manifest? When all allowance has been made for the natural processes of change in taste, the gap between the standards of 1910 and those of 1935 is staggering. It is certainly a far greater gulf than lies between 1910 and 1885. During certain centuries the prevailing canons of integrity in art and conduct altered hardly at all. Now judgment races and leaps.

All the arts have been affected by a rebellion against the accepted principles of form and balance, dignity and lucidity, which were the common inheritance of our civilization from the classics by way of the Renaissance. There have, during the centuries, been many reversals of opinion; within fifty years of his death Shakespeare and his fellow masters of the Elizabethan idiom, iambic, and dramatic form were dismissed as savages and their works redrafted by hands claiming to own a proper civility. Dryden prefaced his corrections of Shakespeare with the excuse that William was scarce intelligible to a refined age. He undertook to remove 'that Heap of Rubbish under which many excellent Thoughts lay buried.' Again there was a radical alteration of taste when the

Romantics broke through the twilight of the Age of Reason. But we have witnessed, in our time, an even more drastic onslaught upon accepted standards. We have experienced an all-round attack on the foundations of our philosophy and our art. The cult of the primitive, in music, in sculpture, in painting, and in conduct, is more than a sway of taste. It is a sway of taste occurring in a period of especial emotional excitement, and it has accordingly developed into a general rebellion against accepted canons of creed, conduct, and taste.

II

The traditional culture of the white races has always regarded proportion as an essential element of beauty. The black races have admired distortion; the Greeks conceived the gods as men perfected and serene, the Africans as men enlarged and frightful. The Greeks revered mind with strength; the barbarians, mass with force. To this cult of the mass with force the modern intellectual, disloyal to that proud title, has for a while capitulated. He despises the gracious, worships the grotesque. He puts violence before regimen, the demonic before the dignified. Such a man as D. H. Lawrence seemed to find his greatest satisfaction in the contemplation of savages ceremonially caterwauling. 'Face lifted and sightless, eyes half closed and visionless, mouth open and speechless, the sounds arise in the chest from the consciousness in the abdomen.' In such screams and spectacles he reveled; he far preferred them to the chilly intellectualism of the whites. Lawrence, who suffered seriously, as the psychologists would say, from a belly-complex (he was always prattling about the abdomen and had an invincible hatred of the cranium), is now, perhaps, *vieux jeu*. But he had a considerable

influence. He was at the heart — or should we say the belly? — of his period. Any modern art gallery will show the same surrender to the Dark Gods. The Anglo-Jewish sculptor Epstein draws fashionable London to look at his great blocks of jungle carving. The curious thing is that Epstein can be a great representational artist when he has not fogged himself with the importance of going native, just as Lawrence could be a great descriptive writer when he had not fogged himself with the importance of hating the intellect and worshipping the nether parts of the body.

The war has been carried on in language as in paint and stone. Grammar and syntax, form of sentence and lucidity of expression, are traditional. Therefore away with them. Let every sentence be a grammarian's funeral, every poem a jigsaw puzzle of cacophonous ejaculations. 'The idea is to dispense with any intellectual effort and consecutive thought and to induce in oneself a state of emotional excitement about anything, no matter what, and put down the result in words which have no connected sequence.' Thus the English architect, Sir Reginald Blomfield, who has carried on a spirited campaign against 'modernism'; and he certainly does not overstate the malady. Hysteria has ceased to be a disease and has become an ideal.

I do not believe that this will last. It was only the exaggeration of a natural sway of taste. Representative art had become too drably faithful to its models. Realism had done its work of dispelling the false and the sentimental. The drama had forgotten rhetoric and romance and lost its voice. It was time for a change, and the time came at the period of cosmic excitement after the World War. Youth had been encouraged to assert itself, and the obvious line was to

attack the intellectualism which had so far dominated the twentieth century. The new psychology made great play with impulse and desire. Communism commanded an emotional prostration before the mass, while Fascism did no less before the man. The principles of democracy, asserting the right and the capacity of the average person to know his own good and pursue it, had been discredited because the political and economic aftermath of war confronted democracy with tasks of government for which no philosophy could be adequate. In such an atmosphere of fever, amid such despair of the intellectual processes, there were bound to be high temperatures. The reasonable flow of change became a torrent. Not to exaggerate was not to be heard.

Now in changes of taste certain definite formulæ can be observed. There is continual ebb and flow between idealism and realism in art. One generation or epoch would express itself in aspiration; it would seek beauty not of this world; it would not be contained by facts of earth. The next would react to a plainer statement. The change from Gothic to classic architecture was a perfect example of this. A Gothic cathedral was a flow of soul; its classical successor was the feast of reason. The former was a prayer in stone, the second an argument, a reassurance. Each suited the temper of different ages. The nineteenth century, tiring of the rational, reverted to a debased Gothic for its churches and even for its brick houses. We, in our turn, have demanded extreme utility; 'functionalist' architecture is the extremity of plain statement.

Again, there is the inevitable sway of taste prescribed by the insurgence of youth. It is apparently not in nature to agree with one's parents. The family is not a natural institution, for the beasts and birds get rid of their

young as soon as the young can find their own food. They do not keep them at home until the quarreling age. But humanity, prolonging family life until the faculties of the children are sharp enough to argue every point, produces a constant source of mutual exasperation. Perhaps that is valuable; out of the friction may come the vital spark. But inevitably there will be conflict of opinion between the elder and the younger about what is good, what is true, and what is beautiful. This time-sway of taste is no more to be escaped than the movement of the seasons. In some affairs its action is rapid, for example with regard to fashions in clothes; no woman can regard last year's beauty as sufficient for this year. In opinion the sway is slower; it moves more by generations than by years. But, with this difference of pace, the principle endures. The children must dissent from paternal values. They owe it to their self-respect to take a new line.

III

But I would distinguish strongly between the natural motion of the taste pendulum and the assertion of intellectual fads. The recent revolt against the intellect and the crying-up of impulse, the turning from light and balance to rough, dark, distorted things, have not been a normal phase of change. A certain group of those who were really intellectuals, however much they disliked the name, declared war on the intellect, and they asserted standards which were totally alien to the tradition of their nations, their races, and their continents. That campaign will be a failure because it has no natural base of operations in the human spirit. To survey the history of taste is to realize that, while there are and must be continual changes, there are constant elements.

No movement which neglects these elements will move very long or very far.

What are these abiding factors in the way of thought and feeling which civilization has approved? First of all, lucidity. There have been difficult writers, puzzling exponents of the graphic arts, but no school has survived which has continually teased the judgment and defied the interpretation of the average literate and common-sensible man. We need not be ashamed to make obeisance to custom, provided that we give to custom the excellent qualifications imposed by Ben Jonson, who wrote: 'Yet, when I name Custom, I understand not the vulgar Custom, for that were a precept no less dangerous to language than to life, if we should speak or live after the manner of the vulgar; but what I call Custom of speech, which is the consent of the learned; as Custom of Life, which is the consent of the good.' It is a trifle vague, perhaps, but we need not press the adjectives 'learned' and 'good' too hard. The custom we respect is that of a decent literacy and decent living.

Now this custom, patient as it is of the taste-sway between the idealized picture and the realistic handling, between the romantic writing and the naturalistic, between the contained impersonal classical style and the exuberant, personal self-expression, will not for any space of time endure the unintelligible. A clique may for a while applaud the 'abstract' painting which is called a composition but is so far removed from life as to be only a decomposed mass of arbitrarily chosen scrawls, shapes, or symbols. A clique may, for a while, cry up poetry which is as far from reason as it is from rhyme, being likewise an arbitrary collection of disconnected images, a verbal patchwork which would be flattered by the name of pattern. Cliques, after all, will cry up anything, even the 'Activist'

poetry which is no more than hiccuping and grunting, usually obscene. But the unintelligible has never had durable victories. There could be no greater contrast than that between the last utterance of the Augustan formalists in poetry and the first voice of the Romantic lyricists; but both, while they used different language and metre, made sense. Wordsworth, like Pope, had things to say and said them; whereas the minstrel of 'modernism' has nothing to say and screams it.

There must be sense, and there must, in some sort, be proportion and rhythm. The aural rhythm of the *Lyrical Ballads* is utterly different from that of the *Essay on Man*, the visual rhythm of a classical temple is utterly different from that of a Gothic cathedral, but both take the ear as both take the mind. To substitute for the poet's rhythm some distortions of print, and scatter the verbal fragments in odd type in odd corners of the page, is a game so puerile that even the playboys of 'modernism' cannot expect to keep the nonsense going very long. That the game can be played at all is simply due to the production, by a generalized and inadequate system of schooling, of half-baked readers who have been educated far beyond their intelligence. They cannot relate words to ideas and are the easy prey of artistic conycatchers. But coterie performances, although they may become common for a while, make no real contribution to the general flow of taste. They soon work themselves to death, because one Activist has to be more furiously active than his neighbor, lest he be thought a timid, reactionary fellow. Hence the fact that left-wing groups breed more rapidly than rabbits. You cannot stand still on dementia's dancing floor. There has to be a new 'ism' or the game gets dull. Naturally the demand creates supply and there is a new 'ism' every year.

IV

But those who can regard the years in the light of the centuries see far beyond these gyrations of the posturing clique. They realize the permanent factors of human approbation. They realize that tradition, like a schoolmaster, can be either an imposition or an inspiration. Its business is that of education in its original sense, that of leading out and leading on. The human mind properly rebels against the past; sated with one mood, it turns to another, which is really its complement, not its enemy. It tires of romantic beautification and demands the 'slice of life'; finding this bread stale, it seeks new diet of a more fanciful kind. It disapproves of old asceticism in morals and seeks new liberties; it wearies of liberties and returns to regimen.

You can observe the taste-sway in creed and conduct down the centuries, and its vagaries have infinite fascination for the student of social history. But, whatever the vagaries, these things in the end abide: regard for balance of mind, which is sanity; for balance of sound, which is rhythm; for balance of form and color, which is beauty; and for balance of behavior, which is goodness. Recently we have had a self-conscious campaign for distortion in all these kinds of activity

and creation, but, because this campaign denies the elemental demands of the average common-sensible man (Jonson's Custom of the learned and the good), it will certainly collapse.

Taste, the artistic and moral conscience, must ever be a mixture of inheritance and innovation. If it is all directed by inheritance, it will die of atrophy; if it is all spun out of innovation, it will die of absurdity, since the fathers were not wholly fools nor are the children wholly wise. But taste has also, as the history of civilization proves, set its limits to rebellious defiance. Its borders are generous. One can pursue a hundred paths between Greek and Gothic, Catholic and Protestant, Puritan and Cavalier, the romantic vision and the realistic record, the art that is a prayer or a song of praise and the art that is a cry of anger and an utterance of doom. But trespass beyond these borders into the jungles of cacophonies, violence, cryptic catcalls, and all the lunacies of ethical and æsthetic distortion, and there is no destination but limbo. Taste rights itself like a good ship buffeted by wind and wave.

The verdict of the years may be a hideous buzzing, a contradictory clamor, and a bringer of confusion; the verdict of the centuries is a clear voice, an abiding judgment, and a bringer of consolation.

A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY

LEGEND OF THE UNICORN

WHEN I lived on the mountainside,
Under the green ash tree,
I had no need of place to hide
From those that wanted me.

I had no house of wood or stone,
No door that I could bar,
But by the spring I lived alone
Safer than any are.

Alone but for a sentinel
Who drank the spring with me,
Whose hooves rang like a silver bell
With a clapper of ivory.

He grazed beneath the mountain ash
And ate the berries red,
The sunlight through the leaves made flash
His golden-horned head.

Against each man who came that way
Meaning or bad or good,
Upon our little green at bay
Implacable he stood.

Against each one he was my friend,
Our green inviolate,
I did not know it was the end
When you stood at the gate.

But when he poised his golden horn
You did not move from there,
Your hands held out enchanted corn
Than berries sweeter fare.

I watched him waiting to be fed,
He sniffed, — I saw him eat,
And then he lowered his fabulous head
And nuzzled at your feet.

I saw you stroke the silver mane,
I saw you smooth his side,
I knew to fly was all in vain,
In vain it was to hide.

No flash of hooves or horn was seen
Under the green ash tree,
But all alone across the green
My lover came to me.

JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

SMITH'S PLACE

THE wind and winter are more bitter here,
Even the fences feel it, and the house
Standing defiant in the windy fields.
The rest of the world's below these heights,
Not to be seen from here, because
This land stretches for miles around,
Plateau, all high, all bare.

A man might sit upon a rail and look
With pride upon this land, on field and fence,
And even the small and sturdy house, foursquare.
But he lives here who only knows
Fierceness of wintertime and snow,
Silence of nights when like a fox
The frost steals in, and kills.

You would not think a place could be so still,
But if it blows there are no trees to sound,
Nor any kind of passing on the road.
And she who lives here does not speak
To him who lives here, — long gone dry
Of any words that would be worth
The breaking of the silence.

The pattern of the days through many years
Rigidly stretches from the dawn to dark
Bent by the wind and frozen by the cold.
There can be little change from eyes
Which after winter see in spring
Not anything but toil, to eyes that see
Not anything at all.

JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

A LAST WORD

SHE is remembered. All young graceful things
Bring up her image clearly.
The tree, the green April hill, the hurrying wings,
By these remembered dearly.

Let this be a last word, from a world that goes
Too many times but drearily,
Of one who knows not time and never knows
That here the heart breaks nearly.

LAWRENCE LEE

AUREOLE

I ONCE praised loneliness, and said:
In this way only shall I grow,
By walking fields no others tread,
By finding lakes no others know.

Deep in my heart I prayed the years
Should grant my spirit be renewed
As Francis' was, in faith and tears,
And self-immuring solitude.

I did not know that those who walk
From year to year, dear Love, alone
Often grow bold-eyed like the hawk,
Or undiscerning like the stone.

Now to my peace I understand
That none may reach the heaven's height
Unless he go there hand in hand
With one who likewise covets light.

HELENE MAGARET

FOR CHILDREN ONLY

THROUGH endless early cool of grass
The white-footed children pass in play,
Parting a fragrant way through clover
While waves of dew break over their feet.

No paths so endless nor so sweet
As these the children beat at morn;
So light no leaves are torn they run
Over the flowers like sun and snow.

What use in asking where they go?
These paths that lightly flow by loss
Of silver footprints cross forever,
By no endeavor to be charted.

Sometimes the wistful early-hearted
Wander back where the parted grass
Shows that the children pass in play.
They look and they turn away.

VIRGINIA HAMILTON

THE GOOD, THE GREAT, THE WISE

At thirty I know I shall not live for long,
Not long enough at fourscore years and ten.
That being so, the waste of time is wrong:
I have no time to waste on meagre men.

When I was a fool, I suffered fools. I knew
The sick of soul, the mean with hate half-blind,
And those who twist whatever truth is true,
Then sneer at it. To such men I was kind.

But that apprenticeship is at an end.
I think now of the good, the great, the wise,
And may their company show many a friend.
For I shall know by a passion in their eyes

Women who need no words for pride, and call
Men warm and vigorous in thought by name.
They break the bitter with the sweet, and all
Is bread. They live on life. Their faith is fame.

Such men by kind against destruction lean
With their whole honor's height and weight and length.
Theirs is the only war the word can mean.
Now to this war I offer all my strength.

JOHN HOLMES

IN THE WINGS

BY SACHA GUITRY

I

I HAVE already mentioned my mother's father, René de Pont-Jest, and I must speak of him again. My conscience demands it.

This excessively forgotten novelist — and to be forgotten so totally is a form of injustice — this journalist, this brave and gallant gentleman, is one whom my brother and I most stupidly underrated. He published over forty volumes in his lifetime, and some of them, like *The Trial of the Hindu Thugs*, were enormously successful. He used to say of that particular novel that, published as a serial, it had made the fortune of the daily *Petit Journal*. He maintained also that it was he who had invented the colored poster at the time when another of his books, *The River of Pearls, or the Red Spider*, was being advertised. The French Academy awarded a prize to this novel. He flattered himself that he had saved the city of Dunkerque, and that it was he, moreover, who had first had the idea of using the marine corps to defend Paris in 1870.

Unfortunately, my brother and I had acquired the reprehensible habit of ridiculing our grandfather. We had agreed once and for all that it would be stupid to believe a single word of the stories he told, thus blinding ourselves to the advantage we might have received from the conversation of a perfectly intelligent, instructive, witty, cultivated, and kindly man. You may

wonder why we had got so firmly into our heads the notion that everything he said was untrue. It must have been because he spoke exactly as he wrote his novels — that is, constantly concerned to awaken interest, hold attention, captivate the listener. He took up the conversation as he might take up his pen — for a long time; and everything he said began like the first volume of an endless novel expressly intended for popularity. This was our excuse, our sole excuse. Between two mouthfuls, for no special reason, without particular provocation, he would lay down his knife as if it were a sword and begin: —

‘On the eighteenth of April, 1865, on a day so cold that it nipped our ears, we arrived in Peking. . . .’

How could we but doubt the veracity of a story that began in this fashion? And besides, this charming man, like most writers who do not write extremely well, had an exaggerated respect for grammar, even in speaking. He spared us no imperfect of the subjunctive, and those with which he adorned his pompous sentences lent to his tales a flavor of artificiality which deprived them of all credibility.

Thus, having from childhood been convinced that Grandfather invented everything he said and never spoke the truth, we came easily to the conclusion that he had not written the

novels that were mentioned, that he had not been awarded the decorations he spoke of, that he had not fought twelve duels, that he was neither a Bonapartist nor a royalist, that he had not managed the Indo-Chinese concession at the Exposition of 1900, and that he had not even been an officer of the marine corps. In short, we doubted everything we heard about or from him.

And to-day, by way of making full amends, I have gone through the trunk into which for the past thirty years I have thrown an enormous mass of family papers, and without trouble, though not without emotion, I have found evidence that everything Grandfather told us was true — the Indo-Chinese concession, the duels, everything. When Admiral Bouët-Willauze recommended to Admiral Pothuau that René de Pont-Jest be awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor, he did it 'not only because of the services he had rendered the Baltic Squadron' during his command of it, but also because he was the first to 'suggest the defense of Paris by the marine corps.'

Going through these yellowing papers, I came upon a veritable mine of documents concerning the possible return of the monarchy in France. It appears that my grandfather had never been able to make up his mind between Prince Victor (Bonaparte) and the Duc d'Orléans. I was about to conclude from this that his political opinions were chiefly remarkable for their instability when it occurred to me that, on the contrary, there could be no more precise and impartial fashion of being simply anti-republican.

I have often heard it said that certain diseases and physical disabilities jump a generation. This seems to me reasonable. Since looking through my grandfather's papers I am certain that failings and weaknesses of character also have a tendency to jump a generation. I always knew that René de

Pont-Jest loved gambling, and that he spent all his evenings and some of his nights at the Press Club tables. I knew that he ruined himself gambling; I knew how he had died; but what I did not know was that he had elaborated (with irrefutable demonstrations) a sort of infallible system for playing the squares about the zero, and that to his mind he would one day break the bank at Monte Carlo with this system. Now, for twenty years I have put down my money only in the neighborhood of zero. I concede that my system is fallible, but I am still hopeful of winning the chandeliers and carpets of the Casino one of these days.

My grandfather and I were walking in the rue Royale one summer evening. At the corner of the Faubourg-Saint-Honoré a blind man sat on a folding stool, begging. Grandfather put his hand in his pocket and handed me four sous.

'Give this to the poor chap.'

I dropped the coins in the man's hat and rejoined my grandfather. We walked on, and he said: —

'You ought to have touched your cap.'

'To him?'

'Of course.'

'Why?'

'One should always do that when giving alms.'

I said, 'But not this one: he's blind.'

Not bad; but my grandfather, who always had a rejoinder to everything, had a rather pretty one for me that day.

'He may be a fraud,' said he.

II

I must now tell about my first love. I was thirteen years old. She was ravishing. Ravishing, did I say? She was one of the prettiest women in Paris.

But I did n't know that. I *thought* she was pretty, and it happened that she was, extremely. That was a mere coincidence.

She was the daughter of a famous painter and was married to the most successful of writers. He was one of my father's intimate friends and later became one of mine. I was then the constant companion of their son and was in their house almost every Sunday at tea time. All the family were handsome and their home life was happiness itself.

Her smile was adorable and her eyes were all tenderness. How could I but be in love with her? As for why I loved her, not to love her would have been monstrous, criminal, disquieting even. It was more than my right, it was my duty to love her, for at thirteen one cannot know what it is to love. I dreamed about her. Could I tell her so? I would have died first. What to do, then? Prove it to her: save my pennies during the week and commit a great folly the next Sunday. I saved my pennies and I committed the folly. Eight francs — an enormous bouquet of violets. It was the handsomest bouquet of violets ever known, and so big that I had to hold it in both hands.

My plan was to call at two o'clock and ask to see her instead of going directly up to her son's room. It turned out a little difficult. She was engaged. I insisted. The maid led me to her boudoir. She was putting on her hat and about to go out. I went in with beating heart.

'Hello, my dear. What do you want to see me about?'

She had not even turned round. She had not yet seen the bouquet. She could not understand.

I held out my eight francs' worth of violets.

'Oh, the beautiful violets!' she exclaimed.

It seemed to me the game was won.

I went toward her, trembling. She took my bouquet into her hands as if it were a baby's face and raised it up as if to kiss it.

'How good they smell!'

Then, indicating that I might go, she added: —

'Do tell your papa how much I thank him.'

III

My father was playing in *L'Assommoir* at the Porte-Saint-Martin. I went into his dressing room between the acts one evening and found with him Mounet-Sully, who had come to see the play. I must have been about fifteen years old then and I was seeing Mounet-Sully off stage for the first time. He made a great impression upon me. He was a handsome man, his smile was attractive, and when he spoke in a low voice one heard a distant, very distant sort of thunder rumbling in his chest. He was handsome, indeed, but his eyes were already very bad, so that when his head was in profile one almost thought he was looking one straight in the face.

My father introduced me in these words: 'My dear Mounet, this is my son Sacha, your future pupil.'

It was a habit he had adopted when making me known to any celebrated actor, French or foreign.

Mounet-Sully, who took everything seriously and doubtless wanted to show that he liked me, opened his arms with a familiar majesty and said in a ringing voice, as if I had been fifty paces off and separated from him by a river, 'Come! Come, my child! Allow me to embrace you.'

It was impossible for me to refuse; and besides, he had already put his right hand to the nape of my neck and drawn me forward. Never in my life shall I forget the violence of the kiss he placed upon my forehead.

Then he resumed the conversation

with my father which I had interrupted. They talked about the Comédie-Française and about Claretie, whom Mounet-Sully called 'Monsieur Clarecie,' holding on to the last syllable until he had transformed it into a sort of hiss. He left a few minutes later, forgetting to say good-bye to me as he passed before me to the door which my father's dresser was respectfully holding open. This dresser was very small and wore heavy moustaches. There was really no resemblance between him and me. Yet Mounet-Sully looked at him fixedly and exclaimed, 'Once more, my child. I must kiss you once more.' And on the forehead of the astounded and perhaps delighted dresser Mounet imprinted a swift but fervent kiss.

IV

My schoolmate Colin and I had between us thirty years of age and about fifty francs of money the day we determined to have an adventure. Our plan was very simple: it was to invite a pretty woman, an actress, to supper. Yes, only one: supper once over, she would choose between us.

An actress; but which one? There were almost too many to choose from, for did n't I know them all? Jane Hading, Andrée Mégar, Lavallière, Germaine Gallois, and the rest.

'They're all playing to-night,' said I. 'Let's go. We'll begin with . . . I shall not say who, but I can swear that she thought the idea of supping with me very funny.'

When I said to her, 'Madame, I have come to ask if you will have the kindness to take supper with my friend Colin and me,' she let out a 'What!' and a gale of laughter that I could readily translate into, 'Well, I'll be . . . The nerve of the kid!'

Our second try came to the same thing, and so did our third. Disgusted

then with actresses, who seemed really lacking in imagination, we went off to the Moulin-Rouge. It was in the days of the famous quadrille — La Goulue, Grille d'Egout, I don't recall the name of the third, and Mélinite, the delightful Jane Avril. One of them in particular took our eye, and I went boldly up to her. It was between dances and she was out of breath and in a temper. My proposal that she sup with us brought no smile to her lips, for she could not look forward to it with a smile. She stared at me contemptuously and then said, 'Later, maybe — if nobody else asks me.'

At one o'clock in the morning we crossed the Place Blanche — she, Colin, and I. We were in an indescribable state of pride — not she, but Colin and I. She was still as ill-tempered as ever. Five minutes later we were in an upstairs room of a restaurant opposite the Moulin-Rouge. We were having supper with an actress, in a private room! But our joy was somewhat confined. Our conquest was lugubrious. High cheekbones; great, magnificent eyes with rings under them, eyes that burned up her face; too much make-up: she was a perfect Toulouse-Lautrec, and indeed he immortalized her on canvas. The conversation was dreary, our dancer avoiding taking any part in it. We were drinking champagne, *demi-sec*, and eating ham. Colin and I chattered on.

'Why don't you get your father to give us two seats at the Gymnase for next Sunday matinée?' asked Colin.

Idly she asked: 'Is your father a ham?'

'Yes.'

'What's his name?'

'Lucien Guitry.'

She jumped in astonishment. 'Is Guitry your father?'

'Of course.'

'What are you doing out at this hour of the night?'

‘Why, I . . .’

‘Are n’t you in school, you two?’

‘Yes, but we sneaked out.’

‘And you come here and pick up the first woman you run into at the Moulin-Rouge, a woman you’ve never seen before? Don’t you know the risk you run? To think that parents go to the trouble to bring their children up as best they know how — and you do this kind of thing! You finish eating that ham this minute and come along back to your school!’

And she took us back to the school door, to Mariaud’s, to be sure that we should not go on when her back was turned.

V

Imagine what Lucien Guitry must have been at the age of thirty-two years, when he embarked upon his career. He seized life and embraced it, sought only to make it constantly more beautiful; and it was in those days that he began to gather about him that court of familiar friends in which new faces continued to appear throughout the whole of his sumptuous existence — the most sumptuous possible, since he always spent in advance all the money he was about to earn.

His homes changed with his theatres: going into the Renaissance in 1894, he stayed there until 1910, and from 1894 to 1910 he lived at 26, place Vendôme.

His earliest friends were Forain, Edmond Haraucourt, de Maupassant, Georges and Henri Cain, and Messenger. Later came Noblet, Feydeau, Calmettes, and Maurice Donnay. Thereafter came the great collection, so to say, of all those whose plays he performed: François de Curel, Abel Hermant, Octave Mirbeau, Georges de Porto-Riche, Vandérem, Gustave Guiches, Anatole France, Edmond Rostand, Alfred Capus, Eugène Brieux, Jules Lemaître, Henri Lavedan, Paul Bourget, Henry Bataille, Henry Bern-

stein. One after the other, I saw all these men, all these eminent dramatists, seated at my father’s table, and from the next room I heard all or nearly all of them read their manuscripts. And the absorbing and interesting conversations that followed the readings! The things said round that table! The advice given — and followed by the great! How many ‘curtains’ I heard instantly rectified and played by my father — rectified as an expert shot rectifies the handling of a gun in the field. What promises of success given and kept! What plans and projects for the following season! After such readings life seemed very beautiful to those two men constantly in search of one another, indispensable to one another — the author and the interpreter.

The reading of *L’Aiglon* was something which I shall never forget. It began one day toward noon in the apartment on the place Vendôme, and because of it I still own the Louis XIV tabouret, upholstered in red velvet, on which Edmond Rostand laid his manuscript as he read.

He had come round, not without some apprehension, to ask my father to play the part of Flambeau. This part had been written originally for Coquelin, but there were reasons that were not mentioned why Coquelin was now not to play it. Rostand and my father sat in the study while I listened, enraptured, from the adjoining room. The first act was read very rapidly, Rostand having forewarned my father that he did not appear in it. It is probably the most dazzling first act ever written, and my father was enchanted with it. The second act also produced a great effect.

Indeed, Rostand did not read his play, he acted it. He imitated Sarah Bernhardt a little, and he acted admirably. He knew the play by heart and often forgot to turn the pages of

his script. Everything about him was attractive — his recent celebrity, his sensitive face, his pleasing voice. When he reached the third act he read that less well than the first two, but the effect of the first two acts remained.

‘Magnificent,’ my father said; ‘magnificent!’

‘Well?’ asked Rostand.

‘Well . . . yes . . . I think so. I don’t see why I might not do this admirable play.’

But Rostand felt that my father had already sensed why he might not do it. The reason was the next two acts, the scene of the ball and of Wagram, and the last act, in which Flambeau does not appear. Not to be in the first act is bad enough; but to die before the last act . . .

Poor Rostand! As he read out, ‘Act Four,’ he seemed to swoon a little. I don’t say he was pretending, but one could see that he was doing nothing to master himself. He closed his eyes, mopped his forehead, excused himself, and declared that he could not go on — he was too tired, and besides he was dying of hunger.

My father let it go at that and we three went to lunch at Prunier’s. Obviously, my father had not been taken in by this little scene, and Rostand knew it. If the one had pretended to be overcome, the other had certainly pretended belief. I could feel in them both a like fear that their pleasure might be spoiled; and as Sarah Bernhardt had sent word that she wanted my father’s answer by two o’clock, both feigned to believe it impossible that she be kept waiting. The result of this comedy was that by the end of luncheon it was agreed that Lucien Guitry would play Flambeau.

Amongst those friends of my father whom we saw only occasionally there was one who, at the time, impressed me more than all the rest. I could not guess that he was later to become my

closest friend. He was a big man with red hair, bushy eyebrows, and sky-blue eyes. He did not chew his words, he chopped them; and he looked like a sheep dog. It was Octave Mirbeau.

He always arrived with terrifying news: Clemenceau had just told him so-and-so; Labori had just told him this-and-that; Colonel du Paty de Clam was a liar, and Scheurer-Kestner knew the truth well enough. I used to wonder what Mirbeau did. Was he an army officer in mufti? A politician? A lawyer? I had then seen him only three times, and each time he had talked only about the Dreyfus affair. In those days the Dreyfus affair was the sole subject of conversation.

Nobody born since 1885 can have any notion what the Dreyfus affair was. As I write, the Stavisky affair is a subject of interest, passion, and disgust throughout France, but compared with the Dreyfus affair it is very small beer. The reason is simply that the Stavisky case concerns guilty men, while the Dreyfus affair was built up round an innocent man.

Mirbeau, as I say, seemed to me a sort of politician. He arrived one day in a state of even greater effervescence than usual. What had happened, we wanted to know. Was Colonel Picquart to be executed? Not at all. Mirbeau had discovered Maeterlinck. The next week he was again in the same state, engaged in glorifying Rodin.

Renard used to say that every morning Mirbeau woke up furious. It was true. He would open his eyes convinced that in the course of the day a hundred injustices would be committed, and he was exasperated in advance of their commission. He took it for granted that his interlocutors were his adversaries, and he had a fashion of urging you to go to see an exposition of paintings by Monet which was like a challenge to mortal combat. This way of his — shall I say this

oddity? — made some people detest him and others adore him. He was actually an adorable man. Like all extremely violent people, like all people ready to do battle for an idea, he must himself have committed injustices, but always in the service of justice and of a noble cause.

Many people in literary circles thought they disliked Mirbeau. They were wrong: it was he who disliked them.

VI

Everybody kept asking me what I was going to do when I grew up. It seemed to worry everybody, and to me it was unbearable. I knew no more than they did about it, and the thought of 'doing something' became hateful to me.

It was only when I was about fourteen years old that I began to think seriously about going on the stage. You have to bear in mind that an actor's son does not look upon a career in the theatre quite as a son of the average citizen does. For a son of the average citizen the theatre is forbidden fruit; it is a sort of sin, and the temptation is the greater for this fact. For an actor's son it is also something forbidden — not forbidden in principle, but because one must be worthy of the career. Actor and average citizen use the same word, but in how different a tone! When the boy, taking his courage in both his hands, comes to his father and declares that he wants to be an actor, the average citizen cries out, 'You, an actor!' by which he means, 'You, a son of mine, to take an unspotted name and trail it in the mud!' As for the actor, he also cries out, 'You, an actor!' but what he means is, 'You, a son of mine, to run the risk of tarnishing the name you bear! Think twice about it, and make no mistake. The desire you feel to go on the stage is perfectly natural, but it

is no indication of an irresistible vocation. One cannot buy one's way on to the stage.'

And just as the average citizen will add, 'Of course I can understand the son of an actor following in his father's steps,' so the actor will say to his son, 'There is more chance of the average citizen's son feeling a sincere vocation for the theatre than of an actor's son feeling it.'

These words were not said to me, but I felt them nonetheless. They made me wonder if my desire to become an actor was justified by the gifts I possessed. It was natural that I should wonder. Despite this, to get it off my mind, I wrote my father of my desire. I was then spending the summer in Dieppe, separated from him. I have preserved his reply.

My dear boy, I have thought a good deal about the subject of your letter. We must talk about it together, and we shall.

Meanwhile, you ask me to suggest five or six scenes that you might learn. Learn anything that amuses you: men, women, princes, princesses, servants, mistresses, masters, valets — in a word, anything. To know one's part is not the important thing. One always knows it. The important thing is to be able to express everything. You see how simple it is!

Your very affectionate father,

L. G.

The letter was scarcely encouraging. 'We must talk about it together,' he said. That expressed less a promise to talk later than a wish not to talk at all. He was putting me off. That letter gave me a lot to think about. To embark by oneself upon a career other than one's father's was bad enough; but to embark by oneself upon one's father's own career might prove impossible. I was very afraid.

Besides, one cannot hide for the purpose of being an actor. Change one's name, yes; but not one's face — unless one wore a false beard on stage

and off. One can write, or draw, without revealing the fact to anybody. That can be done at home. But the stage is something else again. To be an actor requires the consent of a producer, an author, other people in the cast — and the consent of the public. Well . . . I took to drawing.

I take it that one has the right to speak of the young man one was when one is no longer that young man. I had a talent for drawing and a certain feeling for caricature. Naturally, I did not work at it. I drew too quickly and was always in a hurry to finish what I had begun. This haste was so great that I never finished anything. When I had enough of a drawing, I signed it; and the fact of signing it made me believe it was finished. I may say that this is a characteristic of which I have never wholly cured myself: I have several times scamped the end of a play in ten minutes in order to read it to someone who was coming to lunch.

Meanwhile, although I drew, I drew only for my own pleasure and without thought of a future; but another reason might have been that I wanted people to stop asking me what I meant to do when I grew up. I had observed that, if one drew, one was not bothered by people. In order not to have to do anything, I drew constantly.

One Sunday, at one o'clock in the morning, I had just finished my first play and was engaged in writing out a clean copy on the dining-room table when my grandfather came in from his club.

'What are you doing there?'

'Working.'

'You, working!'

'I've just written a play.'

'A play! Read it to me right away.'

He listened with grandfatherly emotion, congratulated me, confessed his astonishment, kissed me — and advised me to bury my one-act play in the bottom of my desk drawer.

This scarcely veiled opinion did not offend me, but it seemed to me to attach a great deal of importance to my little play, and even to myself.

I have wondered from time to time how I got the notion of writing a play, and I have never been able to recall. Because everybody had so often said of me that I could never do anything, I thought I could do anything, and I had written the play for the same reason that I drew — out of pure distraction. How could I possibly know then that I was to write a hundred more? Why, then, should I bury this one?

I did not follow my grandfather's advice (which was later given me a dozen times about *Berg-op-Zoom*, and *Jean de la Fontaine*, and *Le Veilleur de Nuit*, and other plays of mine). Instead, I took the little play to Francis de Croisset, whom I had recently met, and read it to him. I owe to him the fact that my play was performed. You may hold it against him if you like, but I owe thanks to the young man he then was, recently celebrated but already doing kindnesses to others and being loved by them — something that has been characteristic of him for thirty years. Thanks to him, the very next day Marguerite Deval accepted *Le Page* and it was performed at the Mathurins, which was later to be my theatre and bear my name from 1913 to 1920.

For twenty years I regretted not having preserved the manuscript of my first play. I would say to myself: After all, it was my first play. Maybe . . . Two years ago, on the thirtieth anniversary of my entry into the theatre, some of my friends planned a charming surprise. They found *Le Page* in the national archives where — I never knew this — manuscripts are deposited for censorship. They had it copied and presented the copy to me.

Alas, my dear friends, why did you not leave me with my illusions?

VII

Six months pass and I am beginning to be worried. My drawings fetch ten francs at the *Rire* or the *Sourire*; my play has brought me in perhaps three hundred francs; and there I am. Not very good.

What am I to do? Be an actor. Yes, but where shall I act? It was very hard. Wherever I went, I felt that people were fearful of displeasing my father by giving me a part. Nevertheless, one day a producer talked about engaging me. He even spoke of putting my name up in lights. That bothered me. The man did not like my father. I caught on just in time.

Then I thought of the phrase in my father's letter: 'We must talk about this together.' One evening we talked.

'But, my boy, if you really want to do it, why not? You know well enough that I shall do nothing to stop you. There is no finer profession in the world. Only, you'll have to work at it seriously. Recite something for me.'

I can see the two of us: him in his armchair, smiling; me standing, paralyzed with fright, reciting Rodrigue's combat against the Moors, out of *Le Cid*. When Rodrigue had finished the tale of his exploits, my father said, 'Look here, that's not bad. But since it could be better, you had best take some lessons. Only, with whom? I can't think.'

'But, Father . . .'

He interrupted me. 'No, anybody but me. I should be either too patient or not hard enough on you. I'll give you a note to Talbot.'

'Very well, Father.'

Noblet, however, had other advice: 'Play, play! That's the best way to learn your job.' A week later I made my first appearance at Versailles, in *Hernani*.

I did not play the part of Hernani, nor that of Don Carlos, nor the part of Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, but, with Pierre Juvenet, Mondolo, and a third actor called Guéguette, one of three other parts. Each of us was to be paid ten francs. Sogond, the tragedian, played Hernani, and Jeanne Morlet played Doña Sol.

The performance was a disaster from beginning to end, not so much because of us as because of my brother, who was in the theatre with a crowd of friends, male and female, who broke into thunders of applause every time I opened my mouth.

The producer had not respected Victor Hugo's directions concerning the opening of the last act of his masterpiece. The author indicates that 'people in masks and dominoes, singly or in groups, cross the terrace here and there.' By way of representing all these people, 'singly or in groups,' there were Pierre Juvenet, Mondolo, Guéguette, and I. And it was n't only that this crowd was made up of four people: the management had forgotten to hire dominoes for us. We could hardly appear as noblemen in the conspirators' costumes we had worn in the preceding acts. Between the acts my brother had had an idea. He had gone to a neighboring house — which you will permit me not to designate more specifically — and had borrowed four pink and blue wrappers. Our entrance in these wrappers released a hilarity and then a riot such that at the end of the play the manager of the theatre, that worthy Félix Lagrange, said to me: —

'Not only will I not pay you your ten francs, but I'll be damned if I don't see that you never play Versailles again!'

He was right: I never did play Versailles again.

(To be concluded)

THE ANCESTRY OF FAMILY NAMES

BY HOWARD F. BARKER

I

THE portion of Great Britain south of the Scottish border, variously referred to as England, and England and Wales, is the homeland of a large proportion of Americans, and hence the place of origin of a large proportion of American surnames. Any name originating in this area may properly be called English, but, for the lack of a better word, it is also necessary to use the adjective English in reference to England alone, in contradistinction to Welsh.

In fairness to the Welsh who are thus called English, we shall make our beginning in Wales. Wales and the near-by counties of England have a style of family names distinct from that of the rest of England. There a comparatively few names provide the identification for most of the people. In the remainder of England much greater variety occurs. A former Registrar-General for England and Wales has put the case thus: 'The contribution of Wales to the number of surnames . . . is very small in proportion to its population. Perhaps nine tenths of our countrymen in the principality could be mustered under less than one hundred surnames; and while in England there is no redundancy of surnames, there is obviously a paucity of distinctive appellatives in Wales, where the frequency of such names as Jones, Williams, Davies, Evans, and others, almost defeats the primary object of a name, which is to

distinguish an individual from the mass.'

The area of the Welsh style of surnames comprises Wales and the border counties, or Welsh Marches. The English County of Monmouth is almost more Welsh in its family designations than is Wales itself. Hereford and Shropshire are the other counties where Welsh names are especially popular; Cheshire, although a border county, is only moderately under the spell of the Welsh, as are some other counties of England.

In this district where limited variety of appellations prevails the common names are Davies, Edwards, Harris, James, Jones, Morris, Phillips, Roberts, Stephens, and Williams, most especially Jones and Williams. All of these designations are possessive patronyms — father-and-son names in the possessive form. Jones means 'John's son'; Williams, 'William's son'; and so on. Most Welsh surnames are patronyms, but not all employ the final *s*. Owen, Howell, and Humphrey do not necessarily add *s*. Very common are George, Lloyd, Morgan, and Pierce, which lack it (but Pierce was originally Piers).

In early times the father-and-son relationship was expressed by means of the preposition 'ap.' Hence, 'Howell ap Howell' meant 'Howell son of Howell.' By absorption of the *p* from the 'ap' there derives the name

Powell. Other similar Welsh names are Pugh, Pumphrey, Price, and Pritchard; these supplement the familiar appellations Hughes, Humphrey, Rice, and Richards, which have like meanings. In some cases the *p* becomes *b*; thus are explained Bevan and Bowen, the synonyms of Evans and Owens.

Add to the above appellations a few others, among which Jenkins, Perkins, and Thomas deserve special mention, and a good half of all Welsh are accounted for. Most of the remainder also bear patronyms, and the rest largely bear appellations peculiar to the area, like Bebb, Colley, Ryder, and Wynne.

II

With the passage of time the common Welsh designations have come to be used throughout central England, especially the Thames Valley. But there they are not nearly so common, and directories are far more variegated than in Wales. In what we may call the main part of England, extending from Kent in the southeast westward through Hampshire and northward through the Midlands, patronyms are common but not highly frequent, and show more variety than they do in Wales. These various patronyms generally end in *s*. Besides, many other types of names find favor. Occupational designations like Smith, Taylor (tailor), Wright, Clark (clerk), and Cook are also common. So too are the color names, Brown, White, Black, Gray, Green, and Read (red), and a host of other appellations which originally designated the bearer's appearance or characteristics. Then there are fanciful cognomens like King, Lamb, Payne (pagan), Rose, and Wild. Indefinite designations of locality such as Wood, Marsh, Lee (lea), Hill, and Ford also occur. More specific place names such as Bradford, Bradbury, Burton, Kirkham, and Kirkland, most of

which have only a few bearers, are also used.

In this main part of England there are not only more types of names but more rare names than in Wales, and the bearers of these rare designations mount up to 20 per cent of the population, or nearly three times the percentage they constitute in the Welsh area.

As might be expected, the variety of nomenclature in the main part of England increases in all directions from Wales. It is great in the Midlands, which form the northern part of the area, fairly pronounced in the east, and great in the south, particularly in Kent, the most southeasterly county. Only in the extreme southwest, however, does variety become so great as to set the area apart. From the standpoint of its family names one must set off the Devonian peninsula, extending from Gloucester and Dorset westward to Cornwall, as a separate region. In Cornwall and Devon, where the special characteristics of nomenclature are most pronounced, a good 40 per cent of the people bear appellations peculiar to the locality and individually infrequent.

This promontory to the south of the Bristol Channel is the antithesis of Wales, across the water northward, and is a veritable factory of unique designations. Of the half-dozen surnames having the greatest numbers of bearers in England and Wales as a whole, neither Smith, Jones, Taylor, Davies, nor Brown is familiar in Cornwall or Devonshire; Williams is the only one of the six locally popular. Of some seventeen appellations which are especially widely used in England and Wales and have bearers in almost every county, only four — Harris, Martin, Turner, and White — are more than rarely used in the extreme southwest. Instead of a long list of Browns, for example, a Devonshire record shows

entries for Bradridge, Bragg, Braund, and Brayley, Bridgman, Brimacombe, Brock, Broom, and the like.

The boundary line between Devonian and the main part of England is approximately one from the city of Gloucester to that of Southampton. The corresponding boundary on the north, which sets off the northern part of England, is a line from Liverpool to Hull.

In the north, the family nomenclature is somewhat like that of central England, but also like that of Lowland Scotland. A distinguishing characteristic is the commonness of patronyms ending in *son*, such as Johnson, Robinson, Thompson, and Harrison, which are especially popular there. Many of the patronyms common in the north of England are quite as Scotch as they are English — for example, Anderson, Douglas, Gibson, Henderson, Jackson, Lawson, Watson, and Williamson. Various other appellations are shared with the Scots — for instance, Bell, Crawford, Graham, Grant, Marshall, and Russell. In this area, variety, which is considerable near Liverpool and Hull, diminishes northward, approaching the condition prevailing in Scotland, where it has been reliably estimated that one hundred and fifty surnames account for almost half of the population.

England and Wales are thus to be divided into four nomenclatural areas: a main region and a northern region of considerable variety, Wales and the Welsh Marches with very little, and the Devonian peninsula with a great deal. Patronyms form the body of Welsh nomenclature and commonly end in *s*. These and other patronyms similarly constructed prevail in the main area and to some extent in the Devonian peninsula, but a large proportion of the people in these two areas employ surnames derived from the characteristics, activities, and abodes

of their ancestors. The north distinguishes itself from the main area by a tendency toward names also favored in Scotland, and especially toward patronyms ending in *son*, which have slight favor in central England and none in Wales or Devonian. Another distinction might be drawn between the areas on the basis of the time when hereditary surnames gained general use. They became customary first in the major part of England and soon thereafter in the southwest, and were the prevailing means of identification there in the sixteenth century at the latest, but were not universally used in the north until the eighteenth century or in Wales until the nineteenth.

The regional differentiations are not as sharp now as they were before the growth of great cities, but they still persist. In many cases the same root is employed through much of England and Scotland, and its variations distinguish the region. Generally speaking, for example, Davies and David denote ancestry in Wales or near by, Davis in England proper, Davison in the north of England, and Davidson in Scotland. The people of the Devonian peninsula make little use of any of these names, but they do use the related Davey, which also has some use in England proper. Another illustration: Hutchings is characteristic of the southwest, Hutchins of the main part of England, Hutchinson of the north, and Hutchison of Scotland. Examples of this sort could be multiplied; note one more from the appellations of descriptive type, little favored in Wales: of the Read-Reed-Reid group, Read is preferred in England proper, Reed in the southwest and again in the north, Reid in Scotland.

III

It has been estimated that some 35,000 different surnames are used in

England. Probably not more than half of these have been introduced into the United States, but this is not surprising, as many of them are of very limited use in the mother country. In spite of this defect, English nomenclature is rather faithfully reproduced in the United States, and, generally speaking, the names common in England are common here.

In America, of course, the appellations from the several regions are mingled together, but the relative influences can be distinguished. It has been learned, for example, that the proportion of Welsh among the English and Welsh here is only about two thirds of what it is in the motherland — 12 per cent here and 18 per cent there. What we may call central England, the portion of England lying between Wales and London, is also rather poorly represented. The offset is to be found in an increased representation of the coastal counties of England, including the Devonian group. Of the four nomenclatural regions, northern England is the one best represented here. The explanation of these differentials seems to lie partly in a reluctance of the Welsh to migrate and partly in the attraction of London as a city of opportunity having a particular appeal for people from near by, especially in the valley of the Thames, and to them neutralizing the call of the New World.

The English (including the Welsh) are by far the largest element in the population of the United States because of their share in early migration, but American nomenclature has become more largely English than even the English share in our immigration would indicate. Although it is probable that slightly less than one third of Americans are English in paternal blood, more than half of our name use is English. How much more than half cannot be stated exactly, but, allowing

for variations and special circumstances affecting certain names, it seems a fair statement that American family nomenclature is 55 per cent English. Part of the difference between the 55 per cent and the percentage based on blood is accounted for by Negro name use carried over from the slaveholders of the old South. This is a bold outline of the situation: —

	<i>Per cent</i>
Americans using English family names	55
Americans who are English in paternal blood	32
Negroes with English names. <u>8</u>	<u>40</u>
Remainder	15

How does this additional usage of English appellations, this 15 per cent, arise?

Part of it is pure heredity, carried over from Scotland and Ireland, rather than directly from England, and chargeable to English migration within the British Isles. Another part also involves no Americanization, but is due to Scotch and Irish use of English designations. There have been times in Ireland, for example, when the use of English surnames was compelled by law. More important is American imitation of the English style of designation. All names other than English have a tendency to seem queer to us. If they are at all like English names, these more familiar appellations are often adopted in their stead.

Both conversion, which is change on the basis of sound, and translation, change on the basis of meaning, increase the English element in our name usage. Thus Germans named Moritz and French named Maurice come to be known as Morris, a typically Welsh patronym. In like manner the German cognomen Roth, pronounced in German as Roat, may be replaced by Root, an Essex name. Sometimes respelling contributes to the Anglicization, as when Gerber is respelled as Garver and then converted into Carver, which is

distinctly English. Changes are commonly suggested by the sound of the appellations, but meanings or supposed meanings play some part. A German Schaefer becomes a Shepherd, and a Sommer a Summers, by consideration of meanings. Likewise an Irish McShane finds excuse for being a Johnson, and a Cleary a Clark. So too an Aarons becomes a Harris, and a Levinsky a Lewis.

IV

To the uninitiated, American nomenclature might seem even more than 55 per cent English, but that is because they are misled by superficial appearances. The appellations Casselberry and Coffman, for example, may sound English, but they are simply Americanized forms of Kasselberg and Kaufmann, strictly German. Baylor and Caylor appear to be English, but

they are really Beiler and Koehler in disguise. Even the experienced student of names can be trapped, however. No one can keep in mind all of the 35,000 appellations from which English-American nomenclature draws. Moreover, England herself has had immigrants from the Continent and has passed on to us some names which became by Anglicization exactly what they would have become by Americanization. Genealogy offers the only proof of the antecedents of rare names.

No one should attempt to say just what names are English and what are not. There are too many of them; many are included which are characteristic of the country but not peculiar to it; and others have English character without English heritage. It is enough to know the main features of the English name pattern by type and by district, and to know that something over half of all Americans are named in English style.

A CONVERSATION

BY JOHN HYDE PRESTON

I

May 3, 1935. — This morning I went to see her at her hotel. All the arrangements had been made by her friend and secretary who was there at the door and seemed shy that I shook hands with her first, as if for fear I had mistaken her for the woman I had come to see. The other woman was standing in the middle of the small sitting room, and I saw her through a door, very alert and ready to smile without smiling. She is a short person, strong and round, close to the earth, with an earth face and marvelous eyes. When she looks at you they are straight, but when she looks to one side the right eye seems a little out of focus, seems to go a little further away from you than the other. Her hair is close-cropped, gray, brushed forward or not brushed at all but growing forward in curls, like the hair of the Roman emperors. She looks sun-beaten, but not Indian like her secretary, for the wrinkles around her eyes are sharp, quick, and not wide like Indian wrinkles and she never quite closes her eyes, which are deep brown, but holds them closed with her lids.

If I had seen her a year ago I should have expected a legend, but I had learned to expect a woman, and I came to find something more — more, I mean, than one who had been a fountainhead not so much for herself as for others and certainly for all the young Americans who were writing in Paris

after the war. She is more than that because she has grown beyond and most of them have gone only as far as she took them; they repudiated her when they thought they were adult and they went into costume and have never come out. That is the terrible thing which happens to many Americans because they feel that they have a new literature to create, as if it were a duty; so they go into costume, and when the literature is created, if at all, they do not know it or do not know when to stop, and so they go on creating a literature that is already born out of them and has a life of its own; they go on giving birth every day to a thing already alive and on two legs, all because they are in costume and can't get out. For all I know she may be in costume too, but not in mind and not personally.

She talks freely and volubly and sometimes obscurely, as if she had something there that she was very sure of and yet could not touch it. She has that air of having seen in flashes something which she does not know the shape of, and can talk about, not out of the flashes but out of the spaces between when she has waited.

I do not mean that there is in her conversation any trace of that curious obscurity which dims so much of her prose, for me at least — and I was frank (without wanting to be) in

telling her that I could only guess sometimes at the written words. She seems peacefully resigned to the attacks that have been made upon her all her life and she has that air, so rare in writers, of living outside of both fame and criticism.

II

We talked with great freedom from the outset. We started naturally and there was no feeling on my part that I had to tell her why I had come. She seemed to know why I had come and she knew it better than I did, and she started right off to talk about the problem of the young writer in America and she talked about it better than anyone I have ever known because she did not reduce it to elements and harp on any one element that she knew and understood, and there was not the feeling that writers get from writers, — ‘Yes, I’ve gone through that myself, and I’ll tell you what it is and what I did about it,’ — but the true feeling of one before your eyes who was growing into a scene, your scene, without your really telling her about it, and then bringing you into a feeling with the world, not by taking you as an individual, but by taking a world and a spirit of creation and taking them so fully and so happily that you were drawn in suddenly to know that you were there, not by transition, but by recognition. I think that in some of her prose pieces you get that — you do not have to follow; you suddenly know. (Of course you have followed, but it has not been by following that you have it.)

I had been so miserable, despairing, self-doubtful about my work and for so long a time that I was able to give her the picture clearly, and she got it more clearly than I had given it, and her lids really seemed to take hold on her eyes, not in a squinted, contracted

way, but firmly and evenly and restfully.

‘You will write,’ she said, ‘if you will write without thinking of the result in terms of a result, but think of the writing in terms of discovery, which is to say that creation must take place between the pen and the paper, not before in a thought or afterwards in a recasting. Yes, before in a thought, but not in careful thinking. It will come if it is there and if you will let it come, and if you have anything you will get a sudden creative recognition. You won’t know how it was, even what it is, but it will be creation if it came out of the pen and out of you and not out of an architectural drawing of the thing you are doing. Technique is not so much a thing of form or style as the way that form or style came and how it can come again. Freeze your fountain and you will always have the frozen water shooting into the air and falling and it will be there to see — oh, no doubt about that — but there will be no more coming. I can tell how important it is to have that creative recognition. You cannot go into the womb to form the child; it is there and makes itself and comes forth whole — and there it is and you have made it and have felt it, but it has come itself — and that is creative recognition. Of course you have a little more control over your writing than that; you have to know what you want to get; but when you know that, let it take you and if it seems to take you off the track don’t hold back, because that is perhaps where instinctively you want to be and if you hold back and try to be always where you have been before, you will go dry.

‘You think you have used up all the air where you are, Preston; you said that you had used it up where you live, but that is not true, for if it were it would mean that you had given up all hope of change. I think writers *should* change their scenes; but the very fact

that you do not know where you would go if you could means that you would take nothing truly to the place where you went and so there would be nothing there until you had found it, and when you did find it, it would be something you had brought and thought you had left behind. And that would be creative recognition, too, because it would have all to do with you and nothing really to do with the place.'

But what if, when you tried to write, you felt stopped, suffocated, and no words came and if they came at all they were wooden and without meaning? What if you had the feeling you could never write another word?

'Preston, the way to resume is to resume,' she said laughing. 'It is the only way. To resume. If you feel this book deeply it will come as deep as your feeling is when it is running truest and the book will never be truer or deeper than your feeling. But you do not yet know anything about your feeling because, though you may think it is all there, all crystallized, you have not let it run. So how can you know what it will be? What will be best in it is what you really do not know now. If you knew it all it would not be creation but dictation. No book is a book until it is done, and you cannot say that you are writing a book while you are just writing on sheets of paper and all that is in you has not yet come out. And a book — let it go on endlessly — is not the whole man. There is no such thing as a one-book author. I remember a young man in Paris just after the war — you have never heard of this young man — and we all liked his first book very much and he liked it too, and one day he said to me, "This book will make literary history," and I told him: "It will make some part of literary history, perhaps, but only if you go on making a new part every day and grow with the history you are making until you become a part of it yourself." But

this young man never wrote another book and now he sits in Paris and searches sadly for the mention of his name in indexes.'

III

Her secretary came in and out of the room, putting things away in a trunk that stood open at the end of the couch (they sail to-morrow noon), exchanging a few words in a voice that was new for its softness; and suddenly out of something that we were saying about America came the discovery that both she and I were from Seattle and that she had known my father when he was a young man and before he went into the Klondike. And then as her secretary spoke a strange deep kinship of land seemed to take possession of the other woman, — who had been born in Pennsylvania and raised in Oakland, California, and had been in far-off Paris for thirty years without sight of her native earth, — for she began to speak with deep-felt fervor of her American experience in the past six months.

'Preston,' she said, 'you were saying that you had torn up roots ten years ago and tried to plant them again in New England where there was none of your blood, and that now you have a feeling of being without roots. Something like that happened to *me*, too. I think I must have had a feeling that it had happened or I should not have come back. I went to California. I saw it and felt it and had a tenderness and a horror too. Roots are so small and dry when you have them and they are exposed to you. You have seen them on a plant and sometimes they seem to deny the plant if it is vigorous.' She paused when I lit a cigarette; I could not make out whether she had been alarmed at my smoking so much or whether she was instinctively silent in the face of any physical activity on

the part of her listener. 'Well,' she went on, 'we're not like that really. Our roots can be anywhere and we can survive, because if you think about it, we take our roots with us. I always knew that a little and now I know it wholly. I know because you can go back to where they are and they can be less real to you than they were three thousand, six thousand miles away. Don't worry about your roots so long as you worry about them. The essential thing is to have the feeling that they exist, that they are somewhere. They will take care of themselves, and they will take care of you too, though you may never know how it has happened. To think only of going back for them is to confess that the plant is dying.'

'Yes,' I said, 'but there is something more. There is the hunger for the land, for the speech.'

'I know,' she said almost sadly. 'America is wonderful!' Then without any warning she declared: 'I feel now that it is my business here. After all, it *is* my business, this America!' And she laughed with a marvelous heartiness, a real lust. When I asked her if she would come back she looked up slyly and was smiling still and she opened and shut her eyes with the same zestful expression with which a man smacks his lips.

'Well,' I said, 'you have had a long time to look. What is it that happens to American writers?'

'What is it you notice?'

'It is obvious. They look gigantic at first. Then they get to be thirty-five or forty and the juices dry up and there they are. Something goes out of them and they begin to repeat according to formula. Or else they grow silent altogether.'

'The trouble is a simple one,' she said. 'They become writers. They cease being creative men and soon they find that they are novelists or critics or

poets or biographers, and they are encouraged to be one of those things because they have been very good in one performance or two or three, but that is silly. When a man says, "I am a novelist," he is simply a literary shoemaker. If Mr. Robert Frost is at all good as a poet, it is because he is a farmer — really in his mind a farmer, I mean. And there is another whom you young men are doing your best — and very really your worst — to forget, and he is the editor of a small-town newspaper and his name is Sherwood Anderson. Now Sherwood' — he was the only man she called by his first name, and then affectionately — 'Sherwood is really and truly great because he truly does not care what he is and has not thought what he is except a man, a man who can go away and be small in the world's eyes and yet perhaps be one of the very few Americans who have achieved that perfect freshness of creation and passion, as simple as rain falling on a page, and rain that fell from him and was there miraculously and was all his. You see, he had that *creative recognition*, that wonderful ability to have it all on paper before he saw it and then to be strengthened by what he saw so that he could always go deep for more and not know that he was going. Scott Fitzgerald, you know, had it for a little while, but — not any more. He is an American Novelist.'

'What about Hemingway?' I could not resist asking her that question. Her name and the name of Ernest Hemingway are almost inseparable when one thinks of the Paris after the war, of the expatriates who gathered around her there as a sibyl. 'He was good until after *A Farewell to Arms*.'

'No,' she said, 'he was not really good after 1925. In his early short stories he had what I have been trying to describe to you. Then — Hemingway did not lose it; he threw it away.

I told him then: "Hemingway, you have a small income; you will not starve; you can work without worry and you can grow and keep this thing and it will grow with you." But he did not wish to grow that way; he wished to grow violently. Now, Preston, here is a curious thing. Hemingway is not an American Novelist. He has not sold himself and he has not settled into any literary mould. Maybe his own mould, but that's not only literary. When I first met Hemingway he had a truly sensitive capacity for emotion, and that was the stuff of the first stories; but he was shy of himself and he began to develop, as a shield, a big Kansas City-boy brutality about it, and so he was "tough" because he was really sensitive and ashamed that he was. Then it happened. I saw it happening and tried to save what was fine there, but it was too late. He went the way so many other Americans have gone before, the way they are still going. He became obsessed by sex and violent death.'

She held up a stubby forefinger. 'Now you will mistake me. Sex and death are the springs of the most valid of human emotions. But they are not all; they are not even all emotion. But for Hemingway everything became multiplied by and subtracted from sex and death. But I knew at the start and I know better now that it was n't just to find out what these things were; it was the disguise for the thing that was really gentle and fine in him, and then his agonizing shyness escaped into brutality. No, now wait — not real brutality, because the truly brutal man wants something more than bullfighting and deep-sea fishing and elephant killing or whatever it is now, and perhaps if Hemingway were truly brutal he could make a real literature out of those things; but he is not, and I doubt if he will ever again write truly about anything. He is skillful, yes,

but that is the writer; the other half is the man.'

I asked her: 'Do you really think American writers are obsessed by sex? And if they are, is n't it legitimate?'

'It is legitimate, of course. Literature — creative literature — unconcerned with sex is inconceivable. But not literary sex, because sex is a part of something of which the other parts are not sex at all. No, Preston, it is really a matter of tone. You can tell, if you can tell anything, by the way a man talks about sex whether he is impotent or not, and if he talks about nothing else you can be quite sure that he is impotent — physically and as an artist too.

'One thing which I have tried to tell Americans,' she went on, 'is that there can be no truly great creation without passion, but I'm not sure that I have been able to tell them at all. If they have not understood it is because they have had to think of sex first, and they can think of sex as passion more easily than they can think of passion as the whole force of man. Always they try to label it, and that is a mistake. What do I mean? I will tell you. I think of Byron. Now Byron had passion. It had nothing to do with his women. It was a quality of Byron's mind and everything he wrote came out of it, and perhaps that is why his work is so uneven, because a man's passion is uneven if it is real; and sometimes, if he can write it, it is only passion and has no meaning outside of itself. Swinburne wrote all his life about passion, but you can read all of him and you will not know what passions he had. I am not sure that it is necessary to know or that Swinburne would have been better if he had known. A man's passion can be wonderful when it has an object which may be a woman or an idea or wrath at an injustice, but after it happens, as it usually does, that the object is lost or won after a time, the

passion does not survive it. It survives only if it was there before, only if the woman or the idea or the wrath was an incident in the passion and not the cause of it — and that is what makes the writer.

‘Often the men who really have it are not able to recognize it in themselves because they do not know what it is to feel differently or not to feel at all. And it won’t answer to its name. Probably Goethe thought that *Young Werther* was a more passionate book than *Wilhelm Meister*, but in *Werther* he was only describing passion and in *Wilhelm Meister* he was transferring it. And I don’t think he knew what he had done. He did not have to. Emerson might have been surprised if he had been told that he was passionate. But Emerson really had passion; he wrote it; but he could not have written *about* it because he did not know about it. Now Hemingway knows all about it and can sometimes write very surely about it, but he has n’t any at all. Not really any. He merely has passions. And Faulkner and Caldwell and all that I have read in America and before I came. They are good craftsmen and they are honest men, but they do not have it.’

IV

I have never heard talk come more naturally and casually. It had none of the tautness or deadly care that is in the speech of most American intellectuals when they talk from the mind out. If sometime you will listen to workingmen talking when they are concentrated upon the physical job at hand, and one of them will go on without cease while he is sawing and measuring and nailing, not always audible, but keeping on in an easy rhythm and almost without awareness of words — then you will get some idea of her conversation.

‘Well, I think Thomas Wolfe has it,’

I said. ‘I think he really has it — more than any man I know in America.’ I had just read *Of Time and the River* and had been deeply moved.

‘I read his first book,’ she said, misnaming it. ‘And I looked for it, but I did not find it. Wolfe is a deluge and you are flooded by him, but if you want to read carefully, Preston, you must learn to know how you are flooded. In a review I read on the train Wolfe was many things and among them he was Niagara. Now that is not so silly as it sounds. Niagara has power and it has form and it is beautiful for thirty seconds, but the water at the bottom that has been Niagara is no better and no different from the water at the top that will be Niagara. Something wonderful and terrible has happened to it, but it is the same water and nothing at all would have happened if it had not been for an aberration in one of nature’s forms. The river is the water’s true form and it is a very satisfactory form for the water and Niagara is altogether wrong. Wolfe’s books are the water at the bottom and they foam magnificently because they have come the wrong way, but they are no better than when they started. Niagara exists because the true form ran out and the water could find no other way. But the creative artist should be more adroit.’

‘You mean that you think the novel form has run out?’

‘Truly — yes. And when a form is dead it always happens that everything that is written in it is really formless. And you know it is dead when it has crystallized and everything that goes into it must be made a certain way. What is bad in Wolfe is made that way and what is good is made very differently — and so if you take what is good, he really has not written a novel at all.’

‘Yes — but what difference does it make?’ I asked her. ‘It was something that was very true for me, and perhaps

I did n't care whether it was a novel or not.'

'Preston,' she said, 'you must try to understand me. I was not impatient because it was not a novel but because Wolfe did not see what it might have been — and if he really and truly had the passion you say he has, he would have seen because he would have really and truly felt it, and it would have taken its own form, and with his wonderful energy it would not have defeated him.'

'What has passion got to do with choosing an art form?'

'Everything. There is nothing else that determines form. What Wolfe is writing is his autobiography, but he has chosen to tell it as a story and an autobiography is never a story because life does not take place in events. What he has really done is to release himself, and so he has only told the truth of his release and not the truth of discovery. And that is why he means so much to you young men, because it is your release too. And perhaps because it is so long and unselective it is better for you, for if it stays with you, you will give it your own form and, if you have any passion, that too, and then perhaps you will be able to make the discovery he did not make. But you will not read it again because you will not need it again. And if a book has been a very true book for you, you will always need it again.'

Her secretary came into the room, looked at her watch, and said: 'You have twenty-five minutes for your walk. You must be back at ten minutes to one.' I arose, suddenly conscious that, having asked for fifteen minutes out of her last day in America, I had stayed over an hour utterly unaware of time. I made to go.

'No,' she said abruptly, 'there is still more to say. Walk with me because I want to say it.' We went out of the hotel. 'Walk on my left,' she said,

'because my right ear is broken.' She walked very sturdily, almost rapidly, and shouted above the traffic.

'There are two particular things I want to tell you because I have thought about them in America. I have thought about them for many years, but particularly in America I have seen them in a new light. So much has happened since I left. Americans are really beginning to use their heads — more now than at any time since the Civil War. They used them then because they had to and thinking was in the air, and they have to use them now or be destroyed. When you write the Civil War you must think of it in terms of then and now and not the time between. Well, Americans have not gone far yet, perhaps, but they have started thinking again and there *are* heads here and something is ahead. It has no real shape, but I feel it and I do not feel it so much abroad and that is why my business is here. You see, there is something for writers that there was not before. You are too close to it and you only vaguely sense it. That is why you let your economic problem bother you. If you see and feel you will know what your work is, and if you do it well the economic problem takes care of itself. Don't think so much about your wife and child being dependent upon your work. Try to think of your work being dependent upon your wife and child, for it will be if it really comes from you, and if it does n't come from you — the *you* that has the wife and child and this Fifth Avenue and these people — then it is no use anyway and your economic problem will have nothing to do with writing because you will not be a writer at all. I find you young writers worrying about losing your integrity and it is well that you should, but a man who really loses his integrity does not know that it is gone, and nobody can wrest it from you if you really have it. An ideal is good only if it moves you

forward and can make you produce, Preston, but it is no good if you prefer to produce nothing rather than write sometimes for money alone, because the ideal defeats itself when the economic problem you have been talking about defeats *you*.'

We were crossing streets and the crowds were looking curiously at this bronze-faced woman whose picture had been so often in the papers, but she was unaware of them, it seemed to me, but extraordinarily aware of the movement around her and especially of taxicabs. After all, I reflected, she had lived in Paris.

'The thing for the serious writer to remember,' she said, 'is that he is writing seriously and is not a salesman. If the writer and the salesman are born in the same man it is lucky for both of them, but if they are not, one is sure to kill the other when you force them together. And there is one thing more.'

We turned off Madison Avenue and headed back to the hotel.

'A very important thing — and I know it because I have seen it kill so many writers — is not to make up your mind that you are any one thing. Look at your own case. You have written, first a biography, then a history of the American Revolution, and third a modern novel. But how absurd it would be if you should make up your mind that you are a Biographer, a Historian, or a Novelist!' She pronounced the words in tremendous capitals. 'The truth is probably that all those forms are dead because they have become forms, and you must have felt that or you would not have moved on from one to another. Well, you will

go on and you will work in them, and sometime, if your work has any meaning and I am not sure that anything but a lifework has meaning, then you may discover a new form. Somebody has said that I myself am striving for a fourth dimension in literature. I am striving for nothing of the sort and I am not striving at all but only gradually growing and becoming steadily more aware of the ways things can be felt and known in words, and perhaps if I feel them and know them myself in the new ways it is enough, and if I know fully enough there will be a note of sureness and confidence that will make others know too.

'And when one has discovered and evolved a new form, it is not the form but the fact that *you are the form* that is important. That is why Boswell is the greatest biographer that ever lived, because he was no slavish Eckermann with the perfect faithfulness of notes — which are not faithful at all — but because he put into Johnson's mouth words that Johnson probably never uttered, and yet you know when you read it that that is what Johnson would have said under such and such a circumstance — and you know all that because Boswell discovered Johnson's real form which Johnson never knew. The great thing is not ever to think about form but let it come. Does that sound strange from me? They have accused me of thinking of nothing else. Do you see the real joke? It is the critics who have really thought about form always and I have thought about — writing!'

Gertrude Stein laughed enormously and went into the hotel with the crowd.

THE GLUT OF OCCURRENCES

To-day's News and To-morrow's Newspaper

BY HERBERT BRUCKER

EVEN in the complex society of to-day the function of the press differs little from what it was when the first American newspaper, *Publick Occurrences*, appeared on September 25, 1690. Benjamin Harris, the publisher, said in his first and only issue: 'It is designed, that the Countrey shall be furnished once a moneth (or if any Glut of Occurrences happen, oftener,) with an account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our Notice.' Harris promised a faithful relation of memorable occurrents of Divine Providence in order 'that people every where may better understand the Circumstances of Publique Affairs, both abroad and at home.' He also wanted to do something toward 'the Curing, or at least the Charming of that Spirit of Lying, which prevails amongst us,' and which inevitably prevails where there is no newspaper.

Harris, in short, promised an accurate account of what was happening in the world — that is to say, news. So it has been in American journalism ever since, with variations in treatment and technique necessitated by changes in the social scene. Once the essential sameness of the newspaper's task in any society has been granted, however, it is necessary to note that from time to time changes in the manner of performing that task become necessary.

In other words a newspaper, anywhere, at any time, is substantially the same thing. News is not.

I

'This is the 124th day of the year 1935 and the 305th day of the 159th year of our independence. The moon was new on Thursday. Wednesday was May Day, dedicated to lovers and radicals. Maryland has been a State for 147 years on Sunday.'

With this paragraph the New York *Sun* recently introduced its weekly department, 'It Happened This Week.' This department, dating from December 26, 1931, is so far as I know the first of many signposts pointing toward the newspaper of to-morrow. Since then many others have appeared. For more than two years the Richmond *News Leader*, in Virginia, has abandoned its entire Saturday editorial page to an interpretive summary of the week's news. Every week the Associated Press prepares a briefer review which may be found, for example, in the Sunday *Kansas City Star*. More ambitious, the *New York Times* began this year to give two full pages each Sunday to an illustrated non-interpretive summary of the week's happenings, an example closely followed, though with a little more interpretation, by the *Washington Post*. And there are others. For the

present, however, these ventures remain week-end adjuncts to the daily newspaper rather than models for it.

Meanwhile one continues to hear enthusiastic if not always well-informed criticism of the newspaper as it is. The complaints of scientists, professors, educators, and all sorts of observers of public affairs are well known. More significant is the fact that one hears the same thing from responsible editors themselves. At the 1934 meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, for example, J. Charles Poe of the *Chattanooga News* said the following, together with much more along the same line:—

‘Pick up the average newspaper and what do you read? We still find, in great abundance, items dealing with petty police court gossip, crimes of little or no moment, divorce cases, the doings of a movie star, town or county council meetings, ambulance runs, a Y. M. C. A. membership drive, a school commencement exercise, resolutions by women’s clubs denouncing war in time of peace and urging patriotism in time of war; the misadventures of a Senator, or the daily doings of an air hero, the debates over tariff or soldier bonus and a thousand and one other items no different from those of a hundred years ago. It is the mere surface of the stream of life and it is no wonder that Professor Gallup’s surveys reveal a distressingly low reader interest in such so-called news. . . .

‘Our own experience, after starting a page, one day a week, devoted to modern trends in education and science, shows by the fine reader response that the public is willing to read about the new movements in social fields treated as news and not as sensation or as stunts.

‘This and other efforts of our paper cause me to suspect that the press has been guilty of talking down to its readers. We have assumed that their

intelligence averaged about that of a third-grader and printed a paper accordingly. Some say that the press moulds and leads public opinion, others that it but mirrors the life of its time. Sometimes I fear that in our news columns we do neither, but that we lag far behind in supplying that which the public is really capable of understanding and which, in its inarticulate way, it sincerely wants to get.’

Or again, as Stanley Walker put it, ‘Few students of the trends in news coverage of recent years have given credit to the changes, sometimes almost imperceptible to the general reader, which may be laid to the influence of the news magazine *Time* and to the *New Yorker*. These weeklies, although different in appeal, nevertheless have demonstrated what some people suspected all along—that facts, marshaled in smart, orderly fashion, can be charming. . . . The *New Yorker* . . . has made money by treating its readers, not as pathological cases or a congregation of oafs, but as fairly intelligent persons who want information and entertainment.’

At this point anyone who watched the citizenry eating alive the verbatim testimony of the Hauptmann trial while the President’s message on social security in the same paper went unread may pause, disillusioned. And yet, one is haunted by the possibilities: ‘The mere surface of the stream of life’ versus ‘facts, marshaled in smart, orderly fashion.’ Suppose some publisher took his courage along while he went digging beneath the surface of the news. Suppose we found a way to abolish the headline heterogeneity of the American newspaper and printed instead a smooth, ordered story of the world each day. With what refreshment of spirit our congregation of oafs would beat a path to the news stands!

Small wonder, then, that since the

war there has been recurring gossip to the effect that so-and-so was going to bring out a new newspaper, new not in being merely another added to the existing ones, but new in what it is and does. Though nothing ever came of it, at least one such project reached the stage of staff organization. And now new specifications for a newspaper with a wholly fresh approach to the age-old task of journalism exist.

II

In former days the method of presenting separate stories on the day's happenings as they came along was entirely adequate, as indeed it still is with many an item to-day. Yet as the increasing complexity of the world becomes more apparent, as the reader finds that his own interests reach more and more out of the familiar circle of his daily life into the unknown fields of economics and the other social sciences, this method often leads to bewilderment.

Newspaper editors have recognized this, especially in the years since the war. They often summarize all the stories devoted to some big news event in front-page boxes. For otherwise, in the endeavor to give all the news, these stories are spread over so many columns, or even pages, that the reader, appalled, is likely to turn to his radio news commentator for relief. On page one of the *New York Times* on the morning these lines are written, for example, appears the news of Pope Pius's warning to the nations against war. This was considered by the editors the most important article of a number all dealing with the same general subject — namely, the repercussions following Adolf Hitler's denunciation of the Versailles military clauses. But, because these related articles were displayed on four different pages of the paper, there was printed im-

mediately under the page-one headline on the Pope's allocution a group of five bulletins summarizing as many stories on the general subject of the rearmament of Germany. Even so, four major news articles and five minor ones on the inside pages were omitted from the summaries.

A different use of the same principle may be seen in a bulletin from the front page of another issue, set two columns wide and headed 'Results in Major Sports Yesterday.' This summary tells under four subheads the news of tennis, rowing, baseball, and racing. Without it the reader would have to absorb the message of nine headlines over six columns of stories on four different pages before getting the same news. Even all this is inadequate, again, because about four pages of other sport news are not included in the front-page bulletin.

There is, however, more to this matter of smooth, ordered news presentation than mere summaries, mere boiling down. For just as there are signs that editors, in their week-end reviews, are feeling their way toward something new, so there are signs that readers want something new. They want, I think, far more than they now get of those twin imponderables familiar to newspaper men as background and interpretation.

How else can one account for the success of *Time* magazine, of the radio news commentators, of current-events lecturers, indeed for the rise of interpretive writers in the newspapers themselves? A news-hungry public apparently does not find what it seeks in its own news columns. As one woman's club member recently told another on leaving a current-events lecture, — and this tale is not apocryphal, — 'Well, now I won't have to read the papers for two weeks.'

In its simplest form this factor missing from the news is something which

the reporter tends to omit from his account because he knows all about it, whereas the reader does not. The point is made clear in a review of D. W. Brogan's *Government of the People*, which says: 'The interest in Dr. Brogan's work is heightened by the fact that, writing as an Englishman for Englishmen about our outlandish political institutions, he has occasion to explain many simple features which our own people do not understand but which our own authors would be ashamed to explain in an adult work.' Every day American reporters seem equally reluctant to include obvious but necessary facts in their stories. For example, an Associated Press dispatch before me, one of a collection made last year as the ideas here presented were growing, appears in the *New York Herald Tribune* under the head 'Pickets Awed, Permit Kohler To Enter Plant.' The story begins:—

KOHLER, Wis., July 17. — The ill blast of strike winds swept to-day through this 'ideal village,' dedicated to an idyllic industrialism.

The situation was epitomized in the lonely stalking through lines of pickets to the administration of the Kohler Company of Walter J. Kohler, former Governor of this state and builder of the model places and village. He lives here and has been an intimate of many of the residents.

For seven more paragraphs the story runs on. It tells the details of Mr. Kohler's lone parade through the picket lines to his office, and gives other bits of spot news. It even tells some facts about this unique industrial village, where labor troubles have been unknown for the twenty years of its existence. It tells everything, indeed, except the news, namely: How and why did a strike come about in this strikeless community?

Presumably no reader of that morning's New York newspapers yet knows.

And not a day goes by but what not one but many stories like this are offered to American readers on the theory that they contain all the news that's fit to print, rather than the mere surface of the stream of life. That is what I mean by saying that the reader often misses the element of background in the news stories he reads.

III

It also happens, however, that laymen miss interpretation in the news columns. And this, of course, is deliberately left out on suspicion that it harbors that antichrist of the newspaper man, opinion. Perhaps, therefore, it will help clear the way if we admit these two things:—

1. That it is the function of the reporter to tell what happened, and not what he thinks about what happened.

2. That even where opinion is admitted, as on the editorial page, fact is often more desirable than opinion. Thus it is better to scrap an editorial calling the mayor a liar and a crook, and to write another which, by reciting facts without using adjectives and without calling names, makes it obvious that the mayor is a liar and a crook.

Having admitted this, one must grant, further, that to write interpretation into the news means straying from pure fact into opinion. Yet this, I submit, is not so fearsome as it sounds. American journalism is conducted upon the assumption that news is fact and editorials are opinion, and never the twain shall meet. That this is infinitely superior to the Continental method of coloring the news to suit one's fancy is not open to question. At the same time the absolute validity of the American doctrine is doubtful. The line between news and opinion is sometimes hard to draw. 'The speech was enthusiastically received,' records

one reporter, while the man next him at the press table writes that it 'received a fair scattering of applause.' Again, the headlines on page one of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* on stories dealing with the identical event began, last October 23, as follows: —

Times: BANKING LEADERS
 BACK COOPERATION
 WITH WASHINGTON

Herald Tribune: BANKERS FIRE
 ON NEW DEAL
 DESPITE TRUCE

Which was fact, and which opinion?

Possibly American newspaper readers unconsciously realize the difficulty of separating fact from opinion. Perhaps they are willing, the gospel of American journalism to the contrary, to swallow them both together. Indeed, I believe that they are ready to have editorials written into their news, without typographical differentiation or any other attempt to set one off from the other.

If any newspaper man is hardy enough to read beyond that statement, he will recall that most editorials fit into either of two classes, the explanatory and the argumentative. Explanatory editorials undertake simply to clarify some event the news reports of which have left the reader uncertain or bewildered. Argumentative editorials, by contrast, seek to induce the reader to be for or against something. Obviously, it is only the explanatory editorials which might be lifted from our editorial pages and written into the news. Surely this is not so radical as it sounds. It has been done since the year one in American journalism, by political reporters, foreign correspondents, Washington men, and a few other privileged creatures. Why confine it to them?

The thing may become clearer by citing an example. One of the many big news stories of post-war years

which are noteworthy for the point under discussion is England's going off the gold standard on September 21, 1931. Now this was news according to both the man-bites-dog school, which considers the unusual or spectacular as news, and a newer school which finds reader interest in the significance and meaning of an event. This newer school, of course, calls into question the classic dogma of newspaper men that the public will not read news merely because it is important. Certainly anyone who has written on current events has been appalled by the apathy with which the public greets the pearls he casts before them. Yet individual members of that same public, when they meet him, say, 'Oh, you must know about this war (or NRA, or inflation) business. Please tell me what it all means.' Perhaps, then, it is not the important news that is dull so much as the manner in which it is presented to the news-hungry reader.

So it was at the time of England's departure from the gold standard. For example, the *New York Times*, always anxious to print all the news, gave this event fifteen stories covering more than thirteen columns on the day the news broke. But nowhere could the persistent reader, even though he staggered on down to the bottom of column thirteen, find a single unified, non-technical, and full account of the news that ought to have been pretty well up in the lead of the lead story on page one, namely: —

1. How actually does a great nation leave a gold standard, and what is a gold standard, anyway? This is background.

2. What, according to the best of human experience and insight, does it mean? This, of course, is interpretation.

Most of the background facts pertinent to point one may be found in the *Times* of that day. The lay reader

seeking quick access to the heart of the news could have made a good start, in fact, had he read the full text of a statement by the British Government announcing the suspension of gold payments, plus a quotation from the Gold Standard Act of 1925, both of which were on page one. But they were displayed as additions to the news rather than as its core, and so were not given space in the leading story.

To find an interpretation of the event the reader had to wait until the editorial writers, financial men, and specialists got on the job in subsequent days and weeks, although here again he might have made an excellent start by reading Mr. Noyes's financial column in the *Times* the day the announcement was made. This essential material, however, was printed on page twenty-two rather than in the news on page one.

If this idea of interpretation in the news goes against the grain of the American newspaper man, who feels in his bones that editorializing must be left to the editorial page though the reader turn to the news weeklies, let him remember the individuals he knows personally as laymen and readers. They must remind him of Weber and Fields's old story about the fact that barking dogs don't bite: 'You know that, and I know that. But the dog — does he know that?' Just so reporters and editors know that news and editorial explanations should never meet. But does the reader, merely skimming the headlines and relying for information on the news weeklies, or tuning in on Boake Carter, act as though he knew it?

I believe that the traditional prejudice of newspaper men against interpretation in the news arose in part, at least, from the fact that it was built up to meet the needs of a simpler world. Did Tippecanoe and Tyler too get the nomination? Did Chicago burn? Did

the banker's son seduce a village maiden? To report these things meant simply to recite the facts. Anyone could understand them without help from Walter Lippmann. The only opinion that might exist about them was perhaps a disapproval of Tippecanoe, or of fire, or of the younger generation. It was on these things that what are called the editorial giants of those days let their emotions run loose, and it was better that the news was kept clear of it.

Nowadays, what with the alphabetical agencies, general strikes, Fascism, bank holidays, EPIC, wars that are not wars, Marxian dialectics, the Comité des Forges, silver nationalization, import quotas, code authorities, cosmic rays, European conferences, and work relief, news is different. There must be interpretation.

IV

The principal change from Tippecanoe's day to this is that the frontiers of the average man's life, even though he does not realize it, now reach beyond the uttermost horizons known to his fathers. The farmers and the business men of previous generations could carry on pretty much as they chose, subject only to near-by influences which they could know and see. But to-day the welfare of the Kansas farmer depends not only on the rainfall in Kansas, but on the AAA in Washington and on the rainfall in Argentina as well. It depends on the progress of collectivization and mechanization in Russia. This, with its counterpart in the industrial integration of the world, is an oft-repeated tale. There is no need to go into it, except to note that life is now more complex, more highly integrated with other lives out of sight and even out of ken, than ever before.

It is the effect of this that matters

here, in that news sources have become infinitely more numerous and complex. The editor, of course, cannot go completely intellectual. He must still comb the streets for news, via the police, firehouse, hospital, and undertaker. He must assign the usual beats of courts, city hall, hotels, station, theatres, and so on down the line. But these no longer suffice. News now comes also out of laboratories and books. More disconcerting, it comes out of those human trends and tendencies in the realm of politics and economics and sociology which cannot be charted or measured, and which even the best reporters cannot interview. So it is that, while people still want to read about the big fire downtown and about the Smiths' divorce, they also want to know if there is really anything to the current European war scare.

In sum, then, the journalistic formula being used in preparing the newspaper you will read to-morrow was developed by Pulitzer, Hearst, Stone, and Ochs a generation and more ago. It grew up with the horse and buggy. Once again it is time to redefine news.

Probably there are as many definitions of news as there are newspaper men. Nevertheless the reporters, copy readers, and editors of America are in substantial agreement as to what news is, for they all put pretty much the same assortment into their papers. And this uniformity springs from a conception of news as the unusual or the spectacular, with particular attention to that trilogy of human interest, action, sex, and money.

When the beginner can recognize this kind of thing he has a nose for news, and has made the first step toward becoming a newspaper man. Thus during my own first week as a reporter, in Springfield, Massachusetts, one of nine assignments on a given day was to cover a speech by an official

of the near-by hospital for the insane. Pressure of other assignments kept me from hearing the whole talk, which appeared to be an objective summary of contemporary knowledge about mental illness.

It happened that while I was listening the official said something to the effect that 400 persons at large in the county would be confined to the asylum within a year. Here was something spectacular. It was news, and inevitably it found its way into the lead of the story and into the headline over it. The city editor took occasion to compliment me, the beginner, on having a nose for news. And doubtless many a citizen enjoyed the item at breakfast next morning, perhaps commenting that Aunt Kate would surely be among the 400. The story was strictly accurate in fact, yet it was a distorted report of the speech. Because of its lopsided emphasis it gave an inaccurate picture of the event it reported. Not only that, but, granted the prevalence of mental illness in this society of ours, and granted the new things that are being found out about it every day, one wonders whether that news story, cast in the orthodox pattern of to-day, made as good reading as a more careful one which would have dug beneath the spectacular surface for the meat that was there.

For a demonstration of how much more readable background and interpretation can be than even spectacular spot news, one should turn to the files of the *New York World* reporting the life and times of Celia Cooney, the bobbed-haired bandit of 1924. Here was a sensational crime story, with a cumulative interest built by holdups, shooting, and mystery, climaxed by capture and conviction. Then came publication of a report by Marie Mahon, probation officer, on the young woman's life. It consisted of facts, 'marshaled in smart, orderly fashion,'

but facts dug out of the human depths so often passed by in the hurry for news. This report was background of the purest gold. On top of it came an editorial in the *World* written with a stinging realization of the significance of the girl's sordid, tragic life. This was interpretation. Revealed in these three aspects — spot news, background, and interpretation — Celia Cooney's career was more fascinating than the Hauptmann testimony, Father Coughlin, and the quintuplets rolled into one.

V

Omissions of real news like that, omissions prompted by respect for the news formulas of Dana's day, may be found on almost any newspaper page. These omissions run from trivial ones to others whose ramifications touch obscure corners of modern life where even experts cannot penetrate. An example may be found in this story from the *New York Times* of June 20, 1934: —

LEAGUE GIVES LETICIA BACK TO COLOMBIA

All Is Quiet in the Region Over
Which That Nation Nearly
Went to War with Peru

Special Cable to the New York Times

BOGOTA, June 19. — The League of Nations commission transferred Leticia to the Colombian civil authorities to-day in a brief ceremony.

Conditions in Leticia were reported to be normal and no trouble was expected.

By the Associated Press

BOGOTA, June 19. — The handing back to-day to Colombia of the jungle area of Leticia followed an agreement reached at Rio de Janeiro between representatives of Colombia and Peru.

The question of sovereignty over the region which had been administered by a League of Nations commission for the last year nearly caused war between those two nations.

The ceremony, as announced here, began at 10.30 A.M. and consisted of an exchange of speeches between General Ignacio Moreno of Colombia, Intendant of the Amazon Territory, and Commissioner Giraldez of Spain, on behalf of the League of Nations, followed by the signing of the act of delivery.

Presentation of this bit of news in two items, one a cable from the *Times* string correspondent in Bogota and the other from the Associated Press man there, offers an obstacle to the smooth absorption of the news by the reader. If the reader is to have first consideration, such items should be rewritten into a single story, without date line or indication of its source at all except the necessary credit to the press association, which might be decently buried in the middle of a paragraph. This is contrary to the usual press association rules. Yet, if the press associations are thus given credit for the news they transmit, surely they should not object to the rewriting of their dispatches to serve that sometimes forgotten man, their ultimate consumer.

If news were so rewritten, the event noted above could be transferred from the jungles of Leticia to the mind of the reader with less effort and more pleasure on his part. It is the news which interests him, and not the fact that the story came through the *Times* man or the Associated Press staff or both. Nor does he like to bite his news off in separate chunks, even though a copy reader has smoothed the way as best he may under the *mores* now in force on the desk.

Sometimes even to-day newspapers will let a rewrite man step in to smooth out the product of scattered reporters handling different angles of the same story. Thus on the morning of August 10, 1934, the *New York Herald Tribune* had on page one a story under a Sing Sing date line telling of the electrocu-

tion of Mrs. Anna Antonio and two accomplices for the murder of her husband. This story was jumped to the bottom of page nine, at the top of which was a separate story under an Albany date line, telling why Governor Lehman refused executive clemency. The *New York Times*, in spite of the fact that both reports must have come in by wire around midnight, apparently turned them over to a rewrite man, who wove them together into a connected story without any date line at all, simply telling all the news smoothly and intelligibly. It can be done. But these stories, alas, are conspicuous for their rarity rather than for their frequency.

More important than smoothness achieved by regrouping and rewriting, however, is the fact that the item on Leticia quoted above reports 'the mere surface of the stream of life' with a vengeance. The Leticia dispute had made big heads on page one in its day, when war threatened. That was the result of the definition of news as that which is startling and spectacular. But the humble formality of a peaceful transfer of sovereignty, so modestly displayed on an inside page, is even more important than the original threat of war. In a sense it is even more unusual. Throughout history states have gone to war over territorial disputes. Yet here is a territory being awarded to a nation, not after a military victory, but after peaceful adjustment.

Think of all the answers to What and How and Why which the item quoted does not give. Both background and interpretation are largely missing. Background would mean placing these little cables more in relation to the information contained in all the similar scattered items that had been published during the previous months of the dispute. To leave the item naked, not clothed in its historical environ-

ment, is to invite the reader not to read it at all, because it has little meaning for him. He sees a thousand such unrelated items. No wonder he is bewildered and indifferent. And no wonder he turns to his favorite sports columnist or movie critic for relief, for there he can find the news presented connectedly and intelligibly.

If this Leticia item was not placed in relief against its background of previous happenings, neither was it placed in perspective to reveal its significance. It is not only important that an international dispute, even though a minor one, has been settled peacefully. It is also important to tell why and how this happened, and what it means.

Another story from the *Times* offers some proof of the pudding. I refer to the Congressional investigation of the Wirt charges against the brain trust, from the issue of April 11, 1934. On page one is the news story beginning thus: —

WASHINGTON, April 10. — Dr. William A. Wirt, the Gary school superintendent who charged that 'brain trusters' within the government were plotting the destruction of the social order and that they had described President Roosevelt as 'only the Kerensky of the revolution,' who was to be kept in the White House 'until we are ready to supplant him with a Stalin,' to-day revealed the names of the 'plotters' to a special House committee.

On the editorial page, however, appears a story which — while the product of one man rather than of the research staff that consistent interpretation of the news would require — nevertheless does include both the background and the interpretation advocated here. I refer to Arthur Krock's story on the Wirt investigation. It is unfortunately too long to be quoted in full, but some indication may be given by the lead, which says: —

WASHINGTON, April 10. — Representative Bulwinkle of North Carolina emerged to-day from the hearing of Dr. Wirt, over which he presided as Chairman, established as a strategist and man of the world. To him more than to any other factor it is due that the absurdities of the 'brain trust plot' against the President and the American social order were preserved from the lowest form of public burlesque.

The rest of Mr. Krock's story continues to explain the significance of the event. It is full of such phrases of opinion as 'the whole scene was laughable enough,' or 'what was left at the end of the Hoosier schoolmaster's testimony was a lot of childish dinner talk from people with no governing responsibility or position.' By present standards such statements are ruled out of the news columns. Yet are they not the very thing the reader wants?

VI

To print this kind of thing as part of the news, of course, would be to steal a valuable feature from the editorial page. But that is just what is needed. The whole newspaper ought to be one vast editorial page in so far as that page offers elucidation rather than argument. Editorial writers themselves have become a new type of reporter. As the news has become more and more complicated they have had to cease viewing with alarm and begin digging for facts in order to make interpretation possible. But the present editorial page, walled in away from the living news on page one, has gone unread by the masses. Take the interpretive editorials out of the splendid isolation of that page, multiply them freely, marry them to the news itself, and you will have new life and new color in the news pages. The news will become more intelligible, more readable. Sometimes the interpretation will even make news, as an occasional 'dope story' written

under pressure from the dullness of the day's news does now.

It does not answer, I think, to say that interpretation ought to remain divorced from the news, and embalmed in a separate editorial page plus perhaps a Sunday feature section. Readers do not make up their minds impartially on the basis of strictly factual news. They absorb the headline's implication, and likely as not let the segregated editorial interpretation which might invalidate their snap opinion go unread. To-day's news, or at least that part of it which comes from the socio-politico-economic front, is one whole with its meaning. You cannot cut the two apart into a news story and an editorial and have them remain alive.

Everything that is advocated here is in essence being done already by the American press. But interpretation and background now have to force their way in, through editorials, Washington or Wall Street gossip columns, features, interviews with a professor at the local university, 'dope stories' written in odd hours by the political man, or 'situations' mailed by the United Press man in Shanghai. What is needed is a newspaper which welcomes this whole trend and takes it for its own. The bits of interpretation now scattered through the paper must be synthesized into a whole. The paper must take the entire mass, spot news and dope together, and weld it into a connected, smooth-running, and living account of the day's happenings.

To do all this is to put a new responsibility upon the newspaper. So long as it sticks to surface fact it dodges a measure of responsibility. As soon as it allows a staff of specialists to drag in background facts and interpretive opinion, it makes itself responsible for these highly interesting additions. Upon its shoulders rests the obligation not only to report that a noise was heard, but to

determine and to say that this noise, though the great of the earth declare it to be the crack of doom, is only the sound of a popgun.

Under such a plan of action the newspaper would become, in a sense, a daily magazine. At least it would assume something of the responsibility which the magazine has already assumed. Long ago the weekly and monthly periodicals, hopelessly beaten in the competition for news by the telegraph, the linotype, the rotary press, and the other technical achievements of the daily paper, took refuge in the responsibility of interpretation. Here was something which no high-speed mechanical invention could give. It came instead from human expertness, and, so long as it was practised with integrity of motive, it gave the reader something he sought but could not often find in his daily paper.

Should we not admit that the important difference between news and opinion is a difference in motive rather than a difference in kind? The meaning of spot news in to-day's sadly puzzled

world is part of the news itself; and, so long as it is written with respect for the Fourth Estate's obligation of objectivity, no newspaper man need fear it. So long as the newspaper does its news interpretation with clean hands and a pure heart, the resulting opinion will remain as untainted as the most superficial of to-day's spot news stories.

To come at last, then, to a redefinition of news, we find that we must simply let the familiar quartet of what-where-when-why pursue their own way a little further into the roots of an event. News is the important, unusual, or interesting happening seen as a whole and not only on its surface. If the man bites the dog, that is still news. But so is a psychiatrist's explanation as to why he did so.

One is reminded of a line from the Spewacks' play, *Clear All Wires*. As I recall it, the sensation-seeking hero reporter is told by another character, 'People are n't interested in news any more. They want to know what's happened.'

ROSE MARIE

BY BRADFORD K. DANIELS

I

I NAMED her Rose Marie the first time I saw the sunlight fall full upon her plumage. She was coming out of a small V-shaped hole at the end of the roof, when the sun slipped up over the Cascades and tinged with faintest rose her snow-white breast. Oddly enough, although she returned to the old nesting place for several seasons, I never saw this faint flush of dawn upon her breast again.

Had I been a good carpenter, I never should have had the sheer joy of knowing Rose Marie. When I built the cabin, I put in a board ceiling that left a space halfway up the roof inaccessible, and quite dark. Later I added a sleeping porch to the side of the cabin, and where its roof slipped under the eaves of the main building I inadvertently left the small opening which Rose Marie's sharp eyes spied out one day in early April when, just arrived from the South, she had gone house hunting.

Rose Marie was nothing less than lovely. With her violet-green back of a richness beyond the robes of kings, and her white underparts whose mere touch would have cooled a fevered cheek, she darted and looped and swung through the clear April sky with a grace and swiftness known only to the white-bellied swallow.

To watch Rose Marie enter this small opening under the eaves was to witness a feat of accuracy and skill unbelievable by any except an eye-

witness. The aperture was barely large enough to admit the body, with no landing place or surface of any kind to cling to before entering. She would come sailing across the orchard like a winged joy, and head straight for this small hole with a speed that, had she erred in judgment the smallest fraction of an inch, would have tumbled her on the ground beneath, a shapeless mass of feathers; but at the last moment she would lay her wings along her sides and shoot in. It was the most marvelous example of speed and accuracy I have ever seen exhibited by any living thing. Even after I had watched it through a nesting season, the hazard seemed so great that as she approached the entrance I always caught my breath.

I never saw the nest that Rose Marie and her mate built in that dark retreat under the roof; but day after day I watched them carry rootlets and feathers that multiplied the dangers of entering the hole. My bed was under the slanting ceiling, and morning and evening I listened to their soft twitter (the white-bellied swallow is the only one with a musical voice), or followed the scratching of their small feet across the boards.

These slanting fir boards had shrunk after being nailed in place, leaving inch-wide cracks between them. Over one of these cracks, apparently because it offered anchorage, the nest was built. Rootlets and a few barnyard

feathers projected through; but I kept the location of Rose Marie's future nursery a secret, knowing that the mistress of the house would not take kindly to any such untoward innovation in household matters.

At the end of the cabin, and directly under the small hole used by the swallows, was a grape trellis. It was wide and nearly horizontal, its flat surface joining on to the house; and in the soft shaded earth under it moles reveled, tossing up mounds of rich brown loam that, by standing still for a few moments, one could see grow suddenly larger, as some sturdy little fellow backed out of his runway, vigorously kicking earth behind him.

It so happened that we had a cat I had named Lightning. The word fitted her admirably, for she was quite the quickest four-footed thing I have ever seen — small, snow-white, and lean as a shadow; her long slim neck, sinewy flanks, and ever-lashing tail suggested Blake's 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright.' She was a most destructive creature among birds. Towhees (those poor defenseless things, always flirting their white-rimmed tails about the ground), sparrows, robins, quail, were hunted with a zest and skill that kept the lawn littered with feathers, and so depleted the song birds about the ranch that my fir grove, at one time pulsing with bird music, was as silent in mid-May as in January.

Loving birds as I did, I would have made short work of Lightning had it not been for the other members of the family. No small European state ever rested more secure under a nicely adjusted balance of power than did Lightning under the open pacts and secret alliances that went on in our household. For the mistress of the house, the cat was thought valuable as a mouser, the house being overrun every fall with mice from the surrounding fields; for the boy, she was fair

game for a budding bull pup he was 'educating'; for the little girl, a white satiny creature to decorate with ribbons and hold in loving embrace.

When birds were scarce, Lightning would lie under the grape arbor and watch the mounds of earth. As the brown greasy loam rose she would strike a paw into it with a speed the eye could not follow, tossing out earth and mole together, and then repair with her dazed but truculent victim to the open sward, to play with it after the immemorial custom of cats.

By mid-May the moles were beginning to forsake the grape arbor for the deep black soil of the adjacent bottom land, and Lightning found little to amuse her under the green mantle of vines. One morning I heard an excited twittering outside the entrance to the swallow household, and, stepping round, saw the cat on the top of the arbor, crouching low, and following with baleful green eyes the two swallows as they circled angrily about her. Once, as the excited bird swooped down toward her, she sprang high into the air at Rose Marie, but found the swallow quite as agile as herself.

In a few days the swallows learned that they could pass in and out of the opening with impunity, and the crouching cat, half buried in green leaves, was ignored; then one noon I saw Lightning on the roof of the sleeping porch, directly over the swallow's runway. A facing strip two inches wide nailed along the end of the roofing boards was all that separated her from the two birds as they passed in and out. At that moment the two, each with a mouthful of flies, were circling about in front of the opening, afraid to enter.

My first impulse was to ignore the balance of power and shoot the murderous thing where she crouched; but sheer curiosity as to the outcome stayed my hand. The swallows ventured nearer and nearer, at last banking their

wings and shooting straight up into the air within a foot of their would-be destroyer. Then Rose Marie circled back over the barn and shot into the hole. As she vanished, Lightning's right paw made a swift circular motion, but it encountered only air.

II

During the week which followed this matching of wits between the cat and the birds, the drama enacted in front of that small opening so fascinated me that I stood and watched it through many a half-hour when I should have been at work among the raspberry canes. The persistence of the cat was terrible. Before it was fairly daylight she would be in her place, flat on her belly, her head projecting well over the edge of the roof, her tail slowly lashing, her deadly right paw extended, ready for action. Clearly she could hear the birds approaching the opening from within, for just before one shot out she would stiffen like a coil of steel springs, reach well over the side, and twitch the unsheathed claws spasmodically before striking at the violet-colored back that always just eluded her. It was a breath-taking thing to watch—the arrow-like exit of the swallows and the lightning-like sweep of the deadly paw. When I stood at right angles to the opening, the exit and the stroke seemed to occur at the same time, my eye and brain not functioning fast enough to record the two images separately.

But familiarity, even with the most deadly peril, at length breeds contempt, and in a few days the two swallows were passing in and out of the hole as if there were no claw-armed paw sweeping across their path within an inch of their bodies every time they came and went.

In the meantime, a brood of young swallows was hatched in the nest over my bed (I learned of the momentous

happening when early one morning a fragile white eggshell fluttered down through the crack marked by white feathers), and the bustle of feeding hungry mouths began. As their nesting time was well ahead of the barn swallows, the couple had a virtual monopoly of the insect life that swarmed over the orchard and neighboring forest, and, judged by the many and generous mouthfuls brought in, those youngsters must have been veritable balls of fat.

How much I wanted to watch the bringing up of the family, conducted, I suspect, with a skill and finesse quite beyond anything that goes on in a human household. I am not sure how it would have been managed under normal conditions, with the nest, according to immemorial usage, situated in a hollow stump; but here in the perpetual twilight over my head there were many tender and coaxing calls, now and then what was clearly a scolding, and, judged by the occasional high-keyed squeaks of protest, chastisements for wrongdoing.

One Sunday morning as I lay longer than usual in bed, I detected the sound of tiny feet scratching over the boards, and surmised that preparations for flight were under way. Day after day the scratching grew louder, the encouraging call of Rose Marie more frequent. Doubtless they were trying their wings as they scampered about. Whether they all returned to the nest at dark and were covered by the maternal wings I have no means of knowing; but one night I heard a sudden cry of pain, followed by a great fluttering and commotion, and I suspected that a young bird had fallen victim to a prowling rat. But four young ones issued later from the hole, so that, if one perished, there must have been five in the hatch.

The bustle and excitement under the roof kept Lightning in a state akin to frenzy. She hunted no more in the sur-

rounding bushes, and fell away in flesh to little more than a skeleton encased in white fur. As the happy family scurried about beneath her, she would turn first one ear and then the other to the roof, slowly moving a tail that suggested a serpent creeping stealthily upon its victim.

One noon, under a pale sky that arched high and empty over the sombre firs, Rose Marie and her mate grew so excited that their sharp twittering brought me out of the house. I found them dashing repeatedly at Lightning, trying to drive her away from her position over the hole, in which a young swallow with a grotesquely wide mouth, suggesting that of a severe old lady with tightly compressed lips, was sitting. The cat, a-tingle in every nerve, was clearly aware of its presence, and alert to strike, should it venture out. Rose Marie would rush straight as an arrow at the head of the crouching horror, and with something between a scream and a screech would come so near that the wonder is she was not stricken down by the ever-twitching paw before she banked her wings and shot up into the sky; but these fierce onrushes so disconcerted the cat that she shrank back at each swift approach, afraid to deliver what might have been a deadly counterstroke.

The young bird did not venture forth, perhaps because the signal, whatever it might be, was not given by the mother. After a time the little thing backed away into the darkness, and the parent birds swung off over the tree-tops in curves for which the expression 'poetry of motion' seems trite indeed.

III

Throughout the time when the stirring drama between the cat and the swallows was being enacted, two large hawks, no doubt attracted by the thousands of white Leghorn hens that were

roaming about the cherry orchards, drifted up every afternoon from the adjacent Puyallup Valley, and for an hour or so circled high overhead in wide effortless sweeps that seemed to defy the law of gravitation. As these hawks seldom attack poultry, however much they are given to watching it from a safe distance, I paid little attention to this pair of hunters so deadly to rabbits and quail.

Occasionally I had seen one of them tip sideways and glide like a brown shadow down toward the farm buildings; but I had never associated this descent with the white cat upon the black roofing paper that covered the sleeping porch. I was coming from the barn to the house the next afternoon after Rose Marie's futile attempt to bring her brood out into the open air, when the head of a young swallow again appeared in the opening, and the battle between the parent birds and the cat was renewed in all its fury. Lightning was stretched flat on the black paper, the right foreleg extending over the edge of the roof like a deadly scimitar, when something brown that seemed to annihilate time and space descended upon her back with a force that stunned her into insensibility. There was a brief readjusting of the powerful talons in the back of the neck, a couple of slow strokes of the wide-extended wings, and the hawk soared away over the giant firs, Lightning dangling limp beneath it.

That very afternoon Rose Marie, in all the full-blown beauty of young motherhood, had her four young on the peak of the cabin roof, from which vantage point they looked about in sheer delight at the brave new world that confronted them. As they turned their heads, now to this side, now to that, with an occasional upward glance at the sky, the mother kept up a soft musical twitter, as carefree as if there had never been a cat in the wide world.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE PROFESSORS

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

THE great increase in student attendance at high schools, colleges, and universities in our times must not blind us to the extraordinary paradox in the situation. It is this, that while the students wax, the professors wane. You might think, in your simplicity, the more students, the more professors. But not so. We perceive approaching the twilight of the professors.

Of course it is just a part of the march of modern science. That amazing social function which has so richly equipped the gangster and the gunman has disarmed the professor. It has replaced him by a little roll of film three quarters of an inch wide which can be projected on your parlor window curtain and do all that the professor could, in his own words and even with his own voice and gestures. It lacks only his natural coloring; but what, after all, does that amount to? Color contributes little to the average professor.

If you can get this for your school or club for a few cents, and turn it on and off at will, depositing it in a tight little tin box at the close, what do you want of the professor? You have all that is best of him in the little film, which you can control so much better than you could him. The film may increase his lisp, perhaps, and impart a piquant squeak to his clear treble, but, even as I write, sleepless science may already be eliminating these trifling defects.

Bitterest irony of all, the scientific

professor, too, is going by the board. For the film can perform his experiments as well as he can. It can do his sums on the blackboard, stew up his test tubes, finger the litmus paper, and all the rest of it, with the best of them. With a mere laboratory assistant to set up the apparatus and release the spring, the film can do all that the Great Man himself could do, were he here in the flesh. So Mrs. Shelley's fable comes true again; Frankenstein is again destroyed by his own monster.

Incidentally, he destroys a number of others of us who had nothing to do with creating him.

There was a time when people set great store by professors. It was only when Charlotte Brontë changed the title of her first novel to *The Professor* that she succeeded in getting it published. Oliver Wendell Holmes the Elder posed as one at breakfast, and Shaw, in *Major Barbara*, turned over a munitions factory to another. Professors even rose to be the supreme intelligences in mystery stories, the minds that solved the problems and apportioned innocence and guilt. This function has now devolved upon maiden ladies from the country. Perhaps the step was not a long one. At any rate the professor is not what he once was.

He used to be such a mild, benevolent, impractical, respected old creature, like Jo's husband in *Little Women*. Sherlock Holmes tried to make him out

a super-villain, but none of us was ever really convinced that Moriarty had actually occupied a chair anywhere. Generally speaking, the professor in fiction has always been the symbol of respectability. He was not always bright, as the Empress Elizabeth was quick to observe, but he was respectable.

Suddenly all this has changed. The professor is now very, very bright, — too bright, in fact, — but he is no longer respectable. He is suspect; he is a socialist, a communist, a share-the-wealther, or a brain-truster. There have been a good many of us in Washington, it is true, helping to prime the pump. Our chief fault lay in the fact that we there occupied trough-side places that other noisier men than we, even, thought should have been theirs.

Well, let them have them. I never worked harder in my life than in trying to prime a pump once up in the North Woods. After priming and pumping a solid hour, we gave it up. Anyone who wanted that job could have had it and welcome. The local expert afterward informed me that the trouble was that the leathers were 'wore out.' They just needed to be replaced, that was all. Until that was done, a billion gallons of water would not prime that pump.

Even the deans are going back on us. They used to glory in us, and to boast of our exploits and accomplishments. They are cooler about them now. They seem to think we should have made a different use of our time — carrying more courses, or fewer courses; writing more books, or fewer books; giving more lectures, or fewer lectures; certainly making ourselves less conspicuous. They no longer encourage the students to associate with us. We are definitely under a cloud.

Of course we do not really mind this a bit, for it gives us so much more time for our research. We shall discover more truth, write more books, give more lectures, and enjoy ourselves

more, generally. Let the deans have the students all to themselves — except a few choice spirits made for better things, to whom we will pass on the torch, confide the secret, commit the sacred flame. As an old Hebrew teacher once said, when he grew unpopular with the deans, 'I will bind up my testimony, and seal my teaching in the hearts of my disciples.'

Such a bright young man has just been graduated from our college. He had gone through college in twenty months, and passed all the examinations for his degree. Such a thing had not been heard of since Stefansson entered Iowa as a freshman, became a sophomore before Christmas, was a junior in the winter, and graduated with the senior class in June.

The young man explains his overwhelming success, the papers tell us, in the simplest possible way; he did it by staying away from class! The time thus saved he devoted to reading, which, it is said, he can do at the rate of a hundred pages an hour. He could thus absorb four or five books a day, or a shelf a week. One is reminded of John Manly, who, it is said, read the Harvard library not by shelves but a stack at a time.

It must not be supposed that this young B. A. was a mere recluse or grind — revolting thought! Not at all. He mingled freely with his fellows, debated, wrote, presided — shunning no one except the professors.

'There is no point,' he shrewdly observed, 'in attending classes if you can get the same information from a book.'

How true! The professors, having put all they know into their books, have made themselves superfluous. All that is now needed is deans and examiners, and of these the former are past their peak. For why consult with your dean about registering for courses you never mean to attend? Is not the syllabus enough? There are the bibli-

ographies, carefully assorted into 'recommended' and 'prescribed.' Read them through and then seek the face of the examiner. So simple has education become at last.

II

It is at once evident that the professor is on the wane. He can still write books, of course, supposing anything remains which he has not yet put into print. But there cannot be much of that, and, unless he sees the handwriting on the wall and stops writing, as a species he is doomed. I hardly know which course he ought to pursue. He has already gone so far in putting down all he knows that it is probably too late to stop now. I know one professor who has put out three books this year. Suicidal course! But I think he perceives it himself, for he is already working up politics as a side line.

Politics! That's it! The universal profession. Perhaps that is the way out.

And yet, are politics such a refuge after all? Even in Washington, but yesterday the Valhalla of professors, where it seemed they reveled and drank deep, making wild wassail all the day long — even in Washington the *Professoren-dämmerung* has been observed. Indeed, professors of our acquaintance recently escaped thence loudly proclaim that the twilight was first reported there. It is, they say, none of your romantic, velvety crepuscules, but a dark, wintry variety that there prevails, more chilling and forbidding than any elsewhere known.

I do not think so. Only last Christmas, as I stood with other patriots in Lafayette Square watching the President, as Santa Claus, lighting the Christmas tree, I felt a friendly hand on my shoulder: one more colleague gone political. How he towered above the puny Washingtonians, a Viking figure in the winter's dusk! But there was no dusk about him; all glad con-

fident morning, as far as I could see. I had never seen him looking better, and from what he said he seemed likely to stay on there indefinitely — or, say, until 1941.

But, happy as we are in politics, the newspapers for some reason do not like to have us go into them; and if there is one sound basic maxim in American life it certainly is 'You must please the newspapers.' Or, at any rate, you must not displease them. Many professors do not realize this, — in fact, few do, — which may be one reason why our day in politics has been so brief.

It has long been recognized that the newspapers are the index of public opinion, and it is a sobering reflection that in this whole region the professor is fading into his twilight. No doubt politics have something to do with it. From the days of Woodrow Wilson professors have been getting into politics more and more, and the journalists do not like this. They feel that the field of politics is their province and that professors should keep out of it. They may be right.

But, whatever the cause, the professor is no longer respected and admired by the newspapers. This is a painful truth, but there is no denying it. Not only the news columns, but the editorials agree that the professor is about done for. There comes a time when the newspaper 'artists,' as they are quaintly called, awaken to the attitudes of their chiefs and begin to chime in. So the poor professor appears in caricature. His tattered academic gown flaps about his bony knees, and his battered mortar board perches awkwardly upon his tousled hair, as he goes busily about his supposed task of undermining the Constitution, unbalancing the budget, sapping our institutions, upsetting our industries, and corrupting our youth. What an interesting book of such cartoons one might easily collect out of our favorite

journals, the *Morning Sunshine* and the *Evening Benediction*.

All in all, judged by this most infallible register of public attitudes, the professor's popularity is on the wane. The papers prove it. And as the papers do everything for us, — find the bandits, try the cases, tell everybody what to do, — and we all fall into line, this attitude of theirs would seem to settle it. They have had enough of us.

III

It is now dreadfully clear that we should never have taken to writing books at all. We have simply given ourselves away. We should have remained the dear old inarticulate chaps *our* professors were. They builded better than they knew. We should have kept our information to ourselves, except in the classroom. As it is, one copy of your book, — containing, of course, all you know on the subject, — can serve a hundred students, who can read and absorb it at the rate of one hundred pages an hour, in the library. For this you receive a royalty of, say, twenty-five cents — or five cents a year, if it lasts five years.

This is immensely better for the college than hiring you at some absurd figure — like three, five, or even seven thousand dollars a year — to teach, as it used to be called, although, as we have seen, you were only wasting the students' time and prolonging the expense of their education.

Of course we shall still need librarians, to find the books for the students and put them away safely after the reading is over. Librarians, and examiners — it seems to simmer down to that. And, oh yes! There will have to be someone to write the syllabi — that is, to revise them from time to time as new facts are added to the list, and to add new books to the bibliographies and strike off the old ones. But

for the old-fashioned professor there is no place in the educational New Deal. He has had his day, which is now fading into twilight.

What a fine day it has been — beginning with Socrates, and his disciples, shall we say? He was a wise old chap, who never wrote a line, leaving that big mistake to his prize pupil Plato. Aristotle was another one who thought he knew better than Socrates. Not so Epictetus. He wrote nothing at all, and one of his students afterward published his notes, which now pass for Epictetus.

The result of this was that Socrates and Epictetus were never out of employment. They had never made the mistake of putting all they had to say into handy little syllabi to be bought at any news stand for twenty-five or thirty obols. If they had to attend classes, so had their pupils, Plato, Arrian, and the rest, no matter how clever they might be. Nowadays only the professors have to observe this degrading practice.

And well for them it is, too, I say. For even though, as we are loudly assured, the students learn nothing from such meetings with the professors, the professors may gather something in the way of novel information from the students. And is this a matter of no significance or moment? I venture to propound the educational doctrine that the student who does not attend class regularly is not doing his academic duty by his professor, in the way of freshening him up, stirring up the sluggish, not to say stagnant, currents of his mind, and getting him in touch with modern ways of life and thought generally. Yes, until the student has put all he has to say into books, he is not doing his part unless he is faithfully attending his appointments with his professor and in a hundred little ways keeping the old fellow up to date.

It is now the practice at Commence-

ment, in institutions of learning of the truly modern type, to gather the president and the man who got his degree quickest before the camera, and take a flashlight of them for the instruction of the public. Of course, when the candidate has taken to the woods a fortnight earlier, this plan breaks down. Still, it is a good one, and shows the people how fast the higher education can be imparted by our improved methods. Thus, one year ago, the record was two years from freshman to B. A. This year it is twenty months. The new record holder declares, however, that if he had it to do again he could make it in a quarter less — meaning either three months or five months, I do not know which. Let us say three months. Younger men, better advised by their deans, then, may be expected to finish next year in seventeen months.

Yet how vain is human ambition! For there was Stefansson, out in Iowa years ago, doing it all in nine. Something tells me we shall strain after that dusty record for a good while in vain.

IV

There may possibly be one thing, though, that the students — or shall we not now call them readers? — cannot get from the professors' books. What the latter know they do indeed put in their books, but not how they know it. That must, I suppose, be learned from them directly. And I know from personal experience how much a professor enjoys telling how he found out some peculiarly recondite thing he is supposed to have discovered.

No, the young reader who never meets his professors may indeed know all they know, but he will not know how they know it. Yet why should he? He has the facts. And how delightful it is that education has at last settled down into a definite body of facts and

fancies, which can just be printed in books and learned at home or at Palm Springs or Palm Beach, in an agreeable climate, in preparation for the momentous rendezvous with the examiner. None of the awkward old techniques to master, no more great argument about it and about, no more doubt, hesitation, and pain; only the solid sediment of fact, fixed, concrete, satisfactory. It really begins to look as though education had at last arrived.

But even as the shadows lengthen over us professors, and the clouds thicken in the west, through a little rift in them, like a last ray of parting sunshine, comes the incident of our village elephant. No hollow symbol he, but a genuine *Elephas africanus*, a creature of flesh and blood — to the amount of 3500 pounds, in fact. You must have read of him in the papers. How, voyaging to our shores against his will from his native Tanganyika lowlands, young Tembo, only four years old, had broken his tusks, which thereupon set up a prodigious aching at the roots, a sort of toothache on a grand scale.

Who then could be found to soothe and heal the anguished monster? No politician, no editor of the *Morning Sunshine* or the *Evening Benediction*, no professional patriot from the North Shore — not one of these could medicate the elephantine pain. But only a professor, the last of his race, who stood forth alone to draw the infection from the fevered jaw and make young Tembo his old jaunty self again.

The shadows deepen. The curtain falls. The professors depart. But, should tusk-ache again affect the pride of our local zoo, then let the politicians, the editors, and the professional patriots from the North Shore gather thickly around to comfort him as best they can. For the professor, who alone could cure him, will be gone. Perhaps the elephant, at any rate, will miss him.

PRIVATE FORTUNES AND THE PUBLIC FUTURE

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

I

WE have been hearing a good deal during recent months regarding the virtues and the defects of 'rugged individualism,' so called, and 'private initiative,' so called. The champions of both are apparently unaware of the fact that in a country which has written constitutions, courts, and majority rule neither 'rugged individualism' nor 'private initiative' flourishes uncontrolled to greater or lesser extent by public interest. To take a single instance, the 'rugged individualists' apparently forget that the Interstate Commerce Law, passed in the Cleveland Administration and subsequently modified and enlarged, has made the existence of another Jay Gould an absolute impossibility, just as believers in private initiative forget the outrageous abuses which led to the enactment of the law. Similarly, believers in private initiative may fail to remember that state and municipal governments have set up standards in health, industry, education, and other fields, to which individuals must conform. On the one hand, uncontrolled individualism is an anachronism; on the other hand, private beneficence still has large scope.

Inasmuch as, at the present time, regulation by the central government at Washington and the prevention of abuse by the central government at Washington have become so prominent,

it is perhaps worth while to point out some of the things that have been accomplished by private initiative as well as some of the things which we cannot in America here and now accomplish by extreme centralization of power. The outcome, as I see it, under our present economic system, is certainly for a long time to come a middle path which will allow and encourage opportunity for individual development and expression and yet prevent abuses which grow up unless somewhere there resides the power to expose and to check greed or folly.

Let me begin by giving an example of something that has been accomplished by wise, devoted, and far-sighted individuals in their capacity as private citizens, which would probably never have been done by a central government itself and for the achievement of which the particular individuals in question could not have been drafted by governmental agencies.

Quite recently a large assembly gathered in the City of New York to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Montefiore Hospital for Chronic Diseases. This institution was established fifty years ago by a group of devoted and grateful men and women and by them dedicated to the relief of suffering humanity. It took its name from a wise and great philanthro-

pist whose whole life had been devoted to human welfare. The institution began inconspicuously in a small house with accommodations for some twenty-odd chronic patients. In the half century since it was established it has so grown that it is now no longer a home for hopeless incurables but a hospital to which chronic sufferers are sent in the hope and expectation that they will receive either relief or cure. From its small and inconspicuous beginning it has come to be the largest hospital in the world for the care, treatment, and study of chronic diseases. Its patients are no longer merely bedridden men and women, but human beings chronically but by no means all hopelessly ill, ranging in age from two or three up to ninety or even higher. It contains laboratories for the study of chronic diseases directed by one of the most distinguished experimental pathologists in this country. Its medical and surgical services are under the most expert direction obtainable in Greater New York. From the score of beds in the little house in which it began, it has expanded until it now cares for upwards of one thousand patients in comfort. Attached to it is a school for the younger patients, and in the country a convalescent home to which those who have been measurably benefited may be sent for further convalescence.

Montefiore Hospital is a costly undertaking. Its costs are high, not only in respect to money, but in respect to devotion and interest. The money, the devotion, the interest, come from those who are grateful for their own good fortune in life or who wish to perpetuate the memory of friends and relatives who have passed away. Its current conduct is in the hands of unremunerated men and women who seek nothing for themselves, not even prominence or thanks, who desire nothing more than the satisfaction of consecrating as much of their time and energy and thought

and means as possible to the realization of a beneficent purpose.

This institution is only one of hundreds — hospitals, schools, universities, museums, orchestras, and various associations — which relieve the state of part of its burden, and which, I venture to say, as a general rule carry on more economically and more effectively than similar institutions which are managed by public authorities. I do not say this in criticism of the work of public authorities; but it is obvious that, if public authority is burdened by the mass of its responsibilities, in consequence of the mere mass of responsibilities more or less red tape must be employed, and that the diversion of responsibility into private hands not only relieves the state but tends to establish ideals which are stimulating to those entrusted with public responsibility. Centralization of some kind is in a country like ours, and indeed in every modern country, inevitable, indispensable, and desirable; but if one studies the history of higher education or philanthropies in the United States one observes that almost invariably the standards were set, in the first place, by institutions under private control, and that when these institutions have proved what is feasible the task of public authorities in establishing and enforcing these standards everywhere has been made enormously easier. On the other hand, both the state and the private organizations can do and have done much to expose and remedy abuses in industry and philanthropy, so called.

I cannot within the limits of this paper enumerate the institutions privately endowed, supported, and managed which have long played and still play a leading rôle in American philanthropy and American education, but I can perhaps bring the point home to my readers if I specify Harvard, Yale, Columbia, the University of Chicago,

Princeton, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American Museum of Natural History, the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, the Philadelphia Museum, the Philharmonic Symphony Society, great hospitals like the Johns Hopkins, the Peter Bent Brigham, Mount Sinai, the Presbyterian, the New York, and the Michael Reese, the adult education movement, and similar institutions and activities situated, managed, and privately maintained in every city and in every state of the Union. I do not for a moment forget that the nation, the several states, and cities have made and are making splendid contributions to philanthropy and education; I wish only to call attention to the fact that we in America cannot afford to overlook the important rôle played by voluntary effort in setting up higher standards in education, in public health, in the practice of medicine, in the development of art, and in social welfare by institutions which would probably never have existed but for private initiative and voluntary effort.

We happen to be living in an era when, in consequence of human gullibility and fallibility, the world has been overtaken by panic and distress such as private initiative alone cannot cope with. To an extent that could previously never have been expected the cities, the states, and the central government have been compelled to undertake to provide relief where voluntary agencies have been unequal to the task. I have no criticism to make on this score. It is a splendid and inspiring thing that at a time of great social crisis the American nation has found itself possessed of a form of government which can relieve the poor, clothe the naked, and provide support for the unemployed; but at this very moment when the government is doing all that it can humanly do in these various directions it behooves us to remember

the essence of our tradition of private effort and benefaction. There is not a country in the world that does not envy us the spirit which led the first settlers of New England to found Harvard College on their own initiative, and which from that day to this has led to the creation and support of one great institution after another devoted to the cultivation of science and art or to the pursuit of some form of organized philanthropy. The energy and devotion which have for three hundred years been applied to private philanthropy are, under our American system of government, largely unavailable for public life. The men and women who quietly and unostentatiously have built up the institutions which I have named have no relish for the rough-and-tumble of public life under democratic conditions. Shall this courage and this devotion still find an adequate means of expression, or shall they be allowed to run largely to waste as they do run to waste in so many countries in the Old World?

II

Let me give a concrete example of the way in which, in this country, private initiative not only has performed enormous social service, but has enabled government itself to incorporate social service thus achieved in the very substance of our body politic.

There was in America, in 1890, no medical school which could by any possibility be compared with the leading medical faculties of the Germany of that date and subsequently. There were, however, in this country and in Canada, one hundred and fifty-five medical schools, almost all of them totally without the facilities or the ideals which at the same period prevailed in Germany. These were mainly private undertakings uncontrolled by law or public opinion — a fine example of one sort of thing that uncontrolled

private institutions may do. Sporadic efforts had been made during the previous half century in various places and by various organizations to effect radical improvements in medical education. Viewed in the light of what has been accomplished since 1890, these sporadic efforts accomplished very little indeed. But about 1890 an epoch-making event took place. With funds provided by a simple, farseeing Baltimore merchant, the Johns Hopkins Medical School and the Johns Hopkins Hospital were established as integral parts of a university, itself the first of its kind in this country. Private initiative did something in Baltimore at that time that neither the central federal government nor a state government nor a municipal government could possibly have accomplished then or now. Private initiative, furnished with funds by a great benefactor, set up out of hand a hospital and a medical school, to the faculty and staff of which the best-trained men obtainable in the whole world were called, neither local pull nor local influence playing the slightest part: Dr. Welch, who had been trained in Breslau and Strassburg; Dr. Osler, who had been trained in the great London hospitals, in Paris, and in Germany; Dr. Halsted, who had been trained in Switzerland and in Germany; Dr. Kelly, who had been trained in Germany; Dr. Mall, Dr. Abel, Dr. Howell, and others who brought to this country from abroad ideals up to that time unknown. Modestly and inconspicuously, they gathered about themselves a small group of disciples eager to develop scientific medicine. Many of the students of that era are now themselves occupied in the conduct of great scientific enterprises in medicine. The example set in Baltimore spread like an epidemic. The men trained in Baltimore were medical missionaries who carried into our great universities new ideals of medical

teaching, medical research, and hospital organization.

Within fifteen years or less a distinct cleft appeared; there were on the one side institutions struggling to reproduce the spirit and the effort characteristic of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, and there were on the other side institutions upon which this spirit had made no impression. But soon professional as well as public opinion began to be interested. The eyes of state legislators were opened. Instead of the low standards under which it had previously been possible for both private initiative and state universities to conduct medical education and medical practice, a concerted effort was suddenly made which almost in the twinkling of an eye transformed both; the schools that had learned little or nothing began to shrivel and die away. The states which had formerly licensed illiterates, who had merely listened to didactic lectures, now began to limit the practice of medicine to those who had been properly prepared and properly trained. Within a decade our one hundred and fifty-five medical schools shrank to little more than fifty, and the total resources applied to the conduct of medical schools and hospitals increased from a relatively insignificant sum to hundreds of millions. All this was, in the first place, the result of private effort, private initiative, and private gifts. One individual alone contributed fifty millions of dollars to the general cause of improving medical education and perhaps as much to the creation of an institution for medical research.

A new ideal had been created and realized in Baltimore. It was at first voluntarily taken over in Boston, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in Nashville, in Rochester, and elsewhere. At length the universities maintained by the states realized that they must participate in this same

movement. Something very substantial had already been accomplished, to be sure, in Michigan and in Wisconsin under the leadership of a Johns Hopkins graduate, but there was no general movement on the part of the state universities beyond the necessary elevation of the standards of medical practice until in 1922 — only thirteen years ago — the State of Iowa, whose medical school had up to that time been practically worthless, joined a private foundation in raising \$5,000,000 for the building of an entirely new medical school and hospital and increased the state support of the medical school and hospital from something like \$50,000 a year to a sum exceeding \$1,000,000 a year. It was private effort and private money and private devotion and private initiative that in this instance set the pace, and it is this same private effort and private initiative and private devotion and private means that have created, maintained, and elevated the other institutions I have mentioned.

But the story I have just told is something more than a story of private beneficence, for it was, as I have pointed out in passing, unrestrained and unregulated private effort that led to the outrageous conditions which private effort so largely corrected. How did private effort correct its own excesses and abuses? It corrected them by setting an example, by stimulating emulation, and then by governmental action on the part of the several states which incorporated in statutory form standards of efficiency that had been worked out largely by private institutions after the abuses of unrestrained and uncontrolled private institutions had been mercilessly exposed. In reference, therefore, to private beneficence and philanthropy itself, government has a very distinct service to perform, for, as social standards are elevated and refined, laws can be made and must be made which will place behind the high-

est types of effort the authority of the state. Our federal form of government fosters emulation and initiative. Thus private effort and public effort are in no wise incompatible. There is no inconsistency between the existence of institutions under private initiative, support, and control and the existence of publicly maintained institutions of the same character and of equal quality. On the contrary, state and private efforts are complementary. Unless private means continue to exist, the rôle hitherto played in our history by private enterprise in education, in art, and in philanthropy is doomed to shrink in importance and perhaps ultimately to disappear.

III

A closely parallel example also can be cited. As long ago as 1865, Matthew Arnold — and later others in their capacity of private individuals, though Arnold held office as a school inspector — began a devastating criticism of secondary education in England. Little of a fundamental nature was accomplished by either private or governmental agencies between 1865 and 1895, when Robert (later Sir Robert) Morant entered the Board of Education, as it was then constituted. Morant, who was one of the really great British civil servants, thereupon began an exhaustive and detailed study of the chaotic conditions prevailing in elementary and secondary education in Great Britain. He was a man of the highest ideals and enormous driving power. It is no secret that the revolution in English education which took place between 1895 and 1902, in the face of terrific opposition from both dissenters and churchmen, was due to the skillful parliamentary management of Mr. Balfour, who relied absolutely upon Morant for the details and the strategy which he evolved in presenting a bill that transformed elemen-

tary and secondary education in Great Britain. In this instance we witness a movement started by private individuals and then taken up by a democratic government which placed all its power behind a far-reaching educational reorganization. To-day elementary and secondary education in Great Britain is admirably conducted by both voluntary and governmental agencies, inspected, supervised, and in part financially sustained by the general government. It would probably be impossible to find a better example of the successful outcome of coöperation between private individuals and government than is exemplified in the great educational reform which will always be associated with the name of Sir Robert Morant and which may well prove to be the most lasting achievement of Mr. Balfour in the sphere of statesmanship.

It is therefore a mistake to view private effort and governmental regulation as opposed to one another. Results are happiest when the two work together, when tolerance, education, and honest publicity prevail. What law can accomplish depends in large measure upon the state of public opinion, which in its turn is very largely the product of individual and coöperative effort. If, for example, law by itself could have enforced conditions against which public opinion ran, the South would have been reconstructed after the Civil War according to the ideas of Thaddeus Stevens. As a matter of fact, after some ten or fifteen years of effort to accomplish by law a result which ran against public opinion in the South, President Hayes withdrew the Federal troops from the states which had been in rebellion, and ever since they have done as they pleased. I should suppose there is no doubt in the mind of any human being that the relations between the two sections of the Union would even to-day be far better and the South would have been far more highly de-

veloped if the more generous and magnanimous policy of Lincoln and Johnson had been followed immediately after the close of the Civil War. So, in our own recent experience, no one questions the importance of temperance, and a minority has always believed in the efficacy of prohibition; but there is little doubt that the most disastrous attack upon both temperance and prohibition was made by the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment.

A democratic government is self-governmental in an extreme sense. Men engaged in business must make it absolutely impossible for others similarly engaged to indulge in practices that lower the tone of social life; otherwise government will intervene and it will not be deterred by asseverating that intervention will make matters worse — witness the situation in respect to child labor, public utilities, holding companies, and so forth. When ideals have, however, been established by those who have character, intelligence, ability, and public spirit, they can to a varying extent be incorporated in the law, but our main reliance ought in the first instance to be upon the quality of the individual, and we should be able largely to leave to him the means by which he can carry forward, as only groups of congenial and devoted men can locally carry forward, the pace-setting enterprises upon which the level of civilization actually depends. But let us not forget that one Kreuger may do more damage than a thousand honorable men can offset.

There is, however, another aspect in which private beneficence and governmental action become curiously intertwined. Surveying not only remote but recent history, one finds instances where something like private rapacity has cloaked itself under a philanthropic garb. I need not say that I am no apologist for the unsocial or antisocial acquisition of wealth, for sweatshops,

child labor, the twelve-hour law, the seven-day week, or any other device which men have at one time or another believed to be necessary to the maintenance of a given industry. Indeed, an industry which needs such conditions for its maintenance had far better be allowed to perish.

A conspicuous example of the abuse of private power under the guise of rendering a public service is furnished by the so-called Duke Foundation. The Duke Foundation supports the Duke Endowment, the income of which goes to maintain education and public health in certain of the Southern States; the Doris Duke Trust, the income of which goes to an individual; and certain other beneficiaries. In 1933 the Duke Power Company paid out in dividends about four millions of dollars. Of this sum less than half a million went to the philanthropic purposes of the Duke Foundation, a little more than half a million went to the beneficiary of the Doris Duke Trust, and something upwards of three millions went to other persons or institutions. Under the present administration the local authorities of Greenwood County in South Carolina asked the Public Works Administration for a loan of approximately three million dollars with which to construct a power plant. This loan is opposed by the Duke Power Company on the ground that the income of the Power Company would be reduced and its benefactions would be largely effaced. No mention, however, so I am told, has been made of several important facts: —

1. That over 80 per cent of the new power would be sold to consumers who are not now served by the Duke Power Company.

2. That the total loss of business by the Duke Power Company would probably not exceed one third of 1 per cent of the business now done by that company.

3. That the philanthropic contribution of the Duke Endowment is only about one third of the income derived from the Duke Power Company.

The private beneficence of the Duke Power Company is therefore hardly comparable to the good that might be accomplished if the citizens of Greenwood County of South Carolina were enabled to own and operate their own power company.

IV

Civilization is forever on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, its very existence seems to be impossible without the existence somewhere in society of both abundance and leisure. On the other hand, through the whole history of the human race it is obvious that abundance and leisure have often been purchased at too high a price. Feudalism produced much that is absolutely invaluable in the history of human culture. As it happened, too little was known of public health and all other pertinent matters to procure widespread material welfare during the feudal era, but it is none the less a fact that the price paid by human beings for the beautiful things which we owe to the feudal system was far higher than most persons at present realize. Within the lifetime of many still living there existed similarly abundance and leisure and a charming type of civilized life in our own Southern States; but the country decided, rightly as all now believe, that slavery was far too high a price to pay for it. Slavery was abolished, and a particular type of culture and a particular way of living came to a sudden and total end. A not dissimilar problem faces us to-day. We value civilization and culture. We realize, as I have argued, that they cannot be obtained unless abundance and leisure exist. There are dangers on both sides of the road that we travel, as there are

always ditches on both sides of every road. The middle road approved by the Greek philosophers is perhaps our safest and surest path. Complete governmental control involves the dangers of repression, red tape, partisanship, and these dangers become greater as the area of a country enlarges — witness Russia, Germany, Italy. On the other hand, uncontrolled private initiative has developed abuses that are absolutely incompatible with a high social and moral sense. At the moment it is important to this country to emphasize the fact that the rôle of private effort has not been exhausted and that, unless we are to abandon all our traditions in government, in philanthropy, and in education, it cannot be abandoned. While, therefore, I do not lose sight of the efforts made by municipal, state, and federal governments to improve our social life, I cannot forget the vast debt that we owe and must be enabled to continue to owe to those thousands and hundreds of thousands who have contributed small means as well as large to building up institutions of learning, museums, and hospitals which represent the high-water mark of our civilization.

These facts bear directly on the plausible and, I suspect, largely fallacious schemes for abolishing poverty and sharing wealth through sudden and drastic use of the power of taxation. The institutions which are indispensable to higher education and philanthropy rely largely on the benefactions of private individuals; if these are stripped of the results of honest accumulations by taxation, death duties, inheritance taxes, and so forth, where are Harvard and Yale and Princeton to procure the funds needed for their development?

I am not arguing in favor of 'malefactors of great wealth'; I am merely calling attention to a point of central importance, no mention of which I

happen to have noticed: that, if sudden and revolutionary measures are to be taken, somehow leeway must be left so that the main agencies of education and civilization are not hamstrung where they now are. For civilization and education are both expensive and capricious. While the efficiency of city, state, and national government has probably improved, local interests and lobbies have also become more and more formidable. In a vast and diverse nation, the highest interests — social or intellectual — cannot safely be left either to government alone or to private agencies alone. Abuse must as far as possible be prevented at any cost; surely all that is humanly possible in this direction can be done without making it impossible for a future Johns Hopkins to enlarge or establish a future Johns Hopkins University! And the need, present and future, of increased endowments, managed, let us hope, with ever-increasing wisdom and devotion, is not likely to diminish in any future that can be foreseen by persons familiar with the activities and influences at work in the various states from Maine to California, from Wisconsin to Louisiana. As long as 'human integration is not complete' — I am quoting the words of Sir Henry Head — society is likely to do best if various outlets and methods of expression and criticism are left open.

I should perhaps, in this connection, say a word about social and economic planning. It is obvious that in these days science, investigation, and industry cannot be allowed to run wild. The era of *laissez faire*, long since more and more modified, is forever closed. But let us do it justice. In a recent paper, Professor Wesley Mitchell writes as follows: —

After all detractions are made, the historical fact remains that, in the countries which have given wide scope to private initiative since Adam Smith presented his

momentous argument for *laissez faire*, the masses of mankind attained a higher degree of material comfort and a larger measure of liberty than at any earlier time of which we have knowledge, or under any other form of organization which mankind has tried out in practice. These blessings of relative abundance and freedom arise from the rapid application of scientific discoveries to the humdrum work of the world, and that application has been effected mainly by men who were seeking profits. In societies organized on the basis of making money, *laissez faire* put the stupendous drive of private gain behind the industrial revolution. Further, the capital required for building machines, factories, railroads, steamships, electrical equipment, and the like, was accumulated mainly from profits made by business men and investors and used, not to satisfy their own wants, but to provide new equipment for production. As Adam Smith argued, in pursuing their private gain business men were led to promote the public welfare.

Those who speak in general terms of social and economic planning seem to me in danger of forgetting how easily their calculations may be upset by scientific genius or by invention, not primarily driven by the profit motive, though often resulting in considerable fortunes — and also by the emergence of exceptional men. Planning might conceivably have been proposed in, let us say, the year 1910. How would it have been possible to bring together at that time a group of men, assuming that the wisest, most unselfish, and most farseeing could have been assembled under governmental authority, — itself an unwarranted and very improbable assumption, — how would it have been possible, I ask, to bring together in 1910 a group competent to devise any kind of plan that would not have become an almost insuperable hindrance long before the year 1935? Mr. H. A. L. Fisher calls attention to the ‘play of the contingent and the unforeseen’ in the ‘development of human destinies.’ To an extent greater than per-

haps we realize, society lives from hand to mouth. In the field of ideas alone do we partially transcend improvisation, but even within the field of ideas our foresight has been greatly limited by the progress of science and by the development of high social ideals. The planner must deal with unknown contingencies at home and abroad, with future discoveries, with fallible as well as ideal human beings.

Mr. E. L. Woodward, in a recent and most illuminating book entitled *French Revolutions*, points out that what one learns from history is not ‘lessons’ but ‘wisdom.’ There are wise ways in which to deal with the problems, mostly unpredictable, which emerge from time to time, often with startling and unexpected suddenness and rapidity. It is not without significance that no Cæsar or Napoleon has ever founded a government which lasted beyond his own lifetime. The Mussolinis, the Stalins, the Hitlers, find themselves compelled to suppress everything that America values most highly in order temporarily to accomplish their ends. How substantial and valuable these ends may be no one can now foretell, though there are many who would be willing to risk their reputation as prophets on the outcome. Within the last ten years there have been moments when democracies, all more or less inefficient, were thought to have had their day. I venture to believe that the autocracies created within the last few years have made the world safer for democracy than it ever was before. But democracy implies a sort of easy-going form of government which gives abundant elbowroom for tolerance, agitation, and individual effort as well as for action on the part of the state. There is a vast amount that we now know which can be put into effect partly by state and partly by private organization and initiative, but there are untold developments which neither

a democracy nor an autocracy can foresee and for which there must be leeway in every modern state.

As far as our own history and the history of England prove anything, they show that institutions under private management are more apt to be immediately responsive to pressure and publicity than institutions which are governed by legislatures. To be sure, institutions under private management, such as universities, are not immune from failure or folly. Our own universities, for example, have wasted money and energy, but they have simultaneously attained the highest possible level in the search for truth and in devotion to the public good. Any governmental or economic policy which cuts short their development by destroying private wealth will in the long run cost civilization more than it can possibly achieve in any other direction.

The truth would seem to be that, on the one hand, the area of governmental activity, control, and inspection has largely grown with the increasing complexity of social and economic life, and is doubtless destined still further to increase; it is limited by the difficulties inherent in democratic and all other forms of government. The difficulties may be generally grouped under such terms as 'politics,' 'bureaucracy,' and 'internal friction.' Simultaneously, however, the area open to private initiative and benefaction has been similarly enlarged. As men become more civilized and more sensitive, there are always activities, interests, and duties which as individuals and in groups they will be increasingly eager to discharge in their own way. It might even be maintained that the level of a given civilization can perhaps be measured by the extent of private initiative, private responsibility, private organization in all the fields open to human culture.

If this or something like it be true, economic equalitarianism or anything approaching it, even if obtainable, might well be just as fatal to the highest interests of society as would be the suppression of individual effort through the needless and uncritical expansion of centralized governmental activities. Lord Haldane once remarked to the writer, 'In human affairs nothing is ever good or bad except in the balance.' These words may be applied to the current controversies between those who favor governmental action and those who favor private initiative. It is not necessary to be logical or consistent. Every case can be weighed on its merits. There are certain fundamental considerations that ought not in any event to be disregarded. Governments are apt to be open to political influence, and in a country like America all problems — private and public — are in danger of being too big. Justice Brandeis has rightly insisted that bigness taken by itself is really a curse. On the other hand, private beneficence may be the outgrowth of absolutely unsocial and unworthy activities pursued over a long space of time. Public opinion and governmental authorities have got in the last instance to judge whether individuals shall be allowed to pursue certain courses of activity which may result in the piling up of fortunes which may or may not be ultimately devoted in whole or in part to philanthropic enterprise. The accumulation of fortunes through foresight, unusual capacity, energy, thrift, and native honorable shrewdness is in itself no crime. On the contrary, as I have shown above, fortunes so accumulated may be made the sources from which great philanthropic, cultural, and beneficent enterprises ultimately flow, though at the same time one must beware of the practices that cost the community more than they return.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MEDICAL HISTORY

WHEN I was a child, I found it embarrassing to be asked by other children, 'Who is your doctor?' Because we did n't have a doctor, and I knew even then that it was not respectable to be ill without benefit of professional attention.

The medical history of our family was rather odd. It all went back to Grandmother, who thought that ill health was unattractive, not to say disgraceful. Your health, she said, is of no possible interest to anyone but yourself, and when people ask, 'How are you?' the last thing they expect or wish is to be told. People who were engaged in building themselves up filled her with a disgust only secondary to the repulsion she felt for people who described their unpleasing symptoms, and people who took medicine in the dining room were not invited to her house, nor would she go to theirs. Her descendants, under her influence, fell into two general schools of thought; about half of them were stoics, never admitting to a disease until they fell down under it, and the other half were thwarted hypochondriacs.

Father belonged to the latter group; if he had not been so horribly afraid of doctors, he would have been constantly in their hands. His case was pitiful. Suffering from a thousand imaginary complaints, unable to talk about them because his mother said it was all so uninteresting, and afraid to avail himself of expert advice, he made matters worse for himself by marrying Mother, whose father and three brothers were surgeons and who had that distrust of the medical profession which a woman must feel when sharp knives have been placed in the hands of four of her irresponsible male relatives. She had seen too much of these men of science and heard too much of their light-hearted experimentation to feel any confidence in their ministrations.

So we survived our childish diseases without professional care, and consequently our

attitude toward illness, being neither scientific nor conventionally humanitarian, was natural in an unpleasing degree. We did not actually turn against whichever member of the family was suffering, as a herd will turn on a sick cow and gore her to death, but anyone who was ill became aware of an unpleasant and hostile atmosphere. I never cared for the light in the eye of my next of kin when I was lying helpless in bed. Mother was not actually unkind to us when we were sick, but she had been through a good deal with Father's hypochondria and had no intention of encouraging it in her offspring. She did not, for instance, try to tempt our failing appetites. She would stand in the doorway as far away from the sickbed as possible and inquire if we wanted anything for lunch. If, in the wan hope that sweetbreads or a wine jelly would be suggested, we replied that we were not very hungry and certainly did not want a poached egg, she would nod acquiescently and fade quietly away. In due time no luncheon tray would arrive, and if we wanted anything for dinner we had to come right out and ask for it.

Consequently, whatever form our flights from reality may have taken, illness was not one of them. Illness was not a way to attract any desirable sort of attention in our family. It was taken for granted that we got sick to be annoying, and in any case we were probably putting it on, and if we were really sick we undoubtedly had something loathsome and communicable. If we wandered around the house for several days, pale and listless and refusing food, someone would finally inquire in an accusing voice, 'What's the matter with you? Are you sick?' When we admitted that our ears rang and our legs ached and we had a queer pain here, our solicitous relative would remark acidly that in that case we had better stay in our own room — and not act that way around decent people, was the inference. If we persisted in our folly, Mother would say one day, 'If you are n't better to-

morrow, I shall send for a doctor.' She said this not to be helpful, but out of pure meanness; she knew that, like our craven father, we were terrified at the idea of a doctor, and she was very contemptuous of our fears; she did not believe that doctors were intrinsically dangerous so long as one failed to follow their advice. We were usually better the next day, cured by the threat, or by Nature (of whom more later), or by one of the remedies Mother got out of her book.

It was a very thick book bound in calf, which mother used to consult when we came out in spots. It had been prepared for missionaries in the field and it dealt handsomely with all the ills the flesh is heir to. It was so horribly illustrated with pictures of the human interior that we used to alarm ourselves with it on rainy afternoons; it was more shocking in a way than the Bible illustrated by Doré, because the plates were colored and in sections that stood up separately, disclosing venous horrors one beneath the other, rather like that modern *divertissement* for juveniles, the Pop-up Books, except in subject matter. Our knowledge of pathology was consequently enormous and very inappropriate to our age, and it would have disturbed Mother if she had realized that we were going the way of our poor father and accumulating lore from which to manufacture imaginary complaints.

He was the only member of the family who worried about our childish illnesses, and he used to bring home cartons of patent medicines recommended to him by some enterprising drug-store clerk, which Mother would not permit him or us to use. This was the most desirable of the two forms his worry took; its other manifestation was that it made him extremely cross. The more he worried about us the worse he treated us, and it was hard to lie in bed swollen with hives and be scolded for an hour before he went to his office.

When he was worried about his own health he was even more terrible. The two ailments he had selected for himself as being easy to remember and much spoken of were pneumonia and a stroke, and when he went about for days pale, speechless, and scowling, we knew that he believed himself to be harboring one or another of these lethal complaints. He always had his strokes and

pneumonia fully dressed in the living room, because he believed that if he went to bed he would die. I think Mother used to be sorry for him in a detached way, because once, to put the poor fool out of his misery, she secretly summoned a doctor, instructing him to tell her husband that he had a slight touch of lumbago from working too hard in the garden (which was, indeed, the only genuine illness he ever had), but the doctor was not permitted to examine the patient, and was treated with such extreme rudeness that he left abruptly, assuring us he would never come back no matter what disaster befell us. To Father's secret regret, I am sure; because in a way the most fun he ever had was when at a rather advanced age he had to part with a tooth.

We had endured his frightful behavior while he was suffering, as usual, on the hearthrug in the living room as long as we could; until finally Mother made an appointment for him with a dentist who was experienced in handling difficult children. Once the tooth was out (and he confessed that they had to give him novocaine to get him into the dentist's office), his reserves broke under the nervous shock and he told the dentist all about the functional disorders from which he had suffered in secret for so many years. The dentist marveled at his delicate health and uncomplaining courage, and assured him that he would probably pick up now that the tooth was removed. It was one of the biggest teeth he had ever seen, he said admiringly, and Father had been quite brave about it compared with a famous football player who always cried in the chair. Father thought the dentist was a very sound man and would have liked to go back to him if he could ever have mustered up the courage.

It all went to show that Father and the medical profession might have been associated for years with mutual pleasure and benefit if he had not been driven by his wife's prejudices and his abject fears from the outlet of laying his little troubles periodically at the feet of some wise and kind physician. As it was, he was driven to a belief in the beneficence of Nature. He adopted a tag from Pope to the effect that 'Whatever is, is right,' and, as his children began to show signs that they would live to grow up, he stopped worrying and became

very philosophical about the sufferings of others. If we had a headache, or an infected finger, that was kind old Mother Nature helping us to get rid of poisons we had accumulated by our unnatural way of life (not subsisting on roots and nuts). There was a very trying period when he anointed himself with the best olive oil and lived on fruit and raw vegetables, but he also lived on whatever was served in the dining room, eating the more natural foods between meals, a diet which soon produced one of his strokes and was abandoned. But he retained his belief in Nature in preference to more conventional therapeutics.

He did not believe in inoculation because he was afraid of being stuck with a needle, and when the school authorities finally cornered us for purposes of vaccination he was convinced, having read Mr. Shaw on the subject, that the most that could be hoped for was that we should lose one limb apiece. He collected anecdotes of the horrible mistakes of doctors, how they sew up needles in their patients and take out the wrong organs and perform irresponsible amputations. He pointed with complacency to Mother's hay fever, which appeared punctually on August 15 and yielded to no treatment; there, he said, was a simple little thing that any veterinary should be able to deal with, but year after year, in spite of being injected with pollen and sent to distant climes, she went about sneezing and with streaming eyes. If they could n't cope with hay fever, how could he trust them with his enormously complicated secret diseases? At other times, when he was not using her complaint as a peg on which to hang his dissatisfaction with the medical profession, Father had been heard to remark that hay fever was purely mental. How could Nature's flowers do any harm to Nature's other children, such as Mother? It was therefore an imaginary disease, to which people of strong mind were not subject.

There was something very contagious about the attitude of our immediate ancestors toward illness, and in time we all acquired it. I never believed in my sister's dizzy spells, which occurred so regularly when she had a boring invitation or was asked to render a service; we disbelieved in my brother's whooping cough to such an ex-

tent that an epidemic was traceable to our doors (fortunately for the health of the community, we were fairly immune to contagious diseases), and no one believed in my hives, which were a vernal reality to me. The illnesses of our friends seemed very unreal; we should have been sick, too, if we could have been assured of such cossetting and pampering as they received. We never went to see them in the hospital because the smell of disinfectants frightened us, and we believed that we should be seized and operated upon (ugly phrase) if we entered the doors, over which hung a portrait of our grandfather, which, consequently, we have never seen.

So our conception of the medical profession is colored by the emotional attitudes of our parents; we are afraid of doctors, like Father, and we believe them to be light-minded and untrustworthy, as Mother does. We go to doctors now that we are grown up because we have not the courage to be as queer as our parents, and people look at you so oddly when you are sick and will not have a doctor; but we have never received a very accurate diagnosis of any of our complaints from the specialists we consult because we do not tell them the truth about our symptoms. We have too much sense for that. From our childish research in Mother's calf-bound book we know where it is inadvisable to have a pain, and we never confess to one in any of these regions.

THE MAGICAL NUMBER 9

NUMBER 9 was first brought to my attention as possessing unusual properties by a rather simple parlor trick. My host asked me to write down my telephone number, leaving off the exchange. This I did, and at his further advice I added two zeros after the number and subtracted the original number from this new figure. Thus:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 726700 \\ 7267 \\ \hline 719433 \end{array}$$

Then I was told to add the digits in the answer, the result being 27. The telephone book was brought forth, and, after turning

to page 27, I was instructed to look in the second column and to note the name and address 7 lines from the top of the page. This I did, and to my great surprise my host uttered the correct name and address.

Not daunted, however, I immediately thought that he had prepared himself for this trick, having already known my phone number. Asking him to repeat the performance, I offered a fictitious number, which was a good deal smaller than the first. When made to pass through the same procedure, this gave the following result: —

$$\begin{array}{r} 147900 \\ 1479 \\ \hline 146421 \end{array}$$

The sum of the digits equaled 18. The telephone book was again brought forth, and we turned to page 18, first column, 8 lines from the top of the page. My host once more uttered the correct name and address.

By this time I was bewildered as well as suspicious. No stretch of the imagination could make me believe that my host had memorized the telephone book! At a third attempt, again with a fictitious number, the result was: —

$$\begin{array}{r} 896700 \\ 8967 \\ \hline 887733 \end{array}$$

The summation of these digits equals 36; and on page 36 of the phone book, third column, 6 lines from the top, I read the correct name and address as my host recited them.

I hope that by this time the reader is more advanced in the solution of the problem than I was. Upon repetition of the trick, however, I discovered that 18, 27, and 36, multiples of 9, were the only numbers ever obtained from the summation of the resulting digits, and to my great relief I realized that my host had to memorize only three names with their corresponding addresses.

Upon investigating this problem, using smaller figures than telephone numbers, it became clear that any number subtracted from another number which is 10 or 100 times the original number will result in a

figure whose digits total 9 or a multiple of 9.

When the problem is so put, the reason is obvious, but its practical application to the telephone book makes a very good trick with which to mystify one's friends.

ORDEAL BY CAMP FIRE

FOR those who need, or think they need, an excuse for going on a camping trip, let me propose such an expedition as a substitute for a trial marriage. Let the prospective bride see how the prospective husband will stand up under the test of actual life as found in a week or so of camping. The experience is bound to be illuminating from the very beginning. Let her make a note of what he says when he discovers that she is taking along two suitcases, a small trunk, and a hatbox. His remarks will indicate his ability to compromise in an emergency. Let her observe the expression on his face when he gets out in the mud to attend to a tire that has gone down for the third time. She will then be able to predict his behavior when the baby demands breakfast at two in the morning. Let her watch his efforts to coax a blaze into a bunch of wet kindling, or as he tries to predict which way the smoke will drift. If he smiles wanly and says, 'Dear me!' let her beware! He is a man of no spirit, or else an accomplished poseur. If, however, when he picks up a hot stone by mistake, or when he drowns out the fire with the pot of coffee, he really rises to a certain eloquence, let her again beware! Self-control and philosophic calm are of the first importance in a husband.

On the other hand, let the young man consider carefully what she may have to say when she discovers what the stewpan has done to her white skirt. If she takes the incident calmly, let him beware! A repressed desire to throw a fit is as dangerous as the fit itself. Or she may be one of those creatures who take no care of their clothes. But if she lets herself rave over a minor matter like that, what will she do after marriage when a waiter spills the soup into her lap? It's best not to take any risks whatever she does. Every little incident of camp life throws a brilliant light on the spiritual life of a man or woman. What he has to say about mosquitoes, what she has

to say about ants — these are things that should be jotted down for future consideration. Straws, even when you find them floating on the soup, will show which way the wind blows, and how hard.

But it is not only in little incidents that the most intimate glimpses of character are revealed. You swing round a bend in the highway and suddenly find yourself face to face with the majestic peak of Mount Shasta towering in a rosy glow of sunset. If she says, 'Is n't it wonderful! It looks just like a heaping plate of strawberry ice cream!' then you know at once that you have not met your true soul mate, and no wonder she weighs more than you do! Or again, you are clipping sweetly along, hoping to make Klamath Falls in time to camp by daylight, when she grabs your arm. 'Oh, George! Do stop! I saw the cunningest little Mariposa lily by that rock back there!' And then you back up a quarter of a mile and she gets out to examine a tomato can that has been left by some camper a week or so ago! And even if it had been a lily, this is no time of the day to stop and pick posies! This is a world where a man has to hustle, and the question is whether a woman who is always stopping you to look at tomato cans is going to be much of a help.

And then, who would have a man that can't take his mind off the subject of eating? Here we are where we can see Mount Hood a hundred miles to the north and Mount Something-or-other a hundred miles to the south, with all the glittering snow peaks of the Cascades in between, and all he can think of is, How many cans of apricots did we bring, and will the bacon hold out till Sunday, and is that all the canned milk, and what about the bread? Here we stay in camp all morning mixing and frying pancakes! What he wants is a cook, not a wife!

On the other hand, what about the man who can't catch a good mess of trout when that fellow with the Model T in the brown lean-to tent brings in the limit every day? It's humiliating, to say the least. One wonders if he will be any more successful in bringing home the bacon after marriage. And one egg is all he wants for breakfast! And two pancakes! Does one want to spend a lifetime sitting opposite that sort of

eater? One would have to resort to solitary eating between meals, and a solitary eater is as bad as a solitary drinker. Better not marry a man who is afraid to look a T-bone in the face!

And what a grand opportunity it is for the prospective parents-in-law to find out whether the young man is a willing performer or not. 'We'll have a good fire this evening. There's a coolish wind off the lake.' You take your axe. You saw a dead cedar on the way in. It was just fallen and the brittle branches will be easy to knock to pieces. You rather pride yourself on your skill with the axe. You give one or two strokes. How good the axe feels as it settles into the wood! 'Here! Let me do it for you!' He does it for you. Thoughtful young fellow!

You begin toasting some bread by the fire. It is a quiet evening and the smoke goes straight up. The fire is fine for toasting. The cedar branches have sunk down into glowing cubes. It is a question whether it is more fun to make toast or to eat it. The question is settled for you. He relieves you of the toasting fork and kindly makes your toast for you. Thoughtful young fellow!

Never mind: you want a drink. You know where the lovely little spring is that bubbles out from under the old laurel. You enjoy going for that cup of water. It is a restful little nook and you want to listen to the stream. You will just slip away and leave those young things sitting on the cedar log in the moonlight talking. Just as you are setting out he grabs the vessel from your hand and hastens to get the water for you. He is so thoughtful! What a wonderful husband he will make for the little girl!

All right — never mind. While he is looking after the dishes you will have a shave. Surely that is a private and intimate sort of occupation that one might be allowed to do for one's self! But he is an expert at putting an edge on a razor; he can show you how to make a perfect lather in the hardest kind of water; he fixes the mirror in the tree just right for you. . . . If the daughter wants to marry a busy bee like that, all right! But you begin laying your plans for a solitary trip into Canada, where they have only mosquitoes.

Oh, camp life is the true test for congenial souls!

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN

(Continued from page 136)

'Are you going up the creek?' asked his wife.

They did n't say 'down the creek' any more.

'I reckon I will. Cal is out. I hear General Bullard; sounds like he's striking. Will you fetch me a snack, while I get the lantern?'

She had a lunch ready when the old man came up from the corner, with his hands full of Frances Cleveland and Billy Bryan and Old Hickory. 'I can't mind more than four, what with Benjy gone,' he told Adelaide, and put the lunch in his pocket and the bugle under his suspender strap. He went across the cabbage patch, with the rest of the Davis dogs wailing their grief behind him.

'Poor little folks,' he commiserated. 'You'll just have to be patient, I reckon. Benjy sure is gone a long time. It must be a mighty good moving picture.'

He saw the Royster lanterns opposite the line fence, and he let the dogs loose, one by one.

Bugle Ann shot into the lead. 'You find the pack, little lady!' Spring shouted at her. 'Find the pack if they come nigh. They got a long jump on you.'

Cal Royster chuckled in the shadows. 'Talk like she understood every word you said.'

'I wager she'll be up with them inside thirty minutes,' Spring responded. 'And anyway, likely she does know what's what. How could she help it, with that silver cornet the Lord bequeathed her?'

Del and Thomas were off with the Lancey girls again, but Bake and old Cal and Spring Davis all waded Heaven Creek and went up on the south end of the Divide to build their fire. The bugs were bad, and it was more of a smudge than a camp blaze.

'What's become of Benjy?' asked Bake, who knew well enough what had become of Benjy. 'Is he still taking that mail-school lesson about new ways of farming?'

'No, that's been done up for some time,' Spring replied. He hesitated, then said: 'He's gone to McKee's Crossing to the

Wednesday night moving picture.' This seemed neither the time nor the place to elaborate on his statement.

IV

The hounds came down the valley soon after midnight, with the fox at a tantalizing short lead. The men descended the Divide when the baying sounded first from above them, and they felt rather than saw the truant varmint squeeze past them into the north. White blur after white blur — like snowy hands whisking before the eyes — the dogs went by.

Cal Royster voiced the apprehension of the others when he spoke. 'Fox'll go right up Chilly Branch Holler,' he said, and Spring hoped that he was right, for it was hard to forget the menace of the wire which lay beyond.

They heard the dogs crossing Chilly Branch near its mouth, and then Bugle Ann singled out ahead of them all, booming up the steep terraces of Heaven Hump. And Springfield Davis recognized another sound in the universe beyond: the faint clatter of an old Ford rocking along a narrow lane.

He thought, 'So they're back from the moving pictures. I hope to God the fox switches east to the hilltop. The girl looks more like the Camdens than she does like Jacob. I reckon most of my dogs would be small enough to squeeze through that fence without getting hung up.'

Then Bake cracked out, savagely, 'They never went up the Hollow. Let's get over there!' — and he lumbered away through the darkness. The two older men fumbled after him until their feet touched a deep cattle trail at the base of the hill, and then they could travel rapidly.

They splashed through the rapids near the mouth of Chilly Branch, and far ahead the hounds were rearing and yelling against Jacob Terry's hog-tight fence. One dog (he must have been Wound Stripe, and well-named, for Bake Royster swore about it) ki-yied, and told the world that an end of the wire had been sharp and gashing.

When the men reached the fence, waving their lanterns, the fox was long since gone. The pack danced and strutted in hysteria beside the barrier. Wound Stripe's left foreleg was drenched with blood.

'Bugle Ann ain't here,' muttered Cal Royster.

The lantern beams had gone their anxious round.

'No,' Spring Davis replied. 'Reckon she sailed right through.' He walked up to the fence and tested its strength with his shoe, and prepared to climb over. You could n't see his face in the lantern light.

Bake was thirty-four, and heavy enough, but he was standing inside Terry's sheep pasture before old Springfield had managed to put his stiff legs astride the fence. Baker was thinking that Benjy should be there, and probably the others were thinking the same thing. . . . The far-away chugging of the Ford car had ceased, but a bright light moved rapidly toward them from the Terry farmhouse.

Sheep scampered here and there in distracted little coteries, appearing suddenly, and vanishing into the thick night amid a rattle of hillside pebbles.

'She'd come up to me if she was inside the lot,' said Spring. 'It's possible she squeezed out at the other side, too.'

Cal Royster put his arms in the fence meshes, trying vainly to stop their trembling. 'She ain't giving voice no more. Maybe you better use your horn, Spring.'

The old soldier had the bugle against his lips when Jacob Terry loomed up the hillside, an electric flashlight in his fist.

'Get out of this pasture,' Terry said. He did not yell, and there was added menace in his voice on that account.

'Look out,' Cal Royster warned. He saw a shotgun in the curve of the farmer's arm.

Spring Davis turned around and took down the bugle. He rubbed a finger across his mouth. 'Jacob,' he said, 'I come in here after my dog.'

'If your damn dog is here, he's got no good business among my sheep.' Terry held the flashlight steadily on old Springfield's face, and somehow Bake Royster thought of big searchlights he had seen weaving above the Argonne woods on another night when hatred paraded on a grander scale.

Spring told Terry, 'It's Bugle Ann. She would n't hurt your sheep, but she's small enough to come through your fence when a fox brings her here.'

In the next silence, they listened for her voice, but could hear only the thudding of

sheep which scampered along the slope. The rest of the dogs panted and mourned outside the fence.

'Get this straight, old boy.' The flashlight held its unblinking stare in Terry's hand. 'I'm gonna raise sheep, and I don't care a stink for all the dogs in Missouri. You keep yours off of my land or they'll get a dose of Number Ten shot in the hind end.'

Benjy got there a moment later. He had left Camden at the lane entrance, and he had started across a spur of the Davis timber when he heard the hounds working straight down the creek. He had no lantern; the woods were black, so was the creek valley, and it had taken him longer than he anticipated.

Somehow there had been a menace in the entire evening, from the moment when Camden first cried against his clean green shirt.

He said, 'What's the matter?' and his voice sounded like a youth's voice, breaking as it essayed the inflection. He snatched Cal Royster's lantern and investigated the hounds outside the pen. 'Pa,' he called, 'where's Bugle Ann?' And then he came over.

Terry took a couple of steps, closer. 'There's more than just dogs that give me a peeve, anyway, and you know what I mean. Get out, all of you, and don't bend down my fence when you go over it, neither.'

'One of my hounds got cut open,' said Bake Royster. 'I don't reckon you could be decent enough to staple down those ragged ends of wire, could you? Well, I'll sure come around and staple them for you.'

Terry called him a name, and turned the muzzle of the gun toward him, but Benjy stepped out to meet it. He swung wide and openly, for he was not a trained boxer, but he was quicker than a cat in any movement. His fist lifted Terry off his heels and threw him heavily.

The shotgun flew wide; it was still uncocked, and that kept it from going off.

'Take care, Benjy,' was all his father said. There were grief and resignation in Spring's voice.

Terry rolled over and got up on his haunches.

'Don't you make a pass at me!' Benjy cried. 'If you've killed Bugle Ann, I'll sure kill you.'

'No,' Spring said, 'that'd be my job.'

But he has n't, Benjy, he has n't. . . . I'm plumb certain she went out the other side.' Then, all in an instant, he stepped back and flung his arms high; one hand held the bugle.

He appealed, huskily, 'For God's sake, listen to that!'

. . . She was far beyond Heaven Hump, far in the timber that blanketed Welsh Run. And she must have passed successfully through the north fence of Terry's pasture, for she had found the fox smell again, and she was telling the whole state of Missouri about it.

It was a bugle, and every man knew that he would never hear its like again after she died.

Bake Royster had Terry's shotgun, and Benjy had his flashlight, and together they eyed the big farmer. 'Terry,' said Bake, 'it's mighty fortunate for you that she's out there running safe and sound.'

'You talk smart enough,' whispered Jacob Terry. 'Four against one! It's easy to talk smart.'

'Your having this gun kind of evened it up.'

'I'll even up any of your dogs if they come on my land again.' He went on to say what kind of dogs they were.

The hunters returned across the fence — all except Benjy.

'Come on, boy,' Spring ordered him.

'Here's your light,' said Benjy to Jacob. 'I reckoned you had something else to say.'

Terry came close to him. 'I'm not afraid of no Davises,' he bellowed, 'but I like to choose my friends! Don't you come near Camden no more — hear me? I'm particular about who my little girl goes places with.'

'I reckoned that was it,' replied Benjy. The others knew from the drawl with which he spoke that he was enraged almost beyond control. 'Well, you can go to hell and fry in your own lard. You know well enough that foxhounds don't go around pulling the hide off of sheep.'

The man's voice rose in one spouting shriek. 'Why, you young blacksnake, I'll kill every God-damn cur that steps on this grass!'

'Jacob,' Spring called to him, steadily enough, 'I can't speak for the Roysters or Lanceys or Armstrongs or anybody else.

But if you shoot a Davis dog, I'll blow you clean to glory. Now come out of that hoggpen, Benjy Davis.'

Benjy climbed over the fence. Terry turned off the flashlight, and stood there like the black stub of a tree, watching him. 'How about my gun?' he asked. 'Are you folks going around stealing honest people's guns, too?'

'Here,' said Bake. He clicked the breech and threw something far into the valley. He passed the shotgun back through the fence. 'Both barrels empty. If you look careful, down by the creek, you'll maybe find the shells.'

'Remember what I said!' railed Jacob Terry. 'I got an old cistern needs filling in, and I just as soon fill it up with dog meat.'

Spring Davis said nothing more, but Cal Royster spat out his tobacco and declared that nobody would forget a word that had been said. He doubted Spring Davis's ability to blow Jacob Terry to glory, and remarked that another destination would be more easy to promise.

They gathered up the dogs and went back to the Divide. Their fire was nearly out, but Bake soon kicked it into activity, and his father found some dry wood stowed away in a hollow basswood at the head of the ravine.

They waited until two-thirty, and still Bugle Ann did n't come back, nor did they hear her metal baying any more. Baker took all the Royster dogs home to their straw beds, and then returned to the fireside. The Davis animals lay near the fire and sprawled like the dead, as only hounds can ever do, but there was a nervousness haunting their dreams, and you could imagine that the eldest of them moaned in his sleep for Bugle Ann.

Benjy sat like bronze, his arms locked around his knees. From where he watched, Cal Royster studied him and wondered if a strain of Shawanee had not been dropped into the Davis blood a century before . . . the whiskey got lower and lower in Cal's flask.

Spring Davis walked up and down outside the firelight, tramping a path from the basswood to the nearest clump of hickory sprouts. Once he came back to the fire and spat into the coals.

'Wonder how far the gamest fox would

travel if he set his mind to go in a beeline?' he asked, but Cal Royster could n't tell him. Then Spring climbed to the highest point of the Divide, and awakened the dozing whippoorwills with his urgent bugle.

V

In the darkest half hour, immediately before the sky above the Armstrong farm turned gray, the men heard Jacob Terry's Ford beginning to hiccough. By that time they were scattered far and wide through the hills, but Bake Royster was on top of the Divide. He saw the car lights twist out of Terry's barnyard, and stop for a while, and then go on, smudging away toward the county road.

Bake listened until the car had chugged in the direction of McKee's Crossing. He had started back toward the fire when a gnome with a lantern waylaid him at the edge of the timber.

'Bake,' whispered his father's voice, 'I heard a yip.'

He asked, 'What kind of a yip?' with the unreasoning annoyance of a young man who shuns the mumbling vagaries of the aged.

'A dog yip,' said Cal. 'I was down the crick, plumb inside Terry's pasture again. And I heard it, up towards the house.'

'Just once?'

In the growing fog of dawn, the old man clutched Baker's arm; his fingers tightened and relaxed. 'The dog was struck dead, if you ask me. Terry might of done it with an axe, so's Spring would n't hear the gun.'

Far along the upper twist of Chilly Branch Hollow, Spring Davis's bugle chanted stubbornly. . . . Bake felt stuffed up inside, as he considered what his father had just told him. 'Benjy went to take his dogs home, Pa. You wait here for Spring, and I'll go for Del and Tom.'

'Don't bring 'em back direct,' commanded his father. 'Send Tom across fields for the Lanceys, and have Del take the car and go up to the Armstrong place. He can ring the Pettigrews from there. I wish to God I was rich and could afford a telephone.'

Bake swallowed. 'You want the whole tribe?'

'We can't go off half-cocked, boy. Maybe it was just a notion I had, or something. I

would of sworn it was a yip — just one quick one. Don't you dare tell Spring about it. But if that little bitch —'

'Lady,' muttered Bake, not realizing he had said it.

'If she's hung up on bob wire somewhere, we got to find her soon. It'll take a sight of searching. She never was one to try and dig up a fox hole. Maybe she got clear over east on the slab, and some foreigners picked her up in a car.'

Bake started for home like a good soldier, with crisp obedience in his mind. At all this talk of killing, he began to tremble inside with a nervousness which had never possessed him since his discharge from the United States Veterans' hospital in 1921. *Too much . . . his big feet found the trampled mire beside Heaven Creek . . . too much of that sort of thing.* Just now he did n't like the name Springfield. It did n't make him think of a town there in Missouri, but it did make him think of a rifle. Cartridges began to glint in his mind: pointed clips of them, clicking one against the other in a webbed pouch.

Suddenly, he thought he could feel the cold solidity of a Springfield bolt in the curve of his right index finger.

He decided, 'She's got to be caught in the wire somewhere. It'll be the best thing that could happen.'

He routed Tom and Delbert out, and sent them flying. His mother and Lucy stood in their nightgowns and stared at him with cold pale eyes, and said they'd do the milking if the men were n't back in an hour and a half. . . . There was a mess of corn meal in the smelly summer kitchen, stirred up in a huge crock, and Bake took it out to the hounds. Halfway to the barn, he imagined that he heard a frightened voice yapping: 'I'm runner — Brigade Headquarters — where's Sixtieth Infantry?' and the rifle bolts clicked in a machine-gun chorus. His throat was dust-dry, and he smelled pepper in his nose, as if someone had given him a blow that fractured the little blood vessels inside. . . . Then he pulled his nerves together, and went on to feed the dogs.

On the Divide behind his farm, Spring Davis came back to the dead fire with the sunrise smoking behind him. He walked, not like an old man who has been up and on

his feet all night, but like a solemn pontiff who has sat in the cruelest judgment.

'It's the first time she ever disobeyed the horn,' he said to Cal Royster and Benjy, who were waiting for him.

Cal kicked his empty bottle into the ashes. 'Spring, you ought to drink at least a cup of coffee and maybe have a snack before you go further.'

'Why,' said Spring, 'I don't need —'

Benjy said: 'They'll be gathering at the house. Bake and Tom and Del are getting folks.'

'I heard her,' said Spring. 'So did you. She had got through that second fence. I heard her plain, over past the outside of his pasture.'

'Sure we heard her,' crooned old Royster, 'and if she ain't found by high noon — maybe just got a toe caught somewhere, or something, like when she was a pup — I'll give you a four-headed Shorthorn rooster!'

Benjy looked at his father. 'Anyway, you got to stop by the house first.'

Spring nodded. 'Guess that's so. Come along with you.'

Roy and Joe Lancey were sitting on the wellcurb when they got to the house, and Tom Royster was up at the kitchen door, talking with Mrs. Davis. The Lanceys stood up, awkwardly, as untutored men do at funerals, when Spring strode across the yard.

'Ma,' asked Benjy, 'you got some coffee?'

She nodded. 'I kept hearing the horn even after you was here, Benjy. The dogs have been just wild. I got a big coffeepot on the stove, and a couple skilletts of eggs for anybody that wants them.'

Bake Royster was coming across the south pasture, and another Lancey — Patterson, the sixteen-year-old one — was advancing up the front road on horseback.

At the back step, Spring Davis surveyed the men in his yard. His eyes were hot enough, but it was a slow and sturdy heat, infinitely ferocious. . . . An orange sun lifted above the Divide and found a whole jewelry store scattered over the clover behind the yard fence. All the remaining Davis dogs seemed to sense the import of this hour, except the April pups. They were smelling around Roy Lancey's legs.

'How about the ears on this one?' muttered Roy.

'They're well set,' said Joe, 'but she'll never have a stylish tail.'

Cal Royster cackled, 'Don't ask me! I ain't much on bench, but I'm the darnedest Home-plate Judge you kids ever seen.' The men all tried to laugh, as if he had said something very funny.

They heard the drone of the Armstrongs' old Studebaker from the road, and the rattle of Delbert Royster's Ford behind it. . . . When Spring Davis came out of the house five minutes later, there were thirteen men in the yard, including Benjy.

Spring had a lever-action 30-30 Winchester in his hands. He tried it a couple of times, sliding shells into the breech, lowering the hammer with his thumb while he released the trigger, and flicking the cartridges out again. The sun discovered the Winchester; for a moment its barrel looked like mother-of-pearl.

'I'd just as soon go alone,' Spring said, mildly.

Benjy cried, 'No!'

'You might say I'd prefer it.'

Benjy said, 'I'll go with you.'

Cal Royster tried to make an explosion of laughter, but it was only a vague squall. 'Why, course we all got to go with you, Spring. It'll take all the men we can raise, to comb real thorough. Maybe that fox took her —' His throat crackled.

'Maybe the fox went clean to the Indian River,' supplied young Tom, and there was a murmur of assent.

Spring clamped the rifle under his arm. 'Very well, neighbors. . . . I might be wrong, but I reckon I can learn in a hurry when I get there.' He stepped down into the yard. 'Good-bye, Mother,' he said to his wife, and in the doorway she made a sound. The pups scampered to meet him, ears flopping and tails swinging. 'Get 'em into the crib or kitchen or somewhere,' he requested of the world, and kept going.

The unkempt mob of men started after him. Benjy hustled the pups into the kitchen, and his mother hooked the sagging screen door.

Down in the barn, Frances Cleveland began to bay, and her relatives took up the song. Benjy sprinted ahead and opened the plank gate for his father; the old man headed along the edge of the cornfield, but after twenty yards he struck off between the

green fronds, his feet sinking deep into the damp earth and leaving the prints of his heel corners bright and compressed.

The neighbors followed, all of them; they talked a little about corn. The thinnest corner of the Davis timber swayed forward to meet them, and beyond that lay the lane, and beyond that the Terry house.

They came out into the jet lane, with its golden morning pools of mud and the grooved ruts where Terry's Ford had ploughed through. Nobody tried to avoid the deeper mire; the farmers marched in uneven phalanx behind Spring Davis, and anybody would have guessed that the old man did n't know whether he was walking through mud or last year's oat stubble.

Cal Royster had fallen to the rear, but not through choice. A little pageant walked with him, and impeded his footsteps . . . it was when he was eighteen, some fifty years earlier, and the neighbors all went up Welsh Run to prosecute Big Cass Strickland when he beat his two children to death. They prosecuted him at the end of his own wagon harness, wrapped around the limb of a white-oak tree, and he hung there seven hours before anyone cut him down. . . .

You could n't see a soul moving in the Terry yard, and now the men believed most certainly that Jacob Terry had gone far away in the Ford, before dawn. Bake Royster and his father began to watch for tracks as soon as they came opposite the weed-grown orchard, and it was impossible for them to conceal their search.

Cal felt Spring Davis turning and staring at him, and he held his face closer than ever to the ground.

Then all the men had stopped. Benjy Davis came back and stood between the two Roysters, with his hands clamped over his hipbones.

'The pack never got up this high,' he said. 'They were n't out of the creek valley, except on the other side.'

'No,' whispered old Cal. 'We was just a-looking.'

Benjy grabbed Bake's shoulder and turned him around. 'What do you know, Bake?'

'It ain't me,' said Bake. 'It's Pa. He heard it. I did n't.'

Cal stammered, 'Now, Benjy Davis, my

ears are mighty old and mighty tricky. I can't depend on them no way.'

'You better speak up,' drawled Benjy. Spring Davis had come back to stand beside them; the rest of the neighbors waited in uneasy silence beyond.

'Well,' Cal told them, 'it did sound like a yip.'

'Up here?' persisted Benjy.

'It was kind of in this general direction. I guess it was a short while before sunup.'

Benjy turned to his father, and tried to take the gun. The old man pushed him away with sudden and amazing strength. 'You remember, boy,' he said, as if there were n't another man within twenty miles, 'how she got her foot caught in that rat-trap before she was weaned.'

Bake Royster yowled, without being asked, 'Sure, sure! Everybody knows that. But one gone toe never bothered her, because it happened when she was young enough. You'd never pick her as belonging to a Casual Outfit.'

'All right, Father,' Benjy Davis said. Nobody had ever heard him say 'Father' before. 'I reckon any tracks that are here would be like cement in the mud. Quite' — he hunted for the word — 'quite unmistakable.'

'I'll warrant you,' his father replied. Spring drew down the lever of his Winchester the barest part of its arc: there was a shell in the breech. He clicked it back. Then he turned and started east along the lane, with his eyes boring against the ground.

Benjy looked at him as if he were just seeing him for the first time. 'Wait!' he cried, and the old man turned. Benjy brought out a sack of Sweet Burley, its blue seal blazing in the fresh sunlight. 'I just remembered that you wanted me to bring this from town, and I been carrying it in my pants all this time.'

Spring nodded. 'I'm obliged, Benjy.' He thrust the tobacco into his hip pocket. 'Before Cal talked about that yip,' he told his neighbors, 'I had been quite divided. I thought that probably she was in wire, or else somebody had stole her, over on the slab highway. Just possibly.'

They did n't find any tracks until they came to the yard gate, almost directly in

front of the house. Then there were a few. The imprints were made by the feet of a hound coming from the east, coming slowly and wearily a few inches outside the thick grass which bordered the wood road.

Everybody moved off upon the turf, and let the Davises handle this matter in their own way.

Benjy stood looking into the deserted barnyard, but his father got down on his knees and examined the smoother patches of drying mud near the intersection of the wheel ruts.

'How about that toe?' asked the boy.

'I think so,' answered Spring, haltingly. 'I'm not right certain — so many car wheels, and other tracks. She must of turned off on the grass at this point. . . . Wait'll I find a good one.'

Then at last he stood up, and took the rifle in both hands. 'Oh, I reckon it would stand in court,' he declared. 'Just like fingerprints and such. That gone toe is as plain as copperplate. And the tracks don't pass this gateway. She did get this far, on the way home.'

A drop of water bobbed over his crusty eyelid and spent itself in a quick streak on his face, dividing and splitting when it came to a nest of wrinkles.

Benjy said, 'She was all alone, and likely the fox holed over in Lester's timber near the creek mouth. She knew this old wood road come back, and was easier traveling. She knew enough not to go through those wove-wire fences unless a fox took her that way.'

'Cal Royster,' said Spring, 'you owe me a four-headed Shorthorn rooster.' He faced the Terry house for the first time.

Old Ed Armstrong cried, 'Now, Springfield. Now, Brother, wait a spell! The Lord don't smile on wrath in unguarded moments of haste.'

'You and the Lord can hold your horses,' Spring said, without turning his head. 'If I'm looking for rats in my granary, I don't set down and pray on it.'

Benjy pleaded, 'Give me that Winchester, Pa.'

'Pshaw, scat,' said his father, and started into the farmyard. 'You never bred her, did you? She was mine.'

Benjy swung around and glared at the neighbors. 'He don't want to go in with a

whole parade. I'll stay by this gate. Don't nobody try to come past me.'

'Spring!' howled Cal Royster. 'He's gone! Spring, I tell you he went away in the car. We all heard it go. We —'

'If he ain't at home,' said Benjy, 'Pa'll wait.'

Jacob Terry came out on the kitchen porch. In the barn lot his two cows were lowing: they had not yet been milked, and none of the neighbors was surprised to know that Jacob had put off his milking until that hour. There were young chickens on the porch, and in the yard below.

Terry held his shotgun in his hands; of course there had been plenty of other shells in the house. Number Ten shot, Baker remembered. Little bright lights flickered in Bake's eyes, and again he smelled that pepper of a painful smash against his nose.

'Get out of here, you old devil,' said Terry.

'What'd you do with her?' asked Spring. His tone was flat. 'The tracks are to the gate. Did you haul her inside, then?'

Terry mouthed, 'I never killed your damn dog, but I'll put some slugs through you if you don't get out of here.' He began to hoist the shotgun toward his shoulder.

Springfield Davis fired from his hip. Terry dropped the shotgun and looked surprised and horrified; a dishpan behind him rang like a gong, and fell from its nail, rolling unsteadily across the floor of the porch. Terry's knees bent; he tried to get hold of his chest, and failed. He fell forward into the mud below the porch, with his arms doubled under him.

A lot of half-feathered chickens scurried away from him, peeping shrilly. When the men had rolled him over, they found that one chicken was dead beneath him — crushed flat when he fell upon it.

Benjy went into the house, but Camden was n't there, and he was dumbly grateful — even in this calamity, and in the mystery of her absence. But the Ford was gone. She must have driven away in it.

That afternoon, after Springfield Davis had ridden to Wolf Center with the sheriff, the authorities were able to telephone to the Camdens up in Jackson County. Camden Terry had arrived there about noon, but had driven on to an isolated farm belonging to a bachelor uncle. It was twenty-four

hours before she could be notified and could complete the return trip as far as Wolf Center.

On the first day when people sat in the big hot room among the scarred oak desks, Benjy Davis thought Camden looked prettier than she had ever looked before. Her pallor was the cold pallor of hepaticas; her eyes were excessively deep and shaded and secret.

Benjy didn't look her way when he thought she might be looking at him, but he studied her often when she was watching old Spring and the coroner and the other people. Her story was calm, distant, told without emotion—it might have been translated from some ancient book. Yes, she had been with Benjy Davis the night before the shooting. Yes, she knew that her father had had trouble with the neighbors over his fence and their foxhounds. She knew that there had been threats. . . . After her father came back to the house from the sheep pasture, they had engaged in an argument.

He had slapped her — just once, she said — not very hard. She packed some clothes, and took the Ford. He dared not stop her, because the Ford was hers — not his. Her Aunt Nancy had given it to her after Uncle Newt died; Aunt Nancy could n't drive.

(She did n't look at Benjy, either, when she thought that he might be observing her. Sometimes their glances crossed, but never seemed to meet and hold. Each understood that Jacob Terry was still between them, standing or lying dead, it did n't make any difference. In a way, Spring Davis also was between them now. And Bugle Ann.)

Her voice continued soberly, a little-girl voice. She thought that she would n't stay with her father any more, after that night. She drove up to Jackson County, and went out to Uncle Elnathan's place, and that was where the news had reached her.

Benjy Davis and the Royster boys spent days in going over the Terry farm, both before and after the sale of farm animals and machinery and household goods. They could n't find a trace of Bugle Ann's body, even though they took up wooden slabs and explored the old cistern. She could have been buried in any loose earth of the barnyard or hog lot, and no one would have known the difference.

Spring Davis was tried in September; the trial was in no way notable except for the oration on foxhounds by a young attorney who volunteered to assume the defense without pay. The young attorney quoted 'Senator Vest's Tribute to the Dog,' and added tributes of his own. He discussed fox hunting as practised in Missouri, and offered a biographical sketch of Old Man Spaulding, who was still alive in those days. In the eastern part of these great United States, said the young attorney, fox hunting was an Anglicized pose of the idle rich, and they had many strange fetishes, not the least of which was the custom never to refer to a foxhound as a 'dog.' They were all 'hounds.' Most of his listeners thought that very odd, but they did remember with interest how Spring Davis always called his female dogs 'little ladies' or 'little girls.'

Fifty years before, certainly, he would never have been convicted. But in this age you must not kill a man, even when another man talks of shooting and has a shotgun in his hands. It was proved that Spring Davis went into the Terry yard armed and ready to kill — he said as much, himself. It was proved that Jacob Terry did not fire the first shot, nor did he have his gun at his shoulder when he was struck down.

The most important *corpus delicti* — the body of Bugle Ann — was not available. In short, no one could swear beyond all doubt that Jacob Terry had killed her. Spring Davis had usurped the prerogatives of the Sovereign State of Missouri, and the Sovereign State of Missouri brought that out very pointedly.

Girls made fudge for Spring while he was in jail; women sent in basket dinners. He gave the fudge away, of course, and some of the dinners. There was muttering at his conviction, and men talked darkly of a jail delivery. But such a rebellion belonged fifty years in the past. Springfield Davis went to Jefferson City and served three years, eight months, and twenty-one days, and then he was pardoned by the governor.

VI

During the first June which Spring spent in prison, the voice of Bugle Ann came back to ring across the dark valleys. Adelaide Davis was the first to hear this banshee, and

she ran and told Benjy, and then they were both awake. Over on the next farm, Cal Royster started from his bed screaming, 'Bake! Bake! It's her!' and even the youngest Lancey, who was up with a toothache, declared that there was no mistake in the identity.

And from that night rose the sprout of a legend which spread itself over the whole county, and farther than that. It was the legend of a white dog — lean, like hounds of the Spaulding line — who bugled her way through the brush at night, who ran with her head high, calling and hunting for the master who had been carried away from the hills he loved.

They said she ran at the head of a silent pack in which there were thirty-hour dogs, all the great and noble sires who had galloped those ranges before the Civil War. There were the hounds brought into Missouri when Daniel Boone came, great sword-mouthed brutes who could pull down a deer if they wanted to. But they all ran silently — their feet made not even a whisper in the dryest leaves of last year, and their baying was not the kind which ordinary people could hear. Only if you were about to die you might hear them crying all at once.

But the Davises and the Roysters and one Lancey, and even Old Ed Armstrong's hired man — all had heard Bugle Ann on that solitary night, and though they did n't hear her again, it was said that Benjy Davis spent more hours roving the woods than was wise for a young man with a farm on his hands.

No one lived at the Terry farm now. Shortly after Springfield Davis had gone to the penitentiary, men from McKee's Crossing came and took down the hog-tight wire fence. When questioned, they declared that a lawyer had told them they could have the wire and posts if they'd take them down. It was easy to pry out the staples, and they bore the wire away in huge rolls atop their trucks. But the posts were another matter; they quit digging after they had uprooted a few. Still, the wire was the main thing.

And there were those who swore that the pack led by Bugle Ann could go through a hog-tight fence like so much dishwater, but young Benjy Davis was hard to convince. After he had searched and yelled through

every ravine between the Indian River and Big Panther Hollow, he declared that it had all been a mistake. Bugle Ann lay somewhere beneath the fresh weeds that grew in Terry's hog lot, and as for her baying — it was another dog, that was all.

'It was her,' insisted Adelaide Davis. 'If your pa had been here, he would of got up out of bed and gone for his lantern.'

'Well,' said Benjy, 'I did that, did n't I?'

'But she quit giving voice,' his mother said, 'and whoever stole her took her away again.' Her hands shook, in their cerements of bread dough. 'Or else —'

He chided, awkwardly, 'I got to get out to the field. . . . It's mighty unnatural to believe in ghosts.'

Then he returned to his cultivator seat, and combed the black earth of the corn-field; he combed the rows early and late, and this year he had planted extra acreage. It was too bad, perhaps, for the price of corn got lower — so low that Benjy said there was no sense in selling. He did n't sell his corn, but he did sell the April pups of the year before, to the Lanceys. He took a cornerrib in payment — one fairly new. They moved it over to the Davis place with teams and tables and turnstiles — a three-day job. The Davises were hard put to it to scratch out a living, and that new cornerrib did look like a lot of foolishness.

Benjy stored his 1933 corn, too, and then came the next summer and the drouth, and corn at seventy cents. . . . Benjy carried an important slip of pink paper out of the office of the Wolf Center Farmers' Grain Company, and shoved it under a grille at the Wolf Center Savings Bank.

Mr. Mayor came after him and talked of insurance, but the only expenditures which Benjy was known to have made were subscriptions to the *Red Ranger* and the *Hunter's Horn*. You could n't expect the library at the state prison to have those periodicals in stock.

It was the night of Wednesday, September 26, when Bake Royster came around to the Davis place and got Benjy out of bed. Bake could remember the date forever; that day, sixteen years removed, marked the opening of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. Bake had a great head for names and dates.

He looked green around the gills when Benjy padded out across the kitchen in his

nightshirt and wanted to know what was up.

'I've found something,' announced Bake. 'Found it in the dark, and I guess you better come and see it.'

Benjy's sharp glance made a hole in Royster's face. 'I'll get my clothes, Bake. Keep soft, so's not to wake Ma. Her sciatica has been bothering her again.'

He came out promptly, and sat on the back step to draw on his shoes. 'Where is this — what you found?'

'It's clear in the east side of Bachelor's timber, where the Bachelor used to have a shack. It's a smart piece, but I got my lantern.'

'I better take mine, too,' said Benjy. He brought a square, scarlet-enameled electric lantern from the porch shelf; Bake thought of that check for the seventy-cent corn.

They went across the yard, with the white disk dancing around their feet and ahead of them. 'Maybe you'll want a spade, too,' muttered Bake.

'A spade?' Benjy stopped and looked at him in the dark.

Bake said, 'Or else a grain sack.'

After a moment, Benjy replied, 'I'll get a sack, I think,' and he found one hanging inside the barn door. Together they crossed the garden patch, and up across the Divide they could hear the Royster dogs and a couple of Armstrongs working intently north into the tangles along Chilly Branch. One or two of the Davis hounds wailed at them, but half-heartedly: the Davis hounds had forgotten what a black-dark night was like, with a fox spraying his oily perfume through the thickets.

'Wound Stripe and Toul Sector had him across the corner of Bachelor's,' explained Royster. 'Some young dogs was along with them, and that little Elsie Janis got herself twisted in some rusty wire. That's how I come to go down there and —'

He gargled in the dimness, and added with an attempt at being casual, 'Tom and Pa are there now.'

When they crossed Heaven Creek (its widest pool could have flowed between your shoes, after the drouth) Baker began to remonstrate with Benjy Davis.

'I don't see what ails you, Benjy. It's a shame to have good stock tied up and moulting away the way yours are.'

'You can't sashay around the woods all night if you're busy farming,' the younger man told him.

Bake growled, 'Now I know all about that corn! You don't need to rub it into me. But you ain't had nothing but dried-up crops to worry you this year, and since the fall rains began to come there's been *beaucoup* fox around here.'

For a while Benjy climbed the incline without speaking, loose pebbles rolling down around Bake Royster as he plodded an arm's length behind. 'No stomach for it,' Benjy said at last, and Baker knew that was really the explanation. 'Not until he's out of that damn place. I can't set beside a fire and listen to the baying and know he's at Jefferson City in a cell house.'

It was eerie, passing through the oak woods, with a few katydid's throbbing in secret dens under the stiff green leaves, and occasional yellow leaves sailing down into the straight electric ray. There was a feel of frost in the air, and Bake kept thinking of what he had found an hour before . . . a dog like Bugle Ann could take a thousand ghost hounds across the prairies among the stars, and still her baying would come back to you. Bake had ceased worrying about Springfield rifles and cartridges in webbed pouches long before; sometimes still he thought of Jacob Terry and the chicken which had been crushed beneath his tumbling body, and he could n't get enthusiastic about half-feathered chickens ever again, especially if they made a shrill peeping.

But the death of Jacob Terry had come with its own certain violence, justified and canceled by a rifle bullet, the same as the many deaths Baker had seen in the valley of the Meuse. In Bugle Ann's passing there was too much mystery for any man to ponder — any man who had ever been a patient in a government hospital.

The Bachelor's cabin was nothing but a heap of mossy shingles and broken crockery among the hickory saplings, for the Bachelor had left the country before Bake Royster was born. Some of his wire existed still: thick, old-fashioned plaits of bent rust amid the stumps. And near one of those barricades Cal Royster and young Tom waited with their lantern.

'Pa,' called Bake.

'I'm right here,' answered the old man.

'Evening, Benjy.' Tom Royster did n't offer any greeting; embarrassment had frozen him into silence.

Benjy stood beside them and took what Cal Royster handed him. It was a leather collar, now stiff as iron with winter and summer and rain and mould, but the flattened silver dollar on it was unmistakable — you could even scrape away what had gathered over it, and see the Liberty head all flatly distorted, with its crudely scratched legend.

The men waited silently.

'Where's the rest?' asked Benjy, after a long time. He slid the collar, with leaves still clinging to it, inside his shirt.

'Right here, in the bushes. They're a little scattered.'

Benjy got down on his knees. If you had seen him, and had not known why he was there, you would have thought that he was praying. . . . Cal Royster had a vague notion that he ought to remove his hat, but Cal had never done such a thing for a dog.

'How long would you say?' asked Benjy presently.

The others murmured, hazarding several opinions. You could n't tell much about bones. Maybe a doctor could. Animals had been there, probably, and birds. Maybe a year, maybe two, or three, or —

It was the collar which first had attracted Bake's attention. He saw it sticking up out of the leaves while he was releasing Elsie Janis from the wire. The young hound had left some of her blood there, from a lacerated elbow, and it seemed strangely appropriate to have that ground moistened with the blood of a foxhound, even if she was n't a Davis dog.

'The point is,' said Benjy, speaking slowly and gravely, 'whether she was here all the time, that night, or whether she come later — somehow or other. The point is whether we heard her voice two year ago last June, or whether —'

Cal Royster said, 'By God, it was her voice. Reckon I heard it.'

'And by God,' whispered Benjy, 'those were her tracks at the edge of Terry's barn-yard, in July of thirty-one.'

'So what?' asked young Tom. It was slang such as he always picked up at the moving pictures, but it seemed unusually apt.

Benjy said, 'I reckon there's nothing I can do except tote her home in the grain sack. I'm glad I did n't bring the spade, Bake, because now I'd be tempted to use it: just seem like a lot of old sticks, somehow, and I always did think a dog skull was powerful ugly.'

They helped him pick up the relics, and he carried them back home while Bake Royster went ahead with the electric lantern. The men brought a shovel from the woodshed and buried the fragments, grain sack and all, beneath the sweet-crab tree at the corner of Mrs. Davis's little orchard. Benjy washed the collar and wiped it clean, using several dish towels in the process, and then he took it upstairs and hung it over the pointed, upright support of his bureau mirror, on top of his five neckties.

He told his mother the next morning, and of course through the Roysters the story was well around the neighborhood before noon. But Benjy and his mother were positive that no word of it would reach the ears of Springfield Davis at Jefferson City, and they were correct. It was the sort of tale which might not be welcomed in print, so the *Weekly Clarion-Advocate* held no mention of it. No person except members of the family carried on any correspondence with Spring Davis, anyway, and thus the old man did not learn of how Bugle Ann's skeleton had been found until after he was released from prison.

It gave Bake Royster a fever, however, and he spent four days in bed. His family thought it was a kind of flu, but Baker knew the truth. He'd lie there at night, until he got over it, and watch the whole insane puzzle exploding before his eyes. Desperately he tried to align the formations — to put each separate element in the nook where it belonged; and this was lunacy to attempt.

Camden Terry: take her, now. She was living up in Jackson County, folks said, and she had never offered to sell the farm. Just let it grow to weeds. Nobody seemed to know whether or not she was married, and naturally it would take a hardy soul to mention her name to Benjy. Bake reckoned that Benjy had been mighty sweet on Camden.

Everybody had seen the tracks at Jake Terry's gate; there was no doubt about that

missing toe. Not another hound in the neighborhood had a toe gone. So there were her tracks, and why would Bugle Ann have gone across Heaven Creek from the Terry farm — why would she have climbed Heaven Hump, or gone through Chilly Branch Hollow, and south into the timber land to get herself strangled in the Bachelor's wire? Spring Davis was making the hills quiver with his trumpet, and people all knew how Bugle Ann would come to such a summons.

No, she must have lived somehow, somewhere — and then she must have come back to the woods she loved, on another night, in June of 1932. Then they had heard her calling, and then she had met her death, alone beside the windfall of curling shingles.

No, she must have been a ghost, all along. It was not natural for any dog to have a voice like hers, and perhaps she had been sired by one of the silent pack which followed her so willingly in popular imagination. Even now her bones lay wadded in the Davis orchard, but Bugle Ann was up and gone, baying in ranges where no horns could ever summon her, and it would be death to hear her bugling again. . . . It was this surmise, however hysterical, which comforted Baker Royster and let him sleep with no more fever. Yet it was hard for him to forget how Benjy Davis had looked in the lantern light, coming down from the Divide with that sack of bones swinging from his shoulder and Bugle Ann's collar nestling inside his shirt.

VII

They had less than twenty-four hours' warning, the next June, when Springfield Davis was sent home from the penitentiary. There had n't been such a tornado of festivity in the neighborhood since Delbert Royster and LaVonne Lancey were married two years before, and even then the Davises could not have felt very festive.

At 5.30 P.M. of the great day, Benjy and Bake started for McKee's Crossing in the old Royster car, but the fan belt parted and as a result the train was just pulling out when they careened up to the station. They saw Spring Davis sitting there with a straw suitcase beside him.

His hair and moustache were snow-white

and his face sagged, as if its fleshy substructure had dried up. His pointed shoulders came forward more noticeably and tried to meet across the front of his chest, but otherwise his appearance was the same as it had been. Benjy expected him to be as pale as a tallow candle, but he was not; Spring explained later that he had worked out of doors a good deal. The worst thing about the whole prison experience, he thought, was having so many of the convicts call him 'Pop.'

He was eighty-six years old, and walked stiffly, and sometimes he'd open his mouth for a moment before he could say anything when he wanted to talk.

They got him into the car, with twenty townspeople staring quietly at him, and started for home. Spring did n't talk much on the way. He took off his old slouch hat and let the wind blow his hair — soft as milkweed silk. Once he said, 'I see they've cut down that willow row on the Collins place,' and again, 'Well, there's no use in my not saying that I was surprised — terribly surprised. It came so sudden! I did n't expect them to let me out for years and years.'

He glanced keenly toward the Terry place as they passed its burdock-grown lane, and he seemed about to ask a question. But the next moment the north field of the Davises had swum past, and the car was crunching in at the gate. Adelaide Davis was just opening the screen door; others of the neighborhood women huddled behind her, and a lot of men were squatting on their heels beneath the cottonwood tree. Benjy always remembered how Cal Royster snapped his knife shut and put it into his pocket before he turned. Cal had been whittling a toy cart for one of the Lancey kids.

A long table had been arranged beside the peony bushes, and you could smell everything from fried chicken to beet pickles. After the greetings were made, Spring said that he'd like to put on some other clothes, and Benjy went behind him as he toiled up the narrow stairway to the hot rooms under the eaves. Spring's old work clothes were there, but washed and smooth and foreign to him; he would not feel at home until his crooked knees and elbows had made their appropriate dents in the cloth.

Mrs. Davis had disposed of his old suspenders, and he could n't get a satisfactory adjustment on the ones he was wearing. He came into Benjy's room for help, and the first thing he saw was Bugle Ann's collar hanging beside the mirror.

If he lived to be a hundred, Benjy would never cease blaming himself for that.

Finally, after working his mouth for a long time, Spring managed to say, 'Then you did find her. You never wrote it to me.'

'Pa,' Benjy groaned, 'now you set down, Pa. Set down.' And at last the old man sank deep into the narrow feather bed.

He wanted to know, 'Where was it? Where?'

'Up in Bachelor's timber. We never found her until last September.'

'Bachelor's,' echoed Spring. And then: 'No, no, could n't have been there.'

'It was right beside the old shack,' said his son, as gently as he could.

Spring stared for a while. Downstairs they were yelling and laughing, and La-Vonne Lancey Royster was ringing a dinner bell. Out in the yard, old Billy Bryan began to challenge with excitement.

'Then Terry never did it,' said Spring.

'Maybe she run up there — after he shot her — or —'

The old man hissed, 'Ah, stop your foolish talk!' His eyes were wet and blazing. 'Nevertheless,' he declared in a rapid whisper, 'I'm thankful I done it when I did, for certainly I'd had to do it sometime. He meant it, Benjy. He would of killed her in a minute.'

'Sure he would!' cried Benjy. 'You don't think anybody in this world is blaming you, do you?'

Springfield had the collar in his hand, turning it slowly around and around.

Benjy mopped his perspiring forehead. 'Pa,' he began, 'that ain't the whole story. There was a time, first June after you went up there —'

He told briefly of the dog's bugling which had echoed in the woods beyond Heaven Creek, and how the neighborhood had taken it, and of the phantom pack which was said to hunt so silently at night, unattended by any hunters.

Spring blew his nose when Benjy was through. 'There was a time when I would of laughed my head off at that,' he said,

simply enough, 'but I've had plenty time to think, these last four years. There were funny things in the war, boy, and there's been funny things other times. My mother knew that brother Rufus was killed by a snapped log chain long before they ever brung her the news. She saw it in a kind of dream. . . . I don't say you heard Bugle Ann up there in the timber, that night, but you did hear something. Mighty often I thought I heard her, clear off in Jefferson City.'

Then they went downstairs and out into the yard, to the fried chicken and other food, and all the talk, and all the people.

Supper stretched far into the dusk; then the table was cleared, and women began chattering and packing their baskets in the vicious heat of the kitchen. The men sat on the front porch and on the grass, and children shrieked at mysterious games among the berry bushes.

They had tried to enthrone Springfield Davis in the big splint-bottomed rocker, but he preferred to sit with his angular spine against a porch post. The dogs came to pay their respects; there was no one of them that he loved well enough to let it sleep across his lap, though Benjy watched hopefully.

In the first hush of twilight, when conversation had labored away from fox hunting a dozen times, Spring astonished the crowd by rising to his feet and walking slowly down into the yard to feel the grass.

'It's not real wet,' he said, so distinctly that all could hear him, 'but there's a promising feel of dampness between the blades. When did it rain here?'

Somebody coughed. 'Must of been night before last.'

The pipes and cigarettes glowed spasmodically, and in the kitchen the younger Lancey girls were trying to harmonize with 'Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm blue.'

'This night'll be black-dark and that's a fact,' came from Cal Royster.

Spring stood listening to the girls' song. 'Radio,' he muttered. 'Well, we had radio music up there, too.' He called to Royster: 'Cal, I've been smelling at black-dark nights for nigh onto four years.'

'I did n't think you'd feel —' Bake

started to say, and then he chewed his nervous lip.

Spring Davis echoed, 'Feel what?' He looked like a tall guerrilla ghost in the thickening dusk, and the scent of June flowers was heavy as at a funeral. 'Why, when a relative dies we all go on living, don't we? We all have to. I'd like, just as quick as possible, to set beside a fire again.'

Benjy stood up. He felt his knees quivering. 'The dogs are rusty, Pa. You know I've been farming pretty steady.'

'They'll get the kinks out of their noses once a fox is good and sweet,' said Spring. It was as if he alone were trying to whistle up the courage of his neighbors. 'I hate to see a good sticky night go to waste. And there ain't any southeast wind.'

There was a stir among the farmers, and more than one stood up. But for all their eagerness a certain delicacy possessed them now. They realized that this pathetic rite — the first journeying of old Spring to the hills of Heaven Creek — was something sacred to the Davises and Roysters, who had hunted together time out of mind.

'I'm afraid Gabe won't look after that colt proper,' said old Ed Armstrong. 'Awful hard to keep a hock bandaged.' The Lanceys spoke of a big day in the field to-morrow, and Henry Pettigrew made lugubrious mention of his rheumatic knee.

'Well,' Bake Royster announced, in a sweeping gesture of exclusion, 'looks like everybody else has to go home and do chores or go to bed early, but Pa and I might trail up in the timber a spell with you, Spring.'

Davis said, 'Fetch the hounds, Benjy. I don't reckon we'll need a snack to-night, we're so full of good supper.'

In half an hour the four of them had crossed the narrow clover field and were wading the valley darkness: Spring, Benjy, Cal, and Baker. A solid bank of clouds rose slowly out of the west, and rain would come before morning. The air was one great mossy cellar of humidity.

On the high crest of the Divide the hounds went loose — four Davis dogs and five Roysters. All of the Davis dogs were elderly hounds whose voices Spring Davis knew as well as his own name. The white blots went speeding, zigzagging toward the

shadows where foxes most often made their path.

The men sat on their haunches and waited.

'One's struck,' said Cal, when a haunting moan came from the hilltop. The moan stopped suddenly. 'No,' Benjy grunted, 'you just thought so. If that was Toul Sector . . . has he run on his own trail lately, Bake?'

Bake grinned, in spite of himself. 'Not for a good month. Wait awhile.'

The insects skirmished around them. At last little Elsie Janis found exciting evidence; she talked about it. Billy Bryan and Old Hickory joined her, and the whole mob went hooting melodiously toward the south slope.

'Good voice she's got,' said Spring. 'She one of your new ones, Cal?'

'Just small fry,' replied Royster, with pride which he could n't conceal, 'and she'll run as long as a fox makes tracks.'

Baker thought, 'Good voice? Well, the old guy said so,' and yet Bake was well aware that her yelps were not qualified for a chorus of the best Royster voices, let alone to bring praise from the man who had bred Bugle Ann. He wondered whether it was merely a mistaken kindness on Spring's part, or whether the old man had really lost his ear. Three years, eight months, and twenty-one days was an awful long time.

Bake began to hum, 'I stood in the jail-house,' and stopped in horror when he realized what he was humming.

He heard the bubbling of his father's whiskey bottle. 'Let's have a fire,' Cal ordered.

The first curling flame, nursed tenderly through drying twigs, showed Benjy Davis something which made him catch his breath. He had to build the fire higher before he was sure. . . . Yes, old Springfield had gone upstairs before he left the house, but Benjy had n't given it any thought at the time. And now he saw that the old man wore the battered bugle, tucked neatly beneath his suspender strap.

Stiff little needles rose on Benjy's scalp. He kept fooling with the fire.

'They're well toward Big Panther Holler,' Cal estimated.

Spring inclined his head critically. 'Yes, that's a beeline fox to-night. Does n't let no crops grow under his feet.' He spoke without a tremor of madness, but his old bugle glowed and shimmered and caught dull flashes from the firelight at every snap of the flames.

Then Benjy saw the shaking of Baker Royster's hands, and he knew that Bake too had seen the trumpet. . . . The son thought crazily, 'Christ in the Mountains, what would we do if he stood up and started to blow that thing?'

Bake was shivering with the same wonder. This was June . . . he knew the month, and the year, and the farm — he knew every scrap of sod beneath his feet — and yet the first blast of that horn would turn the commonplace world to madness. No person could estimate what tribes might come sweeping through the underbrush in answer.

After a few moments it was impossible to hear the dogs any more. They had gone deep into the crooked defile of Big Panther Creek; there was no telling just when they might return. The Roysters knew this fox well enough: their dogs had run him frequently during the year. He was a beeliner from the word go, as Cal often remarked, and he'd just as soon venture into the next county as not. But always he holed at the south end of Bachelor's timber, so they knew the pack would come howling back eventually.

No one talked. The log on the fire shrank to the thinness of a charred bone, and Benjy arose to see whether he could find another one dry enough to burn. There was a V of discarded fence posts near by, and under their shelter perhaps —

He stopped, frozen in his tracks as the sound pierced him. It was a faint and elfish cry, half lost amid the buzz of tree toads, and it might have been fathered by one of those night hawks which rode high overhead. . . . Still, it never came from the throat of a bird, and in the first second Benjy wondered what sort of throat it had come from.

Before the sudden blurring of his gaze, he watched his father's head lifting, nodding. Spring's mouth had opened slightly, in the reflex of one who listens without half knowing. . . .

Again the thin, silver measure — the horn of something which searched the forest away over beyond Heaven Hump. Bake Royster crawled up on his elbow, and his face became yellow instead of red in the firelight.

'Benjy,' whispered Spring Davis, 'I reckon she's struck.'

The young man made a harsh sound. 'It's a dog,' he said. 'Foxhound that belongs to — Running all off by himself, that way. I reckon he's an Armstrong.'

The sockets beneath Spring's eyebrows were blank and dark and empty; the weaving shadows did strange things to the contour of his face. He said, 'No Armstrong ever had that kind of music in him.' Then, creakily, he was on his feet and fingering the lip of his bugle.

'For pity's sake,' mumbled Cal Royster, 'it's just a kind of echo.'

'Cal,' said Spring, 'if she comes real close to us, I'll blow the bugle for her.'

Benjy did n't know why she should have been up again, loping through that timber. It was her voice, of course — no other dog had ever lived with such a melody hidden in its throat. He ventured to suppose that Bugle Ann had loved Spring Davis, much as a woman might have loved him, but it was a cruel and selfish devotion which would rob them all of their sanity, and never let them live in the same world with other men again.

He was repeating, again and again, 'Pa! Pa — set down — set down!' — and that was the same plea he had made in the bedroom.

Old Spring laughed at them all, and he seemed to tower against the sky. 'Are you plumb certain that was her collar, Benjy? . . . I reckon nobody but God seen her bones hop up out of the orchard to-night.'

He ceased speaking, then, because the dog's howling was closer and more distinct, as if the trail had swung toward the Hollow; even now the fox might be leaping the gorge of Chilly Branch. But Bugle Ann had learned the last trick of any fox that ever jumped.

Bake Royster was trying to stand up, but for the moment his legs would n't support him. He thought, 'She won't need any help to-night. Spring Davis is in the

woods, and naturally she knows it.' When he was far off in the penitentiary it had been kind of the Boone dogs, the hounds buried and dust a hundred years ago, to come out and hunt with her and cast in enormous circles to locate the scent . . . big, gobbling shapes, they could drag down the fastest deer in the hills. They could make the black bears afraid of them, and every catamount would slink along the treetops when they went by.

In sudden relief, Bake wanted to laugh out loud. He had hoped that she was a ghost, all along, for that made the whole tale so much easier to understand.

'Sweet mouth,' he heard old Davis saying, 'the sweetest mouth that ever lived.'

Cal groped for his friend's arm. 'Now, Spring,' he quavered, 'you got to get holt of yourself.'

Spring laughed.

That clear, baying voice rocketed against the cloudy ceiling, and came down to wash all around them.

'Get holt? Why, I bred the most beautiful tune ever played in these parts, and I ain't ashamed! Maybe you laughed when you seen me bring this bugle, but I reckoned it would come handy.' He paused, grinning slyly, and nodding again as the round pealing broke loose anew.

Then, from blackest distance and seeming to rise behind the hound notes, sounded the yell of a bugle. It blew the same chords which Springfield Davis had always blown for his dog.

The hound's cry ceased, quickly, and the woods seemed to hold out empty hands.

The men looked at one another, pale face reflecting pale face, and for the first time you could see Springfield's eyes. They were bright with bewilderment, and with rage.

Once more the *ta-da*, the shrill witchery and command of it. The strings of old Davis's neck stood out tight against his skin.

'I never done it,' he cried. 'I never gave no one else leave to blow her in!'

'Where was it?' asked Bake, hoarsely.

'Up on Heaven Hump, or past,' Benjy answered him. Then he started away through the timber like a runaway steer, with Bake after him.

VIII

Spring and Cal stumbled cruelly in the underbrush until the younger men called to each other, remembering, and came back to help them. Only when they had worked their way across Chilly Branch and had crept to the summit beyond did anyone say a complete sentence. It was Spring who spoke.

'Put out your lights,' he ordered. 'I see another fire.'

A faint ruddiness lived in the north and east, and they went toward it. Benjy grasped his father's arm, pulling him along. The old man moved like a wooden image, but he breathed steadily, and Benjy was certain he'd never drop dead in those woods, no matter who or what they found beside that fire.

Again the tree toads buzzed; the crickets sawed and chuckled, and betty-millers came to kiss the hunters' perspiring faces; these creatures could be merry and could exalt their whispers again, with all those mighty trumpet notes echoed beyond recall.

The woods thinned away. Here was a clearing, stockaded with lonely fence posts, where once Jacob Terry's sheep had lain down in a green pasture.

A black shape grew against the distant core of firelight.

'It's a woman,' said Bake.

For a moment he weaved, dizzy, as in the dawn before Jacob Terry was killed.

Camden Terry sat beside the blaze. She was motionless, even as the dry sticks cracked under approaching feet; she must have been expecting this invasion all along. A dog was with her. The dog bayed, briefly, and Springfield Davis whispered: '. . . world, and they that dwell therein,' and his arm tried to twist out of Benjy's manacling grasp.

The girl looked up at them. Benjy thought that she was more beautiful than ever—more beautiful than that day in court, for the fire made red gilt of her hair. Her eyes held dignity and fearlessness, but undoubtedly she was waiting for some immense judgment.

Spring stepped up against the fire, and looked down at the hound which crouched within the curve of the girl's arm. 'You blew them notes,' were the first words he

said, for he saw the bugle in Camden Terry's lap.

She said, 'Yes. Twice. Yes, I did.'

'That hound . . .' His throat went to pieces on the word. He seemed to build it up again. 'What dog is that?'

'I raised her.'

'But it's got — her voice.'

'Yes, I know. I used to hear her.'

He said, scornfully, 'I tell you, God never made no two hound-voices alike! Same kind of mouth, and all. He never.'

The girl looked up at him. 'This — she was hers. She's Bugle Ann's. She's by Proctor Pride out of Bugle Ann. There were four more, but only this one had the real bugle-mouth.'

Springfield staggered. Benjy held him. 'She never had no pups,' said Spring, thickly.

Camden passed her hand over the little hound's ears, and the dog watched Spring Davis with soft, sad eyes. Her nostrils reached out for the smell of him. . . . Camden Terry stood up; the bugle rolled across the ground. Firelight made her blue dress seem purple, and it did kindly with her eyes, and for a moment Benjy could n't breathe.

'Mr. Davis,' the girl said, 'my father never killed her.'

Spring cried, 'Aw, we know that! The boys found her skeleton over by Bachelor's, and they heard her voice in the woods, but I still say she never was bred to any dog.'

'That night —' Camden's voice was very low; her hands struggled together. 'I drove out of the yard, just like I told in court. She was coming past the gate; I could n't see her in time. I could n't — It was an awful sharp turn. . . . I got out and picked her up. . . . She was n't dead, and even — hurt — she — she did n't seem to blame me. I was afraid there'd be trouble over it: Bugle Ann's being hurt.'

Somewhere in the world beyond, Cal Royster was saying, 'Car lights. They stopped for a minute. Then they went on. It was when I heard the yip.'

'This hound never was hers,' Spring Davis snarled. 'Where in hell did it get her voice?'

'Wait, Pa,' said Benjy.

The girl's hands separated; the fingers flattened stiffly together. 'I took her along

in the car. The rest of my folks did n't know I'd brought her — just Uncle El-nathan. I told them I had found a run-over dog on the way, and I hustled her out to Uncle's place. . . . After we heard what had happened, I did n't dare tell the truth. It would have been worse for you if the jury knew Bugle Ann was n't really dead at all.'

She gasped, 'Oh, I hated Pa! He killed my mother with pure meanness. It's the awfulest thing in the world to have a father you've got to hate.'

Spring eyed her grimly, and told her to go on.

'Well, it was Bugle Ann's shoulder and leg. . . . She was kind of crippled, but I nursed her to health. When she came in heat in February, I bred her to Proctor Pride. He was a Spaulding hound — the only good one Uncle had any more. There were five pups. But this was the one — like her.'

Camden paused, and there were tears all over her face, but this time it was Benjy who asked her to go on.

'She waited till they were weaned. Then she left one night — there was a moon. She was n't dried up yet, and she was n't strong enough to run. But she did go away. We traced her fifteen miles, next day, and then lost her for good. Likely she was heading for home when she struck a fox, and you folks heard her. We never knew she was dead, for sure, but I always thought she'd been killed trying to get back home.'

Spring exclaimed, 'Benjy, I got to set,' and his son eased him quickly to the ground. . . . Cal Royster fumbled around. It took him a long while to find his flask, but at last he did find it.

Soon Spring opened his eyes and nodded at the girl. 'You see,' he murmured, 'they let me out of Jefferson City.'

Her chin trembled. 'I knew. That's how I come to be here to-night. I thought you'd maybe be out in the timber.'

Benjy stared at her with fierce intensity. 'You knew. How did you know? They don't talk those things around.'

'Well,' she told him, 'I knew beforehand.'

Benjy said, 'It was n't a parole. He was pardoned.'

'Yes. The parole board. Sometimes they — kind of recommend. Folks write letters — and talk.'

He had taken her hand — both of her hands. He came between her and the Roysters, and he seemed even to have forgotten his father. Camden said, rapidly: 'Jacob Terry was my father. I'd like to forget that, but it counted for something when they come to considering, and — all my folks were n't Terrys,' she cried at him. 'Half of them were Camdens, and Camdens mean something in this state, even yet. Some of them are in the legislature.'

Bake Royster exploded, 'My God! You done it, did n't you?'

She shook her head. 'No. I could n't of done it myself. I just — did what I could. They all knew what kind of a man my father was. And I told them about Mr. Davis.'

Inch by inch, the hound had hitched forward to sniff around Spring Davis's feet. At first the old man twisted his legs away, but finally he lay still and watched the dog. 'I'm all right, boy,' he muttered to Benjy, and then he raised up on his elbow. His eyes took in the whole color and shape and hide of the hound; they studied her slenderness, her strong and well-arched coupling, the stifle built far out from her body. . . . The hound sneezed. She looked at old Davis with curiosity, and then stepped across his

legs with tail waving politely, and smelled him from the other side.

'I reckon she could run,' said Spring.

'I trained her to the horn. Same as — It seemed like the best thing to do.' Camden looked at Benjy, and he nodded slowly, and his face came close to hers.

Spring asked, 'What do you call her?'

'Little Lady.'

The old man said, 'Got a deeper tan, but it's spotted much the same.' Stiffly, reluctantly, he put out his hand and touched the hound's muzzle. His eyes were still hard and dry, but he whispered, 'Little Lady. You got quite a mouth, Little Lady.'

Cal Royster was crying like his own grandchild, but more quietly. Bake took him away from the fire. 'Come on, Pa,' he grunted, 'we got to get out of here. I think I hear the pack coming north again.' Baker was certain in his heart that, before the other hounds had ever come in, Spring Davis would have sent Little Lady out with Camden and Benjy, to see what she was made of. He prophesied to himself that she would run as long as any fox made tracks; she would be a twenty-hour dog, given to mighty journeyings and chasings, but always she would come back to those black-dark hills when the bugle called her home.

The Atlantic

INDUSTRIAL PORTFOLIO

A STUDY OF 12 BASIC INDUSTRIES IN COOPERATION WITH

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
RUBBER INDUSTRY

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
OIL INDUSTRY

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
BUILDING MATERIALS

UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION
STEEL INDUSTRY

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
GLASS INDUSTRY

CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY, INC.
CONTAINER INDUSTRY

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
CEREAL PRODUCTS

NORTON COMPANY
ABRASIVE INDUSTRY

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION
DAIRY PRODUCTS

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UP FROM THE GRASS ROOTS

*General Mills Brings New Ideas into the Marketing of Cereals
and the Evolution of American Business*

BY ARTHUR POUND*

I

THE milling art is older than written history, and from first to last has been the foundation of a steady, dependable industry. On one side it is anchored in agriculture, and on the other in the everlasting need of the human family for the cheapest and most dependable food — bread, the traditional staff of life. Between these eternal bastions — land and life — stands the miller, performing an essential task which men have held in honor through countless generations.

In the long advance from the primitive hand mill of the ancients down to the great modern automatized mills, the power sequence shifted from man muscle to animal muscle, from animals to water power, from water power to steam power, and from steam power to electricity in the early years of the twentieth century. Meantime, in the 1870's came the purifier, and in the 1880's steel rolls were substituted for the millstones which had dominated the milling process from time immemorial. These two innovations, by improving flour quality and lowering costs of manufacture, brought disaster to many small mills laggard in introducing the new equipment; this period of transition is sometimes spoken of as the milling revolution, but it was a

revolution beneficial to the public. Since then the milling industry has been steadily adapting minor changes, while inventive genius has found play chiefly in improving operations which prepare the product for market — packaging, conveying, and shipping.

On the map of the world the shift in milling operations emphasizes the sweep of American history. Even in colonial days large American fortunes began to rise on the solid basis of overseas wheat shipments from Virginia, New York, and Pennsylvania. These areas remained leaders in wheat production until the Erie Canal, opened in 1825, began to pour Middle West wheat into Atlantic ports.

Millers followed the wheat farmers closely in their march west and north across the prairies of the old Northwest Territory, and beyond. Wherever wheat was grown a mill soon arose beside a near-by stream — the first industry to appear on the frontier. These small mills thrived on local needs as population increased; the hazards of transport were still sufficient to make wheat safer to ship than flour, and the golden wheat of mid-America flowed eastward over the Great Lakes and new railroad systems to supply the rising milling centres of Oswego, Rochester, and Buffalo.

All through this period, exports to

* Eighth in a series of advertisements on Industrial America: Its Way of Work and Thought.

Europe were heavy, but ran more to wheat than flour. Wheat bread, the old Continent's basic food, could be made more cheaply from imported grains than from native grains. The Industrial Revolution gathered headway as European labor, no longer needed on the land, flowed toward the manufacturing cities and towns. Europe, doubling and trebling in population, extended its trade and political dominion on the basis of food importations from America. The Mississippi-Missouri Valley became the bread basket of Europe.

Throughout most of the area, wheat was sown in the autumn and harvested the following summer. This 'winter wheat' became the staple of commerce. But in the Northwest, with its intense winter cold and long summer days, necessity drove the settlers to grow wheat which would mature in a single growing season. They developed and cultivated spring wheat of superior hardness and good baking quality when ground into flour; but many years passed before Northwestern flour could be freely sold elsewhere because of its discoloration through flinty particles. The future of Minneapolis as a milling centre waited for the coming of capital, commercial enterprise, and invention, all of which played decisive rôles in winning for spring wheat flour a place on the world's table.

II

One of the chief figures in this great economic drama was Cadwallader C. Washburn, of a Maine family famous for political acumen and driving power. He came West as a boy of twenty, studied law and surveyed land in Illinois, and in 1842 settled in Mineral Point, Wisconsin. It is with the latter state that his fame is generally associated, as Congressman, as Brigadier General of Wisconsin troops in the Civil

War, and as Governor. In 1856, however, he visited the Falls of Saint Anthony on the Mississippi River, present site of Minneapolis. Foreseeing the possibilities of this undeveloped water power, Congressman Washburn organized the Minneapolis Mill Company to control the west side of the Falls. In 1866 he built the first Washburn Mill at Minneapolis, the famous Washburn B, six stories high and the largest mill structure west of Buffalo.

The Washburn Mills went through several corporate changes before John Crosby came on from Maine to complete the trade name which has since become famous the world over. After passing through several partnerships the enterprise was incorporated as Washburn Crosby Company for \$500,000 in 1889. This occurred shortly after the arrival from Philadelphia of James S. Bell, a third-generation miller who guided the Company successfully down to 1915, by which time he had lifted Washburn Crosby into an assured position with a capital of \$6,000,000, soon afterward increased to \$9,000,000.

During Mr. Bell's presidency the full results of the milling revolution, 1870-1880, came home to Minneapolis and the Northwest. The middlings purifier had improved the quality of spring wheat flour from 1871 on; introduction of steel rolls in 1880 speeded up the milling process and made quantity production possible without loss of quality. Washburn Crosby, in its remodeled B mill, was the first American mill to use the steel rolls, which it introduced after study of secret Hungarian processes. Entering its new flour in the Millers' National Exhibition at Cincinnati in 1880, it won the gold, silver, and bronze prizes on all three grades of flour exhibited, and a few months later adopted 'Gold Medal' as its trade-mark, now one of the best known of American trade names the world over.

The milling revolution accomplished, it was inevitable that emphasis in the industry should pass from the problem of production to the problem of promoting consumption and sales. Quantity and quality were now assured; with close attention to details, products could be consistently guaranteed and the variety of wheat products could be increased.

Washburn Crosby realized this shift sooner than many others and met vigorously each of its several challenges. It pushed its foreign trade with energy, achieving greatest success in Britain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. During these years it led American commerce in securing revision of shipping regulations and eventually brought about an international agreement, signed by thirty nations, governing carriage of goods by sea.

Close cultivation of markets inevitably brought forward the advantages of spreading the Company's milling activities. Wheat is of wide variety, owing to differences in soil and climate; local tastes had become fixed and persisted in some degree even after wheat blending had become common. Freight rates, always of the highest economic importance in a business of bulk transport, worked against maintaining Minneapolis as the sole base of operations. Accordingly, Washburn Crosby built in 1903 at Buffalo what is now its largest mill, with a capacity of 20,000 barrels of flour a day, the first completely electrified mill. The site, long favored for wheat milling because of its situation at the foot of the Great Lakes, gained availability at that time as a result of rate changes in water transport from the Northwest. Another expansion era, in 1922, took Washburn Crosby into Chicago and Kansas City, the latter having supplanted Saint Louis as the key milling centre of the productive Southwestern area.

The Chicago plant and a later acqui-

sition of General Mills, the Sperry Flour Company's plant at Portland, Oregon, have been developed particularly as specialty mills for a wide range of cereal foods in packages adaptable to changing diets and constricted kitchen space. The ample kitchens of Governor Washburn's day could accommodate his full-size barrel of flour weighing 196 pounds. Then came the cotton half-barrel sack, followed by paper sacks containing a quarter barrel. Now as little as twenty ounces of flour can be bought in a sack, and wooden barrels have vanished even in export trade. Specialties such as cake and biscuit flours — Softasilk and Bisquick — can be bought in packages of from twenty to forty-four ounces. Washburn Crosby makes and packages these and other special products at a cyclonic rate. On specially designed machines, arranged in batteries for rapid handling, 'Wheaties' are boxed and sealed at the rate of one package per second on each machine, the contents untouched between oven and consumer.

From the standpoint of the public, advertising was the most evident reaction of this milling company to the expanding national market. Washburn Crosby began advertising Gold Medal Flour in a small way as soon as it hit upon that trade-mark. Ten years later it took the long leap of appropriating \$40,667 for twelve months' advertising, considered downright wasteful by other millers. By 1902 its advertising appropriation had grown to \$100,000 a year; by 1906 to \$200,000. In 1907, in response to a telling phrase originated by its advertising manager, Benjamin S. Bull, the directors appropriated the then colossal sum of \$650,000 to impress that phrase on the country. Soon 'Eventually — Why Not Now?' had been linked with Gold Medal Flour in the mind of every American able to read. There is no rhetorical success in goods advertising equal to that

achieved by Mr. Bull's swinging question, pushed by annual appropriations which passed the million-dollar mark in 1917 and ever since have been consistently above that figure.

Washburn Crosby led off also in making early use of radio advertising, its Gold Medal station — WCCO — at Minneapolis being on the air since 1924. In this, as in other regards, General Mills has continued the aggressive policies inherited from Washburn Crosby. Of General Mills' large annual advertising expenditure, approximately half goes into radio programmes. Flour and baked goods are bought almost entirely by women, and in addition General Mills seeks the ear of children; both housewives and children can be reached by radio more directly than by the printed word. Experience shows that the Betty Crocker household talks, the oldest continuous programme on the air, gain in effect by reaching women during the day even when they are busy with household tasks. By recognizing promptly the value of this new means of communication, this industry secured a favorable hearing which it has been careful to maintain by well-balanced programmes.

III

Marketing considerations led naturally to the creation of General Mills, Incorporated, in 1928. The cereal-foods business had become dependably standardized from the standpoint of production of staples; new trade and increased growth could come only from developing new products and securing more coverage for all products, old and new, through progressive merchandising and advertising. Part of the merchandising problem was delivery at least possible cost; in the vast area of the United States this meant manufacture at many strategic points and a network of warehouses covering the

entire nation. The full benefits of national advertising could not be recovered unless the advertiser's products and services were available to consumers everywhere in the United States. Also, a broader spread of operations meant diversification of risk as applied to wheat, insuring supply against local variations of yields in quality and quantity. Accordingly, Washburn Crosby took the lead in effecting a merger, under which the new corporation, organized with a capital of \$50,000,000, has bought the entire capital stock of the following well-established companies: the Red Star Milling Company of Wichita, Kansas; the Wichita Mill & Elevator Company, Wichita Falls, Texas; the Great West Mill & Elevator Company, Amarillo Falls, Texas; the Waco Mill and Elevator Company, Waco, Texas; the Kell Mill and Elevator Company, Vernon, Texas; El Reno Mill & Elevator Company, El Reno, Oklahoma; Oklahoma City Mill & Elevator Company, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; the Perry Mill & Elevator Company, Perry, Oklahoma; the Larrowe Milling Company, Detroit, Michigan, and Toledo, Ohio, specializing in animal feeds; Royal Milling Company, Great Falls, Montana, with subsidiaries at Kalispell, Montana, and Ogden, Utah, and the Rocky Mountain Elevator Company at Great Falls, Montana; the Sperry Flour Company, the most important group of flour mills on the Pacific Coast, with mills and elevators in California, Washington, Oregon, Utah, and Idaho.

In assembling these corporations General Mills effected a consolidation of successful enterprises each of which combined a record of stability with present competence. It sought out executive ability and bought bricks and machinery as secondary to management. The history of each of the associated companies would be as

meaningful as that already given of Washburn Crosby, but space permits only brief mention of their growth.

Royal Milling Company at Great Falls, Montana, established in 1892 by men associated with Washburn Crosby, pioneered both wheat growing and wheat milling in an area which has since become a banner wheat country, notable for grains rich in protein content.

Some of the Royal properties in the Northwest were combined with those of the Sperry Flour Company in 1929 shortly after General Mills bought the latter, the foremost milling concern on the Pacific Coast, with a history running back to the famous Gold Rush, the first Sperry mill being erected at Stockton, California, in 1852 by Austin Sperry and George Lyon. Six California firms with eleven important mills became merged in the Sperry Flour Company in 1892. Six other important mills were added later, and Sperry also entered Oregon, Washington, and Utah. This company now operates five mills with a total daily capacity of 13,800 barrels of flour and 1850 tons of feed. Its specialized plant at Portland can produce 300,000 pounds of cereals daily. Storage capacities of Sperry and its allied Pacific Coast Elevator Company exceed 13,000,000 bushels at the five mills and eighty-eight county elevators.

The Kell group of four mills in Texas and two in Oklahoma; the El Reno Mill of the Humphreys in Oklahoma; the Red Star 'Perfect Mill' of the Hurds at Wichita, Kansas; and the Larrowe Mills of Detroit and Toledo, specializing in animal feeds, are all notable properties manned by leaders in the trade.

Consolidating operations and disposal of excess milling capacities in the first months of its existence left General Mills with twenty-seven principal operating associated companies in sixteen states. Of these, seventeen conduct milling operations; the others are en-

gaged in buying and storing wheat, merchandising, and other servicing activities. Total daily productive capacity is 81,700 barrels of flour, including bread wheat, durum, wheat rye, and corn; 5950 tons of commercial feeds, and 720,000 pounds of other cereal products. It has total terminal and mill elevator storage capacity of 36,424,000 bushels, and 10,498,000 additional storage capacity at 212 country stations. These tonnages make General Mills, which owns all the capital shares of its associates, the largest flour-milling company in the world.

IV

No one knew the dangers of mere size better than James F. Bell, the founder of General Mills and its first president. Bringing owner-managers into the General Mills fold, he determined to preserve the owner-manager interest to the full by maintaining both decentralized responsibilities and profit incentives. Men accustomed to operating large properties 'on their own' retained the precious opportunity to get ahead by personal initiative and ability. Mr. Bell believed that a corporation's best assets cannot be found set down in black and white on the balance sheet; they are the personal and group factors of intelligence, enthusiasm, and aggressiveness which hold men of talent together as they move confidently toward a common goal. Rather more than the usual coördination of effort was required in the case of General Mills, because of the effect of one associated company's operations upon another. The problem was to introduce unity without decreasing the zeal of the various units, their executives and personnel in all ranks from top to bottom.

General Mills' decentralized administration is based upon men rather than upon property. Its ownership of associated companies is complete; there

are no minority interests to complicate its financial statements, yet it accords wide powers to executives in the field and holds them to high responsibilities. General Mills does no milling or selling; those basic activities are left to the associates, each of which sells the products of other mills in addition to its own. Local advertising is also placed by associated companies in their territories. In these respects as in others, General Mills, by giving intense and continuous thought to the proper relations between a holding company and its associates, has evolved definite relationships which preserve local autonomy in plant operations while giving the entire group the benefit of national organization in matters affecting all the scattered units.

Division of authority between a central staff and decentralized units is one of the prickly problems of modern business. Too much centralization is likely to slow down energy at the rim of the industrial circle, where goods are sold and contacts maintained with dealers and consumers, where bargains are made and good will created by fair dealing. Too great decentralization means lost motion and increased costs through unnecessary duplication of effort. Search for the correct balance between these forces goes on unceasingly in many large corporations, which swing periodically toward one extreme or the other. Not so with General Mills. Ever since its organization, a definite conception has been followed in dividing functions as between General Mills and its associate companies. A system of corporate government has been worked out along that line, under which men who formerly ran their own mills have been able to coöperate and coördinate comfortably and profitably, even in the depression years.

Before describing the General Mills plan of administration, let us review the background against which it was

evolved. It is an old business in staple goods with well-established trade practices; at one time or another it has met all the crises and problems known to commerce. It has the poise and balance which comes of knowing that it is an absolutely indispensable industry, catering to a basic need of human sustenance. Style changes are so minor that they can be overlooked; the backbone of the business — flour — goes along regardless of fashion, and once a new cereal product has been established in the popular taste, it soon takes a place among staple wants. Moreover, the technical and mechanical processes, while by no means simple and continually being refined, are fixed in their main outlines and likely to remain so. The net result of all these stabilizing factors is to leave the leading executives of the milling world freer than most executives to concentrate upon organization problems rather than upon those of design and manufacturing.

No other business, as far as I know, has reached the point of bedrock self-analysis expressed by James F. Bell, Chairman of the Board of Directors of General Mills, Incorporated: —

‘Our associates can be trusted for products; we in General Mills are selling results rather than products. Our primary functions are merchandising and advertising; on one side we act as a sales agency for wheat farmers and on the other side as a service agency for our customers — the grocers, bakers, and housewives of the nation. None of these groups are interested in flour as such, but only in what flour will do for them and theirs. The grocer wants turnover, goods that will sell. The baker wants flour which will give results pleasing to his customers. The housewife wants the utmost in nutrition and tasty diet for her family. Our job is n’t finished when flour is sold, but rather when it is consumed; consequently we maintain a continuous

drive to get flour out of the grocer's stock and the baker's bins and off the kitchen shelves to the table in forms appealing to the appetite. To do this efficiently, at low cost and to the general satisfaction of the consuming public, requires a large organization, because the United States is a tremendous market. General Mills limits itself to those functions which have a national aspect, but even those functions are constantly subject to review by the men in the field who are making and selling our products. Our aim is to give the maximum of help to our associates with the minimum of interference. So far this plan has worked excellently, during bad years as well as good. Under it our earnings have been stable and our progress steady.'

The tasks which General Mills has blocked out for itself are entirely administrative functions. The parent company assumes all responsibility for finance, corporate records, national taxes, insurance, and accounting methods and policies. It borrows whatever funds are required by its associates to maintain a favorable position with respect to raw materials. Wheat flows seasonally from farms past mill doors, and this flow must be taken advantage of to save cross haulage with rising costs. This crop-moving period sometimes calls for large credits. A big, strongly rated borrower gets bank credit at lower interest rates in the national market than would be accorded to smaller borrowers in restricted areas. Each associate, with the advice of headquarters experts, buys its own wheat, maintaining a constant hedge to eliminate speculation from inventory account, but such outside funds as it needs from time to time for these market operations are drawn from the general treasury.

As previously mentioned, General Mills prepares and places all national advertising; in addition it advises asso-

ciates on local and sectional advertising. Its Minneapolis offices place the buying orders on national contracts wherever lower prices can be obtained on large orders than on small ones. At headquarters also are centralized certain service functions manned by experts in their respective fields—research in food chemistry, nutrition values, and vitamin isolation; products control to ensure uniformity and maintain standards; a manufacturing service working on mill improvements; a sales service which recommends new merchandising methods to associates; a baking service for the assistance of bakers, which maintains, among other helps, a school containing the latest and most sanitary equipment that draws master bakers as students from all parts of the United States; and a packaging service whose results are open to all mills. Research departments are maintained at Minneapolis and Chicago, with scientific staffs at both places. The problem of distribution, particularly of farm supplies in relatively small communities, is a difficult one. Experiments in three major areas through the Farm Service Stores are revealing possible solutions. As a primary desire, a loyal and effective self-owned distributor is the goal in all areas. Where such a distributor is not available, a careful policy of acquisition, maintaining local management, is being worked out, all to the end of ensuring to the ultimate consumer adequate and effective service.

The central staff services originate and advise; they do not force or control. The associated companies are responsible for sales and results all along the line; their own experts in each of the above branches report, not to General Mills, but to their own chiefs. This insistence upon self-reliance all through the organization has received formal status through the creation of the General Operating

Board, composed of sixteen executives of the most important associates, whose chairman is F. F. Henry, Chairman of the Board of Washburn Crosby Company, Inc., Buffalo. This board recommends operating policies and programmes to the Executive Committee of General Mills. In responsibility for origination of operating policies, this representative body of executives approaches that of a Board of Directors.

General Mills makes another contribution to the enlarging science of business management by definitely delineating the relationship between plant executives and the central or headquarters staff in detail as well as in general matters. While central office experts are constantly in touch with like members of associated staffs in the field, suggestions from Minneapolis on which both agree go to the associate company executive for approval or rejection. If the latter formally accepts a suggested change in procedure, then his decision, if in line with standing policy, remains in effect and cannot be overturned without the approval or disapproval of the Board of Directors, which speaks on such subjects through its Executive Committee of six men, all at Minneapolis and ready to make prompt decisions. The result is that General Mills has reduced to order and system many routine and recurring adjustments which otherwise might produce discords and inefficiency; and, as one administrative problem after another is solved, a system of procedure is being built by common consent to head off future friction.

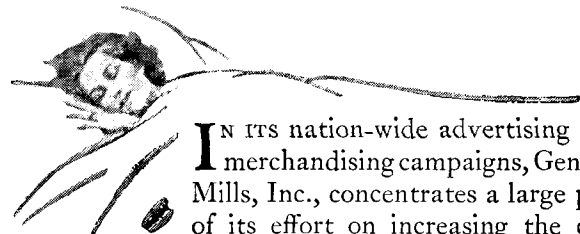
The clarity with which these functions have been divided between staff and line, and the decisiveness with which division of function is maintained, make General Mills an outstanding example of corporate organization. Here is a clean-cut holding

company which is determined to maintain local self-government in its various units and at the same time perform for those units certain all-essential functions which, in the modern complex of national and international business, they would be handicapped in performing for themselves. The President of General Mills, Donald D. Davis, coördinates activities as between General Mills and its associates, and as between the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors and the Operating Board. Although relatively young in years, his prior experience included engineering, banking, and manufacturing before he came to General Mills as Secretary in 1922. Since then he has served as Treasurer and Vice President, and in 1934 was elected President of General Mills, Inc., in succession to James F. Bell, now Chairman of the Board. Altogether General Mills must be reckoned a group operation in which many able men coöperate effectively; but perhaps Mr. Bell can be singled out as best personifying the dynamic, constructive spirit of the enterprise, with its strong, confident emphasis on the morale of personnel, while Mr. Davis is the one who brought its internal relationships into harmony and order by his keen analysis and orderly presentation of his company's objectives.

General Mills goes down to the grass roots for its raw material, and up to the skies with its radio advertising. It operates in one of the most stable fields of business, yet is one of the liveliest of American corporations in its point of view. Meeting adequately the growing demands of every stage in the development of their art, the companies and men in General Mills, Inc., have literally thought their way into leadership against stern competition. No student of American business practice can afford to overlook the policies and methods they have evolved.

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INCREASING THE CONSUMPTION OF BAKED WHEAT FOODS



IN ITS nation-wide advertising and merchandising campaigns, General Mills, Inc., concentrates a large part of its effort on increasing the consumption of baked wheat foods.

The reason for this ambitious program is obvious. A miller's most important customers are the commercial bakers. As an industry, the bakers of America are by far the largest users of flour. The more baked wheat foods they sell, whether in the form of bread, rolls, cakes, coffee cakes or pastries, the more flour they will buy from the miller.

Consequently, General Mills, Inc., on behalf of the baking industry, sponsors a continuous advertising campaign urging women everywhere to "let your baker do your baking."

But General Mills goes even further. Its laboratories are always on the alert to find ways and means to improve the quality of bakers' products. Because of this constant research, General Mills presents to women of America the following statements which



have been accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association:

- 1 Bread is our outstanding source of the largest single need in the balanced diet — Food-Energy.
- 2 Bread is a most economical source of Food-Energy — almost no waste in white bread, as it is 96% digested.
- 3 Bread is often *incorrectly* called a "fattening food." The fact that bread is high in Food-Energy does not mean that it itself will produce over-weight. The control of weight depends solely on the Food-Energy content of the diet as a whole, not on any one specific food in the diet. Bread can and should be used, even by those who are reducing weight under their physician's instructions. Remember, you should never think of bread as a "fattening food," but as a food high in Energy.
- 4 Bread is a completely wholesome food.

(To be continued in the September issue)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

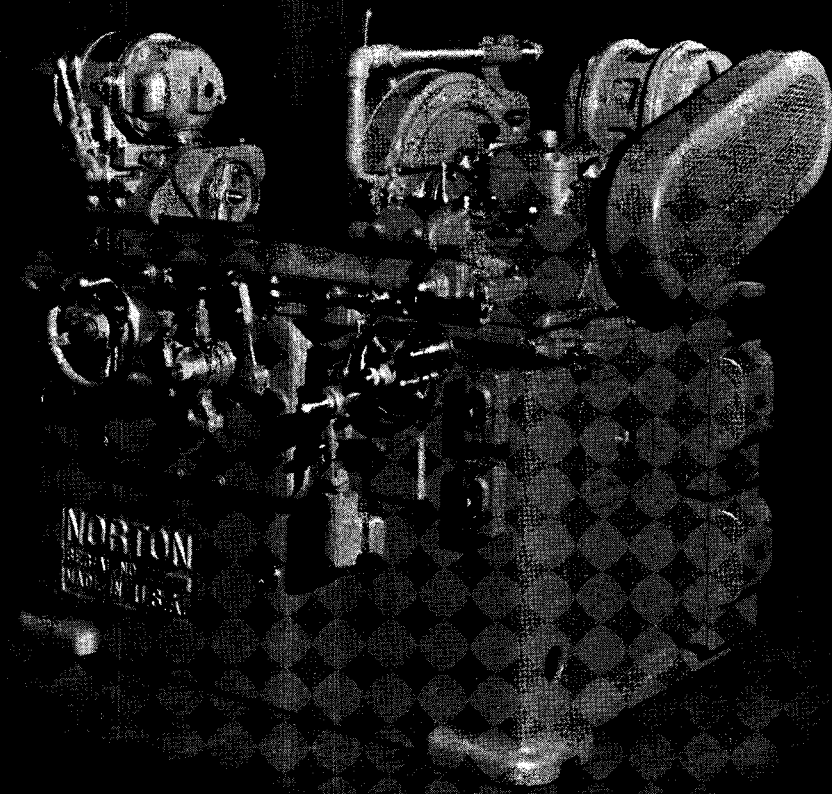
WHEN a general magazine devotes more than twenty pages to a single story, the editors stake their reputation that it is a good one. In April of 1934 the *Atlantic* published 'Good-bye, Mr. Chips!' and now it offers 'The Voice of Bugle Ann.' **MacKinlay Kantor**, born in Iowa in 1904, is the author of *Long Remember* and *Turkey in the Straw*. 'The hound-dog story,' he writes, 'had been brewing for a long time, inspired perhaps through association some years ago with my friends Doc Martindale and George Proctor, two men out in the Middle West who know running dogs from nose to tail tip. The idea for "Bugle Ann" awakened me in the middle of the night. I called up my friend Tom Duncan, in Des Moines, over the long-distance phone; had him drive to Proctor's farm and get the answers to several perplexing questions. He sent me the material by air mail, and then I started writing the story.'

'America's First Ambassador' is a chapter from an important forthcoming book, *The Lees of Virginia*, by **Burton J. Hendrick**, author of various authoritative histories, and twice recipient of Pulitzer prize awards. Δ 'Art and Democracy' is a plea for government encouragement of art, by **Edward Bruce**, a painter of distinction who, under the New Deal, has been in official charge of relieving distressed artists. Δ 'Asylum' concludes the remarkable story of a man's salvation from acute alcoholism after his voluntary commitment to a mental hospital. Its author, **William Seabrook**, has had a varied and productive career as writer and explorer. His 'Asylum' will be published as a book this fall by Harcourt, Brace. **Ivor Brown** ('The Pendulum of Taste') has been London dramatic critic and leader writer for the *Manchester Guardian* since 1919, and in addition has published numerous books and essays.

To readers distrustful of the present estate of poetry we commend this little group of verses. Individual tastes may vary, but there is a lyric excellence which may not be mistaken. Does one not find it here, and may there not be something gained by contrasting and comparing the varied qualities of this unpretentious collection? 'Legend of the Unicorn' and 'Smith's Place' are first poems by **Josephine Young Case**, whose first

story, 'Frieda,' we published in June of 1933. **Lawrence Lee** ('A Last Word') and **Helene Magaret** ('Aureole') appear in the *Atlantic* for the first time. **Virginia Hamilton** ('For Children Only') won the *Atlantic's* College Essay Contest in 1933. **John Holmes** ('The Good, the Great, the Wise') is instructor in English at Tufts College and a valued contributor of prose and verse.

'In the Wings' continues the memoirs of the actor-playwright in whom the capitals of the world rejoice—**Sacha Guitry**. **Howard F. Barker** ('The Ancestry of Family Names') is an economist who has made the study of surnames an unusually active avocation. During the war he had charge of various military records running into millions of entries, and, impressed with the variety of American names, he was instrumental in enabling the American Council of Learned Societies to complete a report of family names and national origins of colonial Americans. **John Hyde Preston**—author, at twenty-nine, of a biography, a history, and a novel, besides numerous articles—relates in 'A Conversation' a meeting which actually took place between himself and the woman who will be remembered for her profound influence on young talent in the early twentieth century. **Herbert Brucker** ('The Glut of Occurrences') is Assistant to the Dean in the School of Journalism of Columbia University, and his revolutionary suggestions are the result of detached, but informed, consideration of the problems of newspapers. Δ 'Rose Marie' is another acute observation of nature by **Bradford K. Daniels**, who still lives among his cherry trees and White Leghorns near Tacoma, Washington. **Edgar J. Goodspeed** ('The Twilight of the Professors') is Distinguished Service Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek at the University of Chicago. Δ No one can speak with greater authority on the complex and immediate problem of 'Private Fortunes and the Public Future' than **Abraham Flexner**, formerly secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Learning, now director of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. Δ For a decade and a half **Arthur Pound** ('The Atlantic Portfolio of Industry') has contributed to the *Atlantic* important papers on economic subjects.



Fiftieth
Norton Year
1885-1935

THE machine tool industry now thinks within limits of one-ten thousandths of an inch — the grinding machine has mastered commercial precision. It is the one machine tool which is required to reproduce in its work the accuracy that is built into the tool itself.

It is a major tool in many industries — in the progress of road, rail and air transportation, in the production of the highly efficient machines used in modern agriculture — machines that plow, plant, till and harvest — in every factory where metals are fabricated into appliances, tools and machines for home, office and shop.

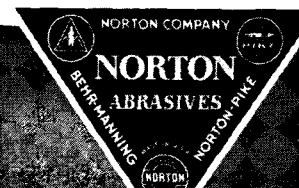
Norton engineering has established new standards of accuracy, lowered manufacturing costs, assuring higher returns on machine tool investment — by introducing a line of precision grinding machines that has a wide range of flexibility and interchangeability.

NORTON COMPANY

WORCESTER, MASS.

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NORTON



Something to crow over.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was very much amused and interested by the letter of Mr. William H. Trapnell in the Contributors' Column in the *Atlantic* for June, relating to the crow at Virginia Beach who made a practice of stealing golf balls. I was at Virginia Beach four or five years ago and saw this very crow make off with a ball which had been driven down the fairway by a member of the foursome in which I was playing. On my return home I reported my experience, and a friend of mine wrote what seems to me the delightful little poem which follows: —

KROFLITE

My blessing on you, lady crow,
As with my ball away you fly.
I found a hope within it too —
May you have better luck than I.

Go cherish well that luring sphere
Within your nest on crags afar.
I hoped to have a birdie too,
But all I ever got was par.

Perhaps the poet jumped to conclusions about the sex of the bird. I think, nevertheless, that the poem is good enough to justify a little nature faking, as well as to compensate for the loss of a few dozen golf balls.

F. LYMAN WINDOLPH
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

'Kid reviver.'

Dear Atlantic, —

'Language and Logic' in your March number reminded me of the English stewardess on an Atlantic liner who tried to buy some shoe polish in New York City. Approaching the counter of a large department store, she asked for some 'kid reviver.' The puzzled clerk, not wishing to show ignorance or disappoint a customer, recommended Mellen's Food.

E. E. C.

Shukugawa, Japan

Missouri hominy.

Dear Atlantic, —

'The Simple Epicure' by Mrs. Lutes took me back to my childhood on a Missouri farm, but she omitted one or two things that were favorites and very filling in a home where the table was set three times a day for father, mother, and at least ten or a dozen of their fourteen children. One was hominy.

Father would bring into the kitchen a bushel basket or a gunny sack full of choicest ears of white corn, and a circle of youngsters soon had it all shelled into the washtub, where it was left to soak till morning. Then it was put on to boil in the 'soap kettle,' in strong lye water, until the skin was tender and the little black germ at the point ready to come out.

Taking it off the stove, we washed it through many waters and rubbed and stirred till all the black spots came out, and the taste of lye was gone. Fried

in butter, with a little sprinkling of flour mixed through it, it was good.

After a generous 'mess' had been sent to the neighbors, it was packed away in crocks and fruit jars for future use.

The *Atlantic* is a welcome visitor at our home on the Manchurian prairies.

ROSE A. HUSTON
Tsilihar, Manchuria

Gastronomic Michigan.

Dear Atlantic, —

Sincere thanks both to you and to Mrs. Lutes for that article in the March number on 'The Simple Epicure.' As I read, forty years were reversed and I was a contented lad again on my grandparents' farm in southern Michigan. My grandparents were pioneers from 'York State.' What fun it was to gather with them and their neighbors each year at Diamond Lake, at their Pioneer Picnic, where they renewed with unwearying gusto the memory of those earlier days when 'men were men, and women knew their place'!

It was hard for me to convince myself that Mrs. Lutes was not describing my own grandparents; my grandmother's uncanny skill in preparing the dishes mentioned — headcheese, friedcakes (my grandfather, too, snorted a big Scotch-Irish snort at the name 'doughnuts'), apple pie, and all the rest, with just the proper pinch of this, and the eternally right feel of that; my grandfather's prejudiced pertinacity in insisting upon the exact methods his mother used. Once more I seemed to be leaning — panting and sweat-covered — on the three-tined fork in the hot hay field, as I drank eagerly from the cool jug that a thoughtful grandmother had sent out. Oh, those gulping drafts of switchel! — although I knew not that scientific name, but merely thought of the drink as cold water, flavored wondrously well with ginger. It was supposed to keep the weary hay-man from the dreaded sunstroke that mere cold water might have induced. How it stimulated tired muscles to renewed zest in tossing the seemingly unending rows of thick-standing 'cocks' upon the spacious hay wagon!

Mrs. Lutes, however, omitted one of my fondest memories in that epicurean fare of forty years ago — the Sunday evening meal of bread and milk. No pint or quart bottles, sales-taxed and stingily measured out, but generous crocks of ample roundity, shaped wondrously like the potbelly of old Silenus. And more on the cool floor of the old cellar, if the first bountiful supply proved insufficient. And those glorious 'hunks' of 'salt-risin' bread, to crumble with liberal hand into the ample bowl of unskimmed milk! And, best of all, no one to count the calories, and to chart scientifically the vitamin values! The hard but life-satisfying work on the farm, and the accumulated wisdom of innumerable generations of forgotten pioneer mothers, took care of that.

So here's a grateful toast to the simple epicures of those pioneer days in southern Michigan. And let us who are privileged to remember drink it in a mouth-filling swig of switchel from the harvest jug, or in a



Even this can be ^{*}Noise

Poised, the conductor's baton. Expectant, hushed, the audience. Beethoven's immortal "Fifth Symphony" is again to be born in sound!

Lovely music, yes! But, even under the magic spell of the world's greatest conductor, it would be just **noise*—if it *intruded* upon a business conference, or upon your sleep in the dead of night. For sound—unless kept in its place, controlled—is *undesired* and, therefore, disturbing *noise* . . . With the increased complexities of life in a machine age, the quarter century of research that Johns-Manville has devoted to the Science of Acoustics and the Control of Sound has proved a valuable contribution to better working and better living.

*"Noise," says the Acoustical Society of America, "is any undesired sound."

JOHNS-MANVILLE Controls HEAT, COLD, SOUND, MOTION. Protects against FIRE AND WEATHER

brimming dipperful of russet cider from the wooden, hand-made spigot of the old cider barrel. But let the cider be *sweet!*

E. W. DELCAMP
Transylvania College
Lexington, Kentucky

Sergeant Damascus.

Dear Atlantic, —

The new headwaiter at our family hotel was tall and fine-looking, with an evident dash of Indian blood. His bearing and control of his subordinates bore out his claim to many years in a colored regiment; and his adaptation of words and manner to the person addressed held the amused attention of the guests of the house whenever he broke his usual sombre silence.

When asked his name, he said: 'I have not heard my name spoken for many years. In the army they called me "Sergeant." You see, my name does not readily lend itself to abbreviation.'

'And what is your name?'

'My first name is Damascus. When I was a boy I was quite provoked when they called me by my first syllable; I was angry when they called me by my second syllable or my third. But I went fighting mad when they called me by my first and second syllables — real fighting mad. And I feel just the same right now! So I would much prefer to be called "Sergeant" if you don't mind!'

But 'Sergeant' seemed too formidable for daily use, so we compromised on 'Mass,' though this did not please him.

At breakfast one cool summer morning our star boarder, a distinguished singer, glanced over her shoulder and shivered.

'Mass,' she called in her dramatic contralto, 'will you close the window behind me?'

He drew himself up to his full six feet two and bowed respectfully, then said, in a gentle voice: 'Pardon me, Madam Eugenia Cortona Delgado, but it is not my vocation to manipulate the ventilation!'

Then in a voice like a bugle: 'Sam! You shet that winduh!'

HAROLD P. BROWN
Montclair, New Jersey

Pigs still is pigs.

Dear Atlantic, —

Not long ago an unusual sign was heard in our village here. I say 'heard' advisedly. We have a town crier, who does the work of other communities' signboards and advertisements — surely a more pleasant way of advertising, if not so effective. The crier stops at each street corner, rolls his drum, and in a loud voice says what he has to say. The title of the weekly cinema show, a wallet that has been lost, and so forth. For each of his cries he receives five francs, and it takes him two hours to go right through the town.

The other day our local pork butcheress gave him this announcement to cry (the good lady is not popular and it caused a good deal of amusement):—

'*Madame Béarnais fait dire à ses clients qu'elle fait le cochon toute l'année.*'

Whilst writing to you I take the opportunity of saying how much I look forward to the day that brings the *Atlantic*. It sheds a little intellectual light into a corner of France where our conversation is chiefly, as probably in villages the world over, of the waywardness of our neighbors, and how bad the crops are, and what perfectly dreadful prices we get for them.

E. L. REÉ
Eymet, France

'Turning and twisting.'

Dear Atlantic, —

After reading your 'More and more signs of the times,' in the May 1935 issue, I wish to tell you the following:—

Senator Platt of Connecticut once opened a political speech in his home town by saying: 'The partisanship of this campaign reminds me of a sign I used to see over the door of an old turning mill, as we passed up and down from Hawleyville to Litchfield on the Shepaug Railroad. It read, "All kinds of turning and twisting done here by A. H. Wyant."'

Do we still have 'all kinds of turning and twisting done here' by our political candidates?

RUTH B. SMITH
Washington, Connecticut

Signs of Palestine.

Dear Atlantic, —

We have had many a laugh over some of the 'signs of the times' that have been contributed to recent *Atlantics*. Some months ago the *Palestine Post* printed a delightful article on some of the signs one sees in Palestine. To quote:—

'The arresting title "Hair Works," painted up outside a shop in the Jaffa Road, merely draws attention to the presence of a wigmaker. Then there is the obstetrician whose qualification (*diplômée*) has led her to claim the proud title of "Diplomatic Midwife." A Jerusalem hotel which calls the attention of patrons to the fact that the main door is in a side street might have expressed this meaning more happily than in the notice "Entrance Sideways." The dressmaker whose shop advertises "Dresses for Street-Walking" should make sure that she attracts the right type of customer, for the phraseology is certainly ambiguous. And finally a medical practitioner announces that he specializes in "Women, and Other Diseases."'

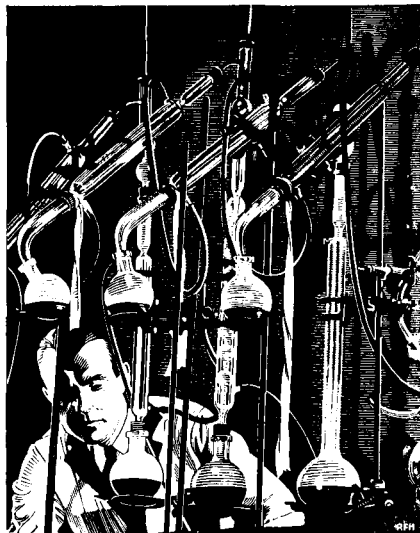
MARGARET B. LEAVITT
American University
Beirut, Syria

The horned serpent.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the May issue Herbert Ravenel Sass gives considerable credence to the experience of an unnamed clergyman who had encountered a horned rattlesnake. The clergyman's experience somewhat parallels one of my own.

It was some twenty years ago and happened about ten miles south of Mojave, California, near a place called Bissell. I was returning from the examination



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The new facts thus discovered and put to work help to account
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Yet chemists know that these invisible
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Some combinations will cause knocks in an
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So this riddle of glassware you see here is
designed for sorting them out—and giving
you more horsepower and smoother
operation from the engine in your General
Motors car.

It may be 1940 before the results of this

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That you now get 80 horsepower from en-
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a new track by developing Ethyl.

And the General Motors man in this picture
is only one of more than four hundred whose
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*Facts like these do more than confirm progressive leadership; they tell you why your choice should
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of an engineering job, in company with a contractor, and walking along the railroad track when I observed the loop of a snake's body inside the rails with its head and tail not visible, both being under one of the rails.

On discovering the reptile I was guilty of gross carelessness. I reached down and with two fingers of my bare hand jerked the snake from its concealment. As I did this some sixth sense told me to let go. I did, the 'letting go' being simultaneous with jerking the reptile into full view.

It appeared to be a thirty-inch rattler, much irritated, and even for a rattlesnake extremely hostile.

Both my companion and I were struck by the creature's silence, and we wondered at first as to what species it was, yet the evidence presented by its triangular head, its coiling, peculiar markings, and deadly attitude, was unmistakable.

After it was killed an examination disclosed in place of the usual rattle a rather sharp horn approximately two inches in length which formed a harmonious extension of the reptile's body.

WILFRED F. FOURRIER
Phoenix, Arizona

A sensible pragmatism.

Dear Atlantic, —

I wonder whether your June Contributors' Column correspondent, W. M. J. McClure of Harrisburg, has chanced to see what Julian Huxley wrote not long ago in the *London Spectator* in the course of an article on 'The Future Life': —

'In the circumstances, the only rational attitude is to concentrate on the enrichment and ameliorization of this life, in confidence that if our personalities do survive death, a sane and hopeful activity in this world is the best preparation for the next.'

WILLIAM GORHAM RICE
Albany, New York

Spirituals in Japan.

Dear Atlantic, —

Your recent (recent to us out here) articles on music for the layman have been of special interest to us because for the past few years a group of twenty have been enriching themselves with the singing of Negro spirituals, fully realizing that only Negroes can really sing them. Just this week a concert at the Imperial Hotel demonstrated how effectively an amateur group can add to its own pleasure, and even to that of others, by just singing. None of us is professional, least of all I myself, who pretend to lead. Some of us sing with a Scotch brogue, many with a Yankee accent, but everyone looks forward to our meetings as the most satisfying event of a busy social calendar.

W. BRADFORD SMITH
Tokyo, Japan

Robins and real estate.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was very much interested in Mr. Lebaire's article, 'Heritage,' in the June issue, for I too have just come into possession of an old family house, not,

alas, as Mr. Lebaire did, by 'heiring it' (as they would say in Hilltown), but by paying for it in the coin of the realm. But, as with Mr. Lebaire, always there slumbered in the back of my mind the knowledge that some day the place which I have just bought would be mine.

When I was a little girl it was owned by a great-aunt and uncle. They were childless, and so lavished their love upon all the children of the family. My Aunt Amanda was short and slender, with great brown eyes and a high lilting voice which I still remember vividly. And she spoke and moved very quickly, so that altogether there was something bird-like about her. To go to her house was the most delightful thing which could possibly happen. In spring the broad lawns were covered with blue forget-me-nots. In summer the garden was lovely, and always when I was ready to go home my Aunt Amanda would run to pick a bunch of sweet peas and mignonette and pansies. She would wrap the stems in wet brown paper and I would hold them carefully all the way to the city on the train. In the autumn my Uncle John would sit by the stove and pick hickory nuts from their shells, or peel cold red apples and cut them neatly into quarters for me, while there was no sound in the warm room but that of the ashes falling through the grate and the coals sinking lower. And always there were two pies in the cool pantry and a chicken cooking upon the shining black range.

But it is not for these memories alone that I have bought my house, nor is it because in its Gothic way it is quite lovely. The reason I have bought it is because of one fragrant summer evening long ago when I sat upon the narrow porch with my Aunt Amanda. As I listened dreamily to the tender night sounds she said, 'The robins are calling for rain.' And for some reason in that flashing moment I touched the very heart of — what shall I call it? — reality, the world, nature. It is a silly reason for buying a house, is n't it? One should, of course, attend to the plumbing and the roof and the chimneys.

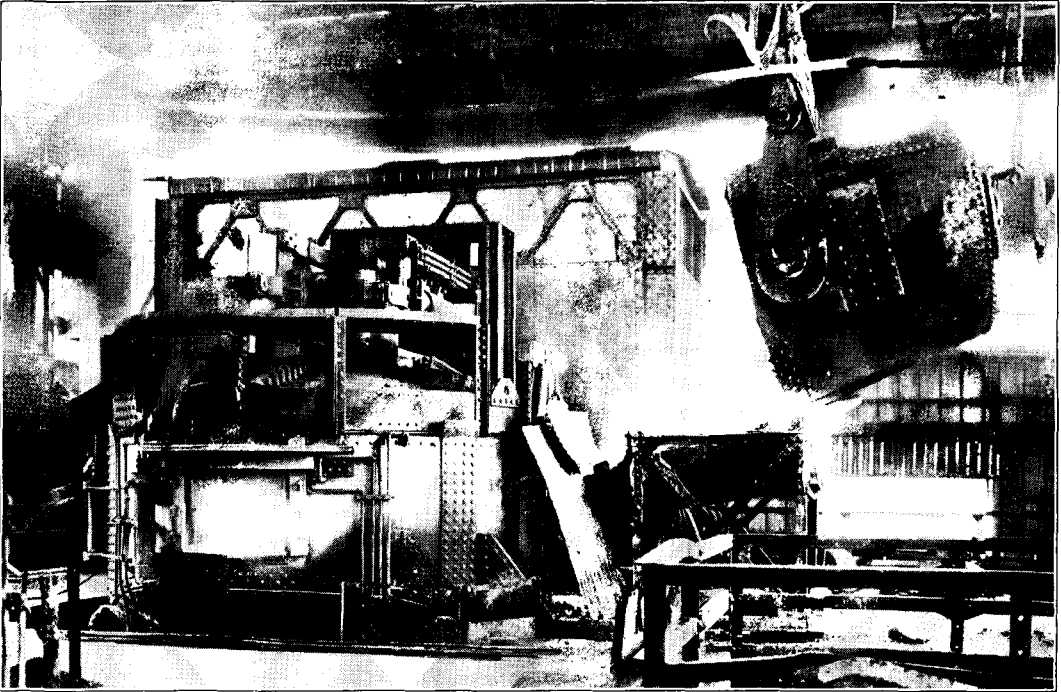
I am a bit worried about Mr. Lebaire. Will he return to live in his house or will he continue to wander through the world? His last paragraph is only a little reassuring. But he did make a list of the things that needed repair (to which, I must warn him, he will add at every subsequent visit), and so perhaps in the end he will settle there after all.

EDITH HORTON
Ithaca, New York

The sons of John Brown.

Dear Atlantic, —

Since coming to Pasadena, I have learned that to this city some years ago came members of the family of Old John Brown, of Harpers Ferry and Osawatimie fame. Afterwards, while doing some research work, I came across a reference to Owen Brown's thrilling narrative of his escape from Harpers Ferry the day after the futile attack of his father and party on the arsenal. This narration is contained in the March 1874 number of the *Atlantic*, and for those who enjoy an extreme thrill it is well worth reading and rereading.



An electric furnace at the South Works, South Chicago, of the Illinois Steel Company. In such furnaces, under intense, closely controlled heat, are made many of the alloy and special steels which research has developed in recent years.

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Few people traveling over the mountain railway just to the north of Pasadena realize the historical significance attached to this territory. John Brown's first wife died in the East in 1832, but three of her children came to Pasadena. Her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, came in November 1884, the older son, Jason, about the same time, while Owen came a little later, possibly in 1885. Preceding them, the second Mrs. John Brown, with three daughters and one son, came to northern California.

Both Jason and Owen Brown were well known to the builders of the mountain railway. Jason helped to lay the foundation of the Echo Mountain House, and was curator of the hotel's wild-animal museum originated by Mr. Lowe, the builder of the road. Jason was a nature lover, retiring in disposition, rather serious-minded, gentle and kindly, always ready to assist those in need. He was short and stocky, with white hair and well-trimmed beard. He had an aversion to impure language, and did not use tobacco in any form or drink intoxicating liquors. He frequented the mountain trails alone in search of museum specimens, and occasionally acted as guide to parties, or went as messenger to unfrequented places. He was fifty-nine years old when he came to California.

Owen, the other son, was tall and slender, with long, snow-white beard and twinkling eyes. Like his brother Jason, he was known for his purity of thought, gentleness, and kindness. Nothing of his was too precious to share with his neighbor. He neither used tobacco in any form nor drank intoxicating liquors. He lived with his brother Jason on the mountainside in Millard Canyon, and many times he could be seen walking with engineer Macpherson of the railroad. Although he had been in the thick of the border warfare in Kansas and Missouri, was injured to hardship, danger, and grief, and had successfully led that daring and thrilling retreat from Kennedy's Farm near Harpers Ferry, he was as mild-mannered as a timid child. He was fifty-seven years old when he came to California.

On Sunday, December 30, 1889, Jason and Owen came to Pasadena to attend the gospel temperance meeting conducted by Colonel Woodfor in the Tabernacle. They returned to their mountain home in the evening and Monday worked hard in the open. Tiring during the day, Owen lay down on the banks of the Arroyo and went to sleep. When he awoke, he was stiff and sore, with a slight congestion in his lungs. Greatly interested in the Tabernacle meetings, he attended again that evening. Thrilled with emotion when the collection plate was passed, he gave all his money, leaving nothing for carfare. He walked to his sister's home that night on the edge of the mountains, two miles away, and went to bed. In the morning he found he had pneumonia. That day the W. C. T. U. voted him and Jason honorary members of their organization, an act that pleased them greatly.

On the eighth of January Owen died. He was buried with the temperance white ribbon pinned to his breast. The funeral was held in the Methodist Tabernacle with over two thousand attending. The trustees of the city of Pasadena attended in a body,

as did the students of the Pasadena Academy. The G. A. R. were out in large numbers, and the citizens and civic bodies generally vied with each other in honoring him. Thus passed a strong man of deep convictions and sincerity of purpose. His body lies buried in the mountains he loved above Las Casitas. A simple inscription on a stone slab marks the spot.

It was a delightful day in August 1934, in the hills bordering on Millard Canyon, that by mere chance I met two granddaughters of Old John Brown and their nephew. One is married and lives in Hollywood. She came here with her parents and sister in November 1884, and is seventy-eight years of age. The other, much younger, resides in Pasadena, where she has been a teacher in the public schools for a number of years.

Owen and Jason Brown were strong characters. Owen proved himself especially so. His account of his escape from the Kennedy Farm, where he was at the time of the attack on Harpers Ferry, is one of the most thrilling of adventures. Mark Twain, who was intimately acquainted with the man who wrote the interview, has this to say of the story: 'I made three attempts to read it, but was frightened off each time before I could finish. The tale was so vivid and so real that I seemed to be living those adventures myself and sharing their intolerable perils, and the torture of it was so sharp that I never was able to follow the story to the end.'

J. A. VYE
Pasadena, California

The lessons of deafness.

Dear Atlantic, —

Are you willing to publish another short letter on the subject of deafness? I feel so strongly that there are innumerable forces all about us which we are not enlightened enough to make use of that I want to ask my fellow deaf what are the main lessons they have learned from deafness.

Years ago, in an Old World garden surrounded by birds that were new to me, I insisted they were not singing, only to learn from others that it was merely my lack of hearing that was at fault. Since that day tolerance in judgment of people and things about me has been of great help in enduring the handicap. It would be interesting to know what experiences of others have taught similar lessons.

HELEN G. SMITH
27 Linden Avenue
Rutledge, Pennsylvania

His word is his bond.

Dear Atlantic, —

In your June issue, in the discussion of the word 'gentleman,' you omitted the definition written by Elbert Hubbard, which was: 'A gentleman is one who keeps his promises to those who cannot enforce them.'

Do you not think this is worthy to be included?

HENRY G. BRENGLE
Hot Springs, Virginia